

December 21, 1960

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Sydney may soon have a Heart's Desire House, like the £50,000 dream home in Melbourne built by the business community to launch the Heart Foundation's Appeal (pages 8 and 9).

MR. G. R. SELIGMAN, State director of the National Heart Campaign, said: "We hope to build a similar house as soon as we have a suitable site, and we are certain that the response from the building industry will be enthusiastic."

For services to the Victorian Heart's Desire House project, The Australian Women's Weekly has been honored to receive the medallion (at right) "as a token of appreciation for the interest taken and the valuable space granted."



THE HEART'S DESIRE MEDALLION.

Our cover



● The koala on our cover — the sixteenth and last in our £3000 Cover Contest (see contest conditions and entry coupon on page 15) — was photographed at Syd by staff photographer Keith Barlow (age 11).

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IF you are wondering about a Christmas gift for a friend who has just brought home her first baby, or who is an expectant mother, useful and acceptable would be a copy of "You And Your Baby."

This attractively bound and illustrated parenthood book by Sister Mary Jacob, our mothercraft expert, has recently been revised and is now in its fifth edition.

Copies of "You And Your Baby" are available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and also from leading bookshops in the capital cities.

Price 15/- and 10d. postage.

Note: Please print names and addresses clearly when ordering.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960

CHARLES' LAST YEAR AT CHEAM

*Will he go to
Eton or
Gordonstoun?*

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff.

● When Prince Charles leaves Cheam school on December 19 for the Christmas holidays, he will leave behind forever the carefree life of a young school-boy with no worries or problems.

WHEN he goes back to Cheam on January 16 it will be his last year there and the most hard-working year he has known.

It's the time when all prep. school boys of Charles' age in England prepare for their Common Entrance Examination, which is usually taken the summer before they are 13.

Prince Charles will be among the oldest boys at Cheam. He will be in the Upper School, and, apart from the school play on March 10 and 11, and visits to other schools on Wednesdays and Saturdays to play in return matches, he with others of his age will be studying hard all the time.

It has not yet been officially announced where Prince Charles will next go to school or when.

He is down on the official house list of Giles St. Aubyn, an Eton housemaster, who has been a personal friend of the Royal family for many years. It has also been suggested, and the suggestion unpopularly received among many people, that he may follow his father and go to Gordonstoun.

A close friend of the Royal family said to me recently: "Prince Philip wanted his son to go to Cheam, his own old prep. school. It's a well-known fact that he would be very pleased if his son were to go to Gordonstoun, where he was also."

The Queen is known to favor Eton, where most of her family and friends send their sons. Both the Kent boys were at Eton, so were both the Gloucesters, and all four were happy there.

Prince Philip has recently contributed a sum of money towards rebuilding plans at Gordonstoun, and has visited the school.

Usual routine

Several of Prince Charles' friends from Cheam, including David Dawkes, his best friend when he first went there, have gone on to Charterhouse, another school recently visited by the Queen and Prince Philip.

If Prince Charles follows the pattern of most boys of his age, after his Common Entrance Examination he will move to his new school in September, 1961. Failing that, his move will be delayed a term until January, 1962, when he will be 13 and a few months.

Meanwhile, from January 16, life at Cheam will go on as usual for Charles.

He will be wakened at 7.15 a.m. at the first bell from a bed consisting of a mattress placed across wooden slats. When the Queen first saw the bed she said, "You can't bounce on this, Charles."

At 7.40, there will be another bell for prayers. At 8, Prince Charles will file into breakfast, shaking hands with Peter Beck, the headmaster. At 9, lessons will begin.

At 11, there will be a break for milk and a bun—many Cheam schoolboys, including the heir to the throne, have often complained about that bun. At 11.15 they go back to the classrooms.

The classrooms at Cheam School are not at all grand. They have green walls, some with peeling paint, and the black-board in Prince Charles' classroom is damaged.

At 1 o'clock they have lunch, often of Cheam stew and Cheam "stodge"—suet, rice, or milk pudding.

Once, when Charles first went to Cheam and was dawdling over his lunch, Mrs. Beck, suggesting that he should hurry, got the reply, "I'm sorry, but I'm not used to all this rich food."

On another occasion, when Prince Charles was ticked off for shovelling (pushing his food with a piece of bread), he said that he was allowed to do it at home.

Cheam has very strict rules with regard to pocket-money. The boys can spend their money at "the bank," which is the school tuckshop, and they have a weekly sweets allowance. Prince Charles gets £1 a week pocket-money.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960



Next term he will be a late-bedder, going to bed at 8.30 p.m., which makes days out from school a much longer and more satisfactory affair than having to be in at 7.

The heir to the throne changes his socks and shirt twice a week, his underclothes once a week. He has two hot baths a week, and he scrapes the mud from the playing fields off his knees in the sports room in a bath called "the duck-pond."

Prince Charles plays centre-half at football, and when he first played an "away" match at Hawtrey's he sent his opposite number in the team flying, only to stop and pick him up and apologise profusely.

The opposite number, a boy of his own age, said afterwards: "Fancy stopping to pick anyone up in a football match, and he was so polite, too." Next year things were different. The opposite number was sent flying a number of times very successfully, and never picked up.

He is a decent cricketer and an excellent swimmer. He does not like horse-riding much, but is very handy with a boat. He likes anything to do with water, like his father, and he dislikes anything to do with a hat, equally like his

● Prince Charles and Princess Anne, whose upbringing has always been of great interest to the British Commonwealth. All this year there have been rumors that Anne, now 10, was off to boarding-school. Heathfield — where Princess Alexandra went—and Southover Manor were two of the schools suggested.

father. Caps belonging to Prince Charles at Cheam are frequently lost, missing, misused, or just not there.

Many stories of things Prince Charles has said penetrate to the local village from Cheam. The one the village enjoyed most was when the head boy attended his birthday party, and his governess, Miss Cowlishaw, said: "Rather an honor for you, Charles," and got the reply very quickly, "Rather an honor for him, too, perhaps."

Prince Charles is a very average young schoolboy. He is not considered to be especially bright, but Cheam is not given to failures in the Common Entrance Examination, and Prince Charles is expected to get through.



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No suntan for this girl

From our London Office.

● Margrette Eckardt, big-time model and cover girl in Paris and London, will be shrouded in a huge sunhat and covered in anti-sun lotion at her welcome-home Christmas party in Sydney.

IT will be Margrette's first Christmas at home for two years, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Eckardt, of Drummoine, are planning a huge beach picnic party for her.

But Margrette, who starts modelling for Balenciaga in Paris next month, has a clause in her contract that she must not get sunburned.

"I'll be huddled under a huge straw hat and covered in anti-sunburn lotion," said Margrette when interviewed in London before leaving for Sydney.

"I've got a most gorgeous

swimsuit. It will hardly be worth wearing it.

"I model high-fashion, sophisticated clothes. A nice suntan would ruin all the pictures," she explained.

In London, Margrette has been modelling for Norman Hartnell, who calls her "Margretta," which has become her professional name.

Christmas at home will be three weeks' holiday before the busiest, richest, most exciting time of her life so far.

From Australia she will fly to Paris for two weeks' modelling for Balenciaga in the salon where the wedding dress of the future Queen of Belgium is now being finished.

After Paris she will go to New York for three months'



MODEL Margrette Eckardt poses for a fashion picture in London's West End.

hectic work, then back to England.

But: "What if that Mr. Right comes along while you are away? I think we shall lose you," said Chippy, who works in the studio of London photographer Tom Kublin, where this interview took place.

Margrette said: "No, Chippy. I shall be back with that kangaroo I promised you. Mr. Right won't come yet."

As Margrette left to pose for the pictures, Chippy said, "She is the nicest model I have ever met. So natural and ordinary."

Said Tom Kublin: "I can

bring out from Margrette the elegance and simplicity inherent in all good clothes. Every pose and angle supports this, and she lets herself be photographed as a woman who really loves fashion."

Margrette prefers to model really glamorous clothes. "After all, a cotton dress... well, it's just a nice cotton dress, but I feel quite different when I wear the lovely silks and furs," she said.

Dream model

Margrette, with high-piled dark hair, dark eyes long-lashed against camellia skin, and willowy figure, must be every photographer's dream of a perfect model.

She's nice, too. Not for her the temperament so common in the world of high fashion.

Yet she was not a success as a model in Sydney. "I was too sophisticated, not out-doory enough," she said.

She was looking forward to her three weeks at home. "It will be heaven just wearing slacks and no make-up, and doing nothing but seeing friends and having fun."

She'll spend some time, too, with her niece and god-daughter, 24-year-old Karen Lee Eckardt, her brother John's child.

Karen Lee was only a baby when "Aunt Margie" went abroad. Wherever she has been, "Auntie" has posted glamor clothes home to Karen, who is growing into them only now.

For all her fame and "coming-along-nicely" fortune, Margrette has clear ideas about her future.

She realises modelling is a short life, and now at 22 she plans to work flat out, travelling all over the world while she stays at the top.

She then wants to give up her job before it gives her up—and settle down with "Mr. Right."



FINAL TOUCH to Margrette's grooming before going in front of relentless studio cameras.

RELAXING in Tom Kublin's London studio during Margrette's last few crowded days before flying home to Sydney. Pictures by Phil Merchant.



AND SCHOOL'S OUT . . .

● Break-up time is fun for all — children and parents, who enjoy seeing sons and daughters “on stage” in carefully rehearsed performances. Typical of the thousands of “break-ups” in schools throughout Australia is this end-of-the-year concert at All Saints’ Kindergarten, Balgowlah, New South Wales.



PEEPING under the angel costumes: Philip Garden, Roslyn Maxwell, Malcolm Trounsen, Colin Leece, Mark Bergen, Tommy Muir, and Keith Clarson.

FOUR YOUNGSTERS (below) lost in their music. From left, Janet Chester, Peter Melocco, Hacey Tobias, and Colin Leece.



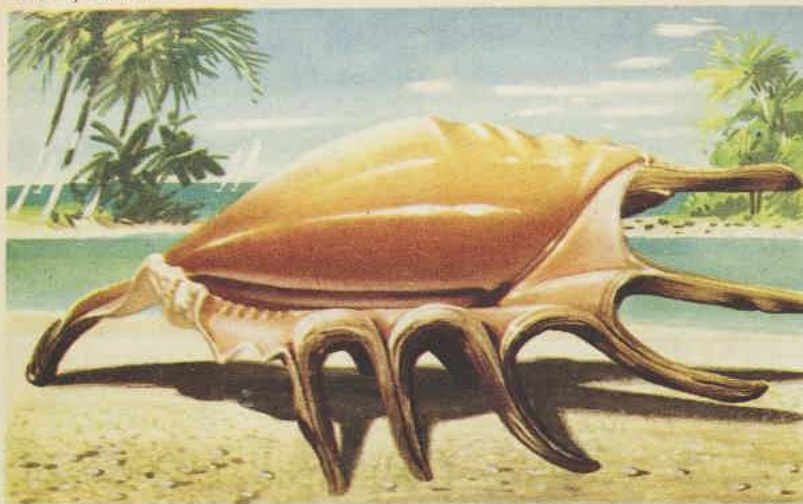
THE MAESTRO, Tony Cox, just 4, takes a bow — obviously pleased. All the children come from the Warringah area and are under 7.

GRADUATION (below). Back row: Penny Jenkins, Michael Paull, Robyn Chambers, Peter Arnott. Front row: Janet Chester, Peter Chapman, Roslyn Barrett. The certificates mark their entrance to “big school.”

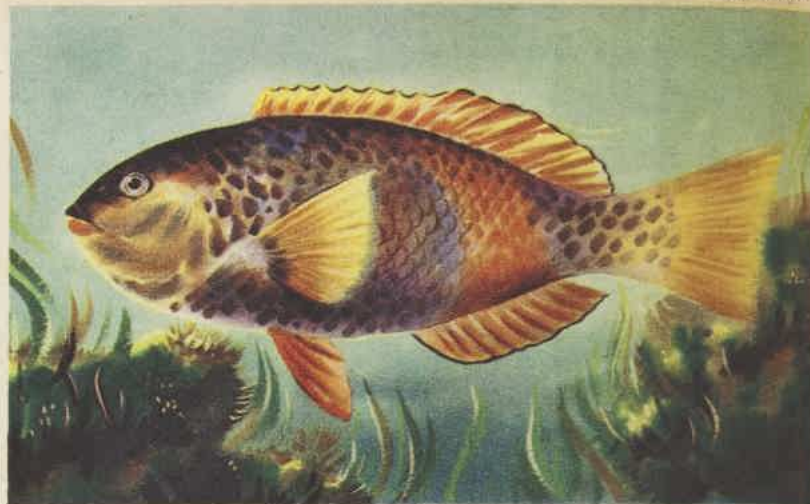


LITTLE MISS of Ceremonies Kit Dempsey clutches the curtain for comfort. Pictures by Ron Berg, staff photographer.

Smooth Spider Shell



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Hump Backed Cowry



Cloth of Gold Cowry



Butterfly Eel



A TOURIST'S TREASURELAND OF BEAUTY AND VARIETY... AUSTRALIA'S GREAT COASTLINE

Australia's coastline is over 12,000 miles long which is greater than the distance by sea from Australia to England. Is it any wonder that the shells, fish and coral found around its shores are of infinite variety? Their wide range of curiously beautiful shapes and colours reflects the tremendous variations in the country itself — variations that go to make our island continent a tourist's paradise. Why not plan a motoring tour for your next holiday.

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A reproduction of this group of paintings, suitable for framing. Also individual project cards for children. The 6 subjects above are part of a new series of 60 added to the popular Shell pictures of Australian flora and fauna.

TOURING LITERATURE

Before you embark on a motoring holiday, ask a Shell Dealer to arrange a Shell Touring Service kit for you. It will contain appropriate State and area maps, highway booklets, road, camping, motel information etc. — even items for the kiddies!



For Australia, migrant has . . .

More bouquets than brickbats

● Eight months ago staff reporter

Winifred Munday arrived in Australia, exchanging life in the London suburb of Wembley for a flat in the Sydney suburb of Coogee. She writes:

"GOING to Australia? What on earth for?" My friends were disbelieving and disheartening.

"You'll probably die of thirst during a drought, get burned to death in a bushfire, or drowned in a flood," they said.

There was bantering fun in their warnings, but behind them a genuine incredulity that any Londoner—with the whole of Europe on the doorstep—should want to settle in Australia.

During the long evenings on the boat coming over I had doubts myself about the wisdom of making the break . . . leaving behind all my family and friends to land on a continent 12,000 miles away, where I could count the people I knew personally on the fingers of one hand.

Apprehension

What if someone at home gets sick . . . how will I get home in a hurry?

Suppose jobs aren't as easy to land as my Australian journalist friends in London had told me?

What if my money runs out before I get a job?

Will I ever have the courage to bathe in the sea with all those sharks about? What'll I do if I ever get bitten by a snake?

Laugh at these fears if you want to, but they are the kind of seemingly irrelevant problems that assail the migrant's mind on the long, leisurely sea voyage.

Every knot we sailed from England my apprehension increased, yet, in spite of it, as

I had my first glimpse of Sydney Harbor Bridge I had a lump in my throat and tears burned behind my eyes.

After all, that Sydney has a world-famous bridge is about the only thing most Englishmen can tell you about it.

But panic returned when I realised that, although the bridge was a familiar landmark, I was going towards a big city in which I knew personally not a single soul.

I scanned the waiting crowds at Woolloomooloo trying to guess which two of the many people waiting for our ship to dock were the mother and sister of my Australian friends in London.

We found each other, and all my fears were dispelled.

During the next two weeks—they insisted there was no hurry for me to find a job—I saw the choicest bits of the coastal scenery and was introduced to the best shops. A car and endless advice were at my disposal for the umpteen trips—armed with the daily newspapers carefully marked—in search of likely looking "flats to let."

Here was familiar ground. Many's the time I have listened—and sympathised with—working Australians in London who have invited me into their "luxurious flats"—furnished from junk shops—for which they have been paying crippling rents.

Here was the situation in reverse. I was at the receiving end of inflated rents which seem to pertain in every big city in the world—from London to Los Angeles, Singapore to Sydney.

I lost count of the number

of flats and flatettes I saw in that fortnight—from the 5-guinea a week one-room basement in Greenwich to the 12-guinea a week one-roomed home unit in Cremorne.

All that was eight months ago. I soon had three jobs to choose from—you seldom get a choice in London—and I took the only accommodation solution that thousands of single overseas visitors and migrants have taken . . . sharing a flat.

Few opinions

Our happy little menage numbers four—two English, two Australian—all of similar age, who share and share alike in everything . . . expenses, housework, treats.

I feel as if I've been here years now. Every day I travel in on the bus from Coogee, join in rushed lunch-hour shopping, Saturday mornings doing the chores, and Saturday afternoons and Sundays on the beach or in the bush—sunbathing and picnicking.

I guess that entitles me to have a few opinions on my adopted country. I've more compliments than complaints.

I love, love, love the New South Wales beaches, but one thing worries me.

That you'll let the speculators who want to jazz them up have their own way. Don't! They're idyllic as they are.

I'd be sorry, and so would many other settlers in this country, especially those from Europe, to see anyone convince you that you need fairy-floss stalls, amusement arcades, bandstands, and wintergardens to attract tourist trade.

And don't let holiday camps infiltrate. They'll gradually

snatch away your beaches, inch by inch. Ask anyone who knows about seaside camps and hotels in England with their "own private beaches."

Since my arrival I've discovered the joys of a real picnic. In England we are still in the curled sandwich, soggy cake, flask of strong tea, and lukewarm fizzy-pop era.

Now I know the delight of steak and sausages cooked on an open fire, the incomparable flavor of billy tea, the picnic areas with their wooden tables and benches under the gums.

This aspect of Australian life alone has made my journey from England worthwhile.

I admire the adventurous spirit of Australian youth. Even the lowest-paid boys and girls—in their teens—talk of trips to England.

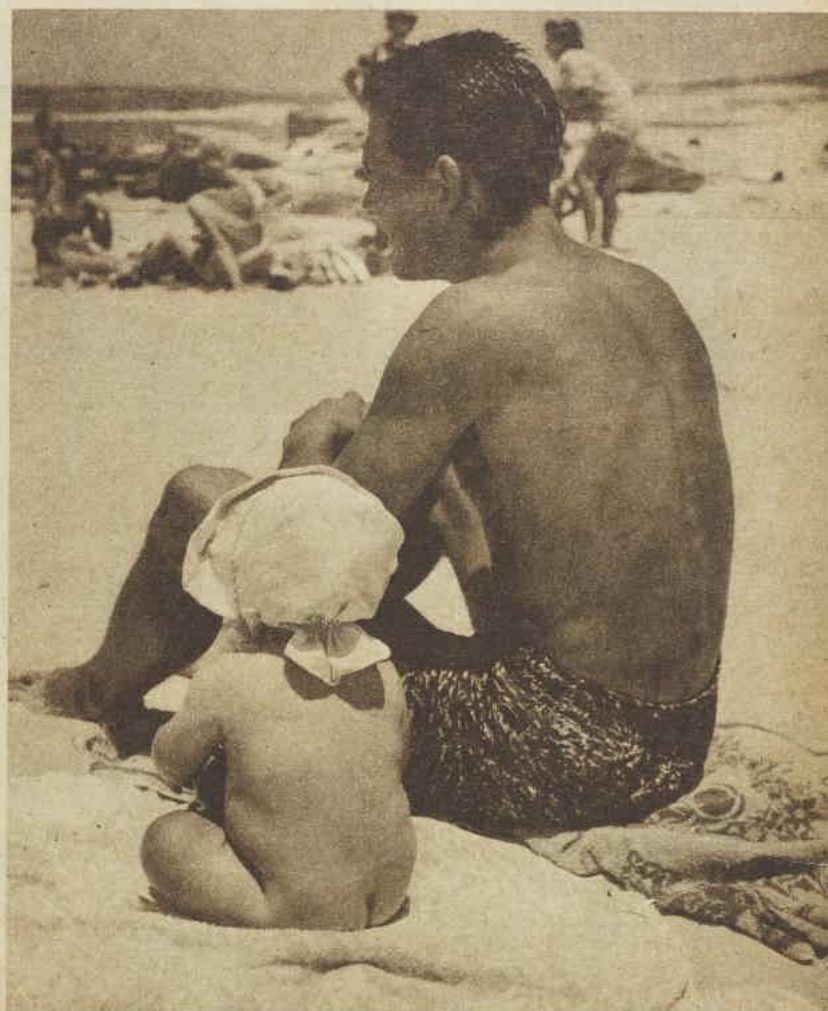
They seem to worry only about the one-way fare. They'll work in England for their ticket home, they say optimistically . . . and I feel ashamed of my own fears at leaving England, where work is so much harder to obtain.

I admire the savoir faire with which a snappily dressed executive or a chic secretary will eat a lunchtime pie or sandwich in the street.

No Londoner would have the courage to do it; yet it doesn't look odd here.

I like the community spirit which abounds.

I like the way people respond so generously to the innumerable button days, the way they rally round in clubs and associations to help the less fortunate.



AUSTRALIA: Christmas in the sun. "Your beaches are idyllic. Don't let anyone spoil them."

No one would believe me if I said there was nothing I dislike—and I wouldn't be telling the truth.

I must confess to being irked by the attitude of Australian men to their women-folk. They seem determined to keep women in their place, and they decide the place.

I struck this attitude my first day in Australia.

Segregation

The nursing sister who had shared my cabin and I were dying for the glass of iced beer which our male shipboard companions were enjoying in a Perth hotel.

We felt resentment as we went to the nearest milk bar. We didn't know about women's lounges.

Coming from a country where the "local" is the social centre of life for many husbands and wives, I find this segregation undesirable.

Customers in Australian hotels obviously go there to drink—as much as they can in the shortest time.

In England the pub is a place to meet friends—and wives—to chat, and play the games of dominoes, darts, and cribbage that are all important. The drinking is incidental. The company's the thing.

This segregation is not confined to drinking.

At my first Australian party I was astounded to discover, within half an hour of my arrival, the men at one end of my hostess' room discussing cars and sports, the women at the other end talking of babies, husbands, recipes.

"You'll have to excuse us," said my hostess, "all Australian parties are like this."

I'm not impressed by the standard of service in restaurants here. True, you can get ice-cold drinks—every Australian I have ever met has complained about the lukewarm English beer—but quality of service has a long way to go.

I miss the open log or coal fires. The crackling wood or warm, glowing coal fire is the focal point of English family life.

There is no such focus here, unless it's the TV set.

I miss the beauty of English gardens.

I miss the gaiety of London on a Sunday—with the cinemas and the hotels open. I dislike the deadness of Sydney on a Sunday.

These complaints are trivial. I have more bouquets to hand out than brickbats, and those dubious English friends—prompted by my enthusiastic letters—are beginning their letters to me: "What are the job prospects on your side of the world?"

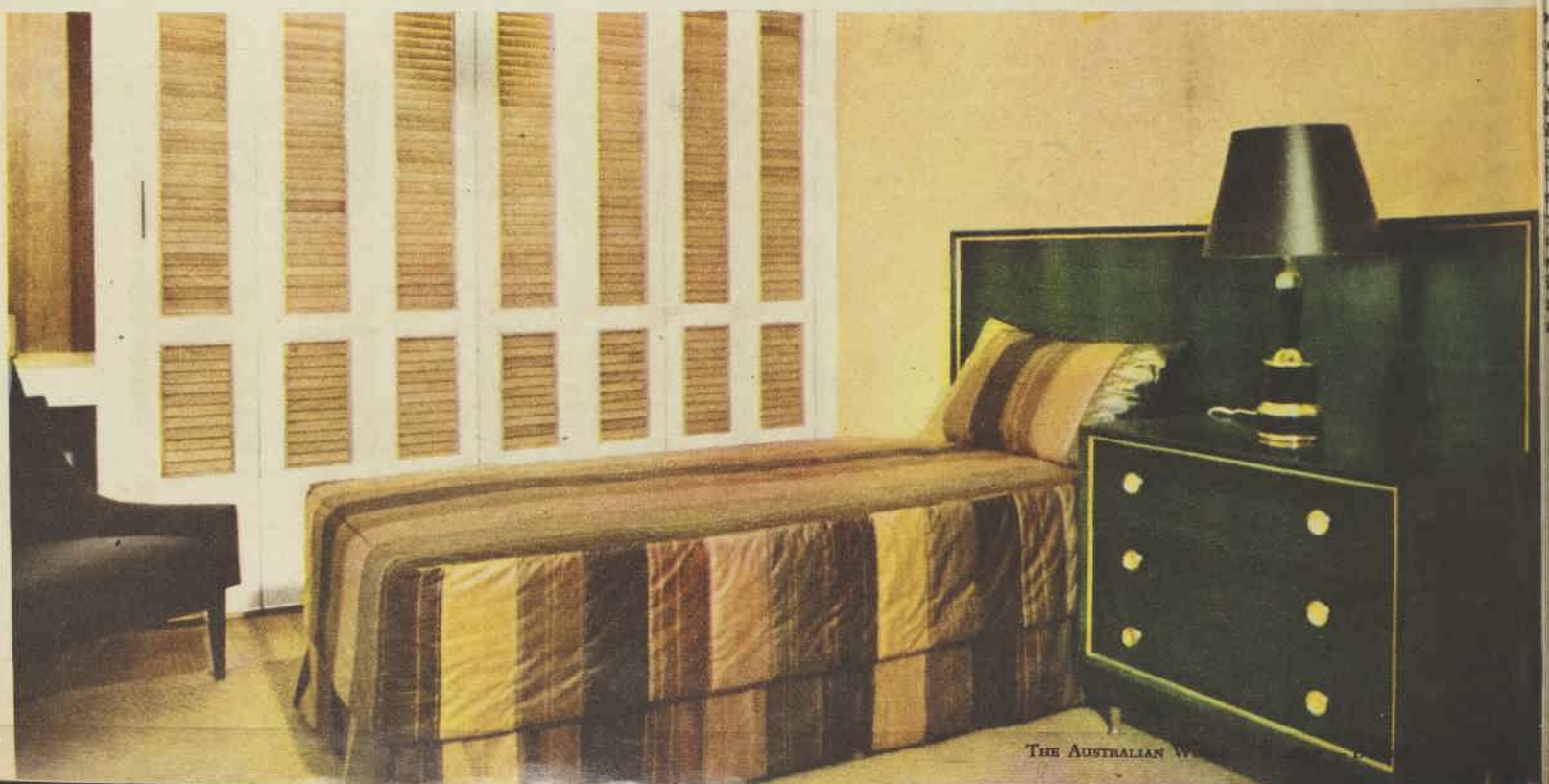


ENGLAND: Carols in the pub. "The drinking is incidental; the company's the thing . . ."



• The house, on the site of the old Occidental Hotel, has eight rooms, carport, swimming pool. Later it will be moved to become the first Heart Rehabilitation Centre attached to an Australian hospital.

The Heart's Desire House



• Open - plan living - room (left) features earth shades spotlight with red and bright gold. Curtains are striped shantung. Hand-tufted Dutch carpet was dyed gold "to fit." Light tubes are hidden in the curtain pelmets.

• Master bedroom (right) has fluted ceiling and luxury colors. Transparent shantung curtains provide privacy without shutting out the light, need no lining. Bed is white hide, the carpet is white ruffle tuft.



● Melbourne's House of Heart's Desire in Collins Street was built on the big-heartedness of the city's business community—more than 100 firms had a hand in it—to spark off the Heart Foundation's Appeal for £1,500,000. Anyone can see through it for 2/-, which goes to the Foundation. Of 35 squares, the all-timber house follows a modern, strictly functional design. Furnishings, provided by Melbourne retailers, will be changed every six weeks.

• Boy's bedroom (left) has built-in wardrobe with accordion louvered doors. Chest of drawers and bedhead, all one piece, are lime-colored polished wood. Bedspread is polished cotton, the curtains white shantung.

• Dining area (right) flows from the sitting-room, is divided from the kitchen by a servery. Furnished with teak, upholstered in red. Table is set with Danish silver, English china. Pictures by Jim Ellard.



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FATHER



"We won't be able to tell this one from the one he made last year."

MOTHER



"Better not seem TOO hungry or we might get bread and butter."

It seems to me

MISS Peggy D. Hooton, co-director of a London marketing organisation, is annoyed with British bankers.

Miss Hooton complains: "Every time I sign a bank document they put a paragraph on it, 'Mr. So-and-So has explained this to me, and I do understand it.' I have to sign that declaration every time. Every woman has to! Really, it's time banks woke up!"

Miss Hooton ought to be pleased that British banks still adopt this old-world attitude.

Personally, I never mind when a man goes to extra trouble to make a business transaction clear to my simple female mind.

The fact is that sometimes I do need such things explained in words of one syllable. At other times I grasp the matter fast enough. But, even when this is so, I enjoy the implication that I am a sweet, frivolous creature who thinks an overdraft is something to do with the top of a window.

In general, Australian banks seem to have a higher opinion of female intelligence than do British banks.

A bank authority in Sydney told me that about the only time Australian bankers follow the practice complained of by Miss Hooton is when a married woman who owns property is required to execute a document to the benefit of someone else, and when there could be a possibility of coercion.

"In other words," said the banker, coming down to tin tacks, "if you were signing something over to your husband, and we thought he might be forcing the issue, you might be required to sign a declaration that you understood what you were doing."

MEN, of course, are often equally in need of protection.

In America, where a large number of husbands seem to pay large swags of alimony, it might be an idea for bridegrooms to sign a document. It could read: "Mr. So-and-so has explained this ceremony to me, and I do realise what it means.—Signed: T. Manville."

A FRIEND of mine thinks that men are rapidly sinking into the position of the down-trodden sex.

She cites the current fashion for outdoor entertaining.

"The barbecue," she says, "is the sweetest trap ever set for the boys, and all over the suburbs they have fallen for it."

"Once upon a time the wife of a businessman regularly slaved over the stove preparing dinner-parties."

"Now she says, 'Let's ask them all to a barbecue.' She buys some fancy gloves and a chef's cap and a joke apron inscribed 'Poor old Dad.' Then she sits back."

"Dad falls for all this, thinks it's great fun. He slaves half the weekend grilling steaks over a hot fire, then goes back exhausted to his office on Monday under the delusion that he has had a restful weekend."

By



Dorothy Drann

IN the early days of television my favorite male characters were Raymond Burr (Perry Mason) and James Arness (Matt Dillon in Gunsmoke).

I still watch them occasionally, but lately they've been displaced in favor by Clarence the Clocker (Channel 9).

(Clarence, whose real name is Arthur Davies, is a racing tipster. We published a story about him in our television pages some weeks ago.)

Nowadays it's useless to telephone me between 10.30

a.m. and 10.40 on Saturdays. I can be wrenched away from thrillers, dramas, and musicals, but if the phone rings during this session I simply pick it up and say, "Sorry, Clarence..." Most callers understand.

It isn't merely that he gives pretty good tips.

If you wanted to convey an Australian racecourse character to someone from Timbuctoo or Kansas City, you could save a thousand words by switching on Clarence.

You couldn't find an actor who could give the performance that he does simply by being himself.

He rattles on with the latest track news—"I reckon so-and-so's a doubtful starter in this weather. A cloud's only got to pass across the sky and HE'S no good"—throws in a commercial (for beer) and then says, "Now come closer, girls. Have I got some beauties for you today?"

Not that print can convey Clarence.

One day, a couple of weeks ago, he seemed subdued. I felt like ringing up to ask was he all right, or had some misguided friend suggested he tone down his style.

TV characters who are natural personalities should really be kept in glass cases between sessions. Otherwise there is a danger that acquaintances will tell them not to do this or that, or advise them to learn voice production, or to model themselves on someone else.

Still, I think Clarence would be pretty impervious to that sort of malarkey.

KNITTING helps compensate a woman for her feeling of inferiority towards man, psychiatrist Dr. O. C. Heller told the Hand-Knitting Wool Council in London. It was nature's own sedative and better than taking pills.

Plain and purl, plain and purl,
Are you sorry you're a girl?
Get some wool and knit a sweater,
Makes you, so they say, feel better.
If the sweater's big and bulky,
Scowl within it, smart and sulky.

Marvellous the things they find
In the caverns of the mind.
Sweet, indeed, as you can see
Are uses of psychiatry.
Some are knitters, some are not,
But all of us agree: "What rot!"

MOVING DAY

Staff photographer Keith Barlow took these appealing pictures of one of Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo's koala colony who decided it was time he changed his address.

"That's a much better possie over there . . ."



"I'll get to it the quickest way . . ."

"... And now for a quiet snooze"



JUST engaged Derek Cassidy and Elaine Hirst. *man attribute their romance to a blizzard which raged at Thredbo in July.*

Snowbound, they met over a bridge table in a lodge there—playing contract because the weather was too bad for skiing.

Derek says Elaine, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Hirstman, of St. Ives, made her first—and lasting—impression on him when she put him down a small slam, doubled!

He has given her a square sapphire ring, and they're planning to be married in mid-April.

Elaine is executive secretary of the Opera House Appeal, and she'll be too busy with arrangements for the Opera House Ball on April 7, to take time off to get married before then.

Derek is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cassidy, of Bellevue Hill.

LADY DUNROSSIL will make her first call on Torch Bearers for Legacy on December 14, attending their Christmas party at Legacy House. President Mrs. Lionel McFadyen says the Christmas party is always an exciting occasion, because Torch Bearer Groups hand in their final cheques for the year, and everyone is on tiptoe to know the yield. Also exciting for Mrs. McFadyen at the moment is the prospect of greeting her younger son, Ross, who is coming back from New Guinea to settle in Sydney again in time for Christmas.

ONE of the most fascinating items in the Exhibition of Work Boxes arranged by the Embroiderers' Guild of New South Wales at Adyar Hall, on December 14, belonged to Rachel Henning, noted for her writings about early Sydney town. It's being lent by Mrs. Donald Sharp. Made of mahogany, its contents include a thimble with gems spelling out the word "Regards," mother-of-pearl silk reels, a match-holder for melting sealing-wax, a small tea service, a pocket sundial, and a gambling set. So much for a quiet afternoon's sewing in the garden! Mrs. John Bath, of Edgecliff, who gave me a sneak preview of the work-box, said the Embroiderers' Guild here is a branch of the famous English one.

PARTNERING a trio of pretty Melbourne girls, Jeanne Artaud, Judy Gilder, and Susan Horne, will be the lot of John Scott, of Bathurst, Dick Hart, of Canberra, and Melbourne friend of the groom, John Bain, when they support Timothy Paton at his marriage to Mary Beecham, of "Landfall," Warrandyte, Victoria, on December 17. The ceremony will be at Holy Trinity Church, Kew, followed by a reception at Giro's. Timothy is the son of Mrs. V. S. Paton, of Edgecliff, and the late Mr. Paton.

SUCH a beautiful white-and-gold Royal Doulton dinner-service was given to Jackie Elwyn, of "West Lynne," Gravesend, and David Strelitz, of "Woodstock," Armidale, at the marathon party Jennifer Vickery hosted in their honor at her home, "Dobikin," Bellara. It was presented "with love" from the fifty-odd guests at the party, which started round the swimming-pool—then tennis—more swimming, and a barbecue. Jennifer, with Maundy Elwyn and Judith Fleming, of "Vitonga," Moree, who is returning from abroad in Orjana, will be bridesmaids at the wedding of Jackie and David. They're being married at St. Joseph's Church, Edgecliff, on February 8.

THIS is certain — Tony Wilkinson, of "Allfarthing," Goulburn, won't have to worry about a taxi getting his bride-elect, Jan McWilliam, to the church on time when they wed on January 27. Jan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McWilliam, who live opposite St. Mark's, Darling Point, where the ceremony will be performed, and she plans to walk to her wedding.



PARTYGOERS. From left, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Newman and Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Ganton at the Christmas Gala Night arranged by the Gallery Society at the National Art Gallery. A Chopin recital by celebrity pianist Bela Siki was a highlight of the function, which was enjoyed by 500 guests.

Fit as a Fiddle

thanks

... because I get that

EXTRA FOOD VALUE

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every meal with

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NON-FAT POWDERED MILK

HIGH-GRADE PROTEIN

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... all this in a highly concentrated form, mixing easily into almost any dish you can think of, adds that extra food value to every meal — **without fat** which, when taken in excess, can be such a deterrent to complete health.

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USE BONLAC (NON-FAT) MILK SOMEWHERE IN EVERY MEAL — with cereals, soups, scones, vegetables, drinks, cakes and desserts, for ice-cream making.

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ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES



BARONET'S DAUGHTER WEDS. Sir Bernard Croft with his daughter, Margaret, and her attendants, from left, Camilla Croft, Frances White, and Mrs. Owen Croft, arriving at St. John's Church, Uralla, for Margaret's wedding to David Wright, of "Wallamumbi," Wollomombi. They were preceded into the church by youthful attendants Mary Thompson and Anne Weaver, not pictured. **ON THE LEFT:** The bridal couple in the garden at Salisbury Court, Uralla, the home of the bride's parents, who entertained over 300 guests there after the ceremony. David is the son of the Chancellor of the University of New England, Armidale, Mr. P. A. Wright, and Mrs. Wright. Margaret was a radiant bride in a white satin classical gown with a trained skirt.



JUST WED. Robert Foot and his bride, formerly Rosemary Ashton, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Ashton, of Mandurama and Double Bay, leaving St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, with their attendants. From left, Donald Wyllie, Richard Searby, Anthony Vincent, Charles Lloyd Jones, the bridal couple, Mrs. Bailieu Myer, Joan Ashton, Gillian Ashton, and Caroline Anderson. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Foot, of Brisbane.

IN SCOTLAND. Beris Yule, daughter of Mrs. Edmund Yule, of Roseville, and the late Mr. Yule, was married to Dr. Gordon Biggam at St. John's Church, Edinburgh. Pictured from left are the groom's father, Major-General Sir Alexander Biggam, best man Dr. Alan Shafro, Lady Biggam, the bridal couple, Lady Gardiner, Wendy Dowse, Sir Thomas Gardiner, who gave the bride away, and Jennifer Dowse. Beris wore an ivory brocaded gown, and the groom's youthful nieces attended her frocked in sea-green nylon. The couple honeymooned in Majorca before settling in flat in Edinburgh.



At Christmas and throughout the year...serve

McWILLIAM'S

Cream

SHERRY

In keeping with the fine tradition of Christmas, when you think of your friends and special entertaining, remember McWilliam's Cream Sherry—the sherry with the smooth creamy body, so right for every occasion.

SHERRY ON THE ROCKS

Simply place 2 ice cubes in a glass and pour over 2 or 3 ozs. McWilliam's Cream Sherry.



The Cream of Cream Sherries

£3000 Cover Contest



A (Sept. 7)



B (Sept. 14)



C (Sept. 21)



D (Sept. 28)



E (Oct. 5)



F (Oct. 12)



G (Oct. 19)



H (Oct. 26)



I (Nov. 2)



J (Nov. 9)



K (Nov. 16)



L (Nov. 23)



M (Nov. 30)



N (Dec. 7)



O (Dec. 14)



P (Dec. 21)

Now you can make your final choice

● Now you can enter our £3000 Cover Contest. This week's cover, which carries the identifying letter "P," is the last in the series of 16.

Decide the order of your preference, fill in the entry coupon on this page, and post it to be delivered by January 9, 1961.

ADDRESS your entries "Cover Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

But first read carefully the instructions given below. If you have kept the full series of covers you will have, counting this one, 16 in all.

Each carries an identifying letter. The first one, "A," appeared on the issue of September 7.

Spread them out and decide which one you like best. Write its identifying letter in the square beside the figure 1.

Then decide on the order of your preference of the rest. Put the identifying letter of the cover you like second-best beside the figure 2, and so on until you have filled in all 16 squares.

At the bottom of the coupon, in the space provided, write your own suggestion for a cover you would like to see on the Weekly.

We will publish the entry coupon again next week.

You may send as many entries as you like.

DO NOT, HOWEVER, SEND US YOUR COLLECTION OF COVERS. THE ENTRY COUPON IS SUFFICIENT.

A prize of £3000 will be awarded to the reader whose entry is selected by the judges as placing the covers in the best order.

If there is a tie, the prize will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best. If the tying entry cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided.

There will also be ten prizes of £10 each for the

best ten cover suggestions. You could win one of these prizes regardless of the order in which you place the covers.

We will choose the judges AFTER the closing date of the contest. This means that no one can know the judges' choice until all entries have been lodged.

There will be at least three judges, who will include an artist, a housewife, and a businessgirl.

CONDITIONS

All entries must be addressed "Cover Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W., and must be delivered to that address by January 9, 1961.

In the event of a tie, the prize of £3000 will go to the tying entry in which the suggestion for a cover is judged best.

If the tying entry cover suggestions are judged equal in value, the prize will be equally divided.

Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies are not eligible to enter this contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions, including entries which are received after the closing time, will be disqualified, and all entries, whether disqualified or not, shall become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. on receipt.

The competition will be judged by a panel chosen by employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., who will use their best endeavors to see that every eligible entry is considered.

The accidental omission to consider any entry and/or any error by the judges or by Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. or its employees shall not invalidate the competition or give rise to any rights in any competitor to take proceedings against that company or any employee of it at law or in equity on any account whatsoever.

The result as published shall be final and binding on all competitors. All competitors taking part agree as a condition of entry to accept such result as final and binding.

No correspondence will be entered into or any interview granted.

It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements relating thereto (whether mentioned in the conditions or to be implied), and that every entry and agreement or transaction entered into or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or give rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties, or consequences whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation, but all such arrangements, agreements, and transactions are binding in honor only.

ENTRY COUPON

COVER CONTEST
The Australian Women's Weekly,
Box 5252, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

● Write the letters which identify the covers beside the numbers in order of your preference.

1		9	
2		10	
3		11	
4		12	
5		13	
6		14	
7		15	
8		16	

My suggestion for a cover is

I agree to abide by the contest conditions published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

Name
BLOCK LETTERS

Address

State

YARDLEY

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep



gifts

to set the heart
a-whirl



So sophisticated
world-famous 'Bond Street'
Perfume, Skin Perfume
and Talc 50/6



A heady, romantic fragrance
Red Roses Skin Perfume
and Hand Soap 17/6



Huntingley's lovely
April Violets Skin Perfume,
Talc and Hand Soap 33/6

P.S. Gifts to put your man on top of the world, too!

YARDLEY • LONDON • SYDNEY • PARIS • NEW YORK



DS429.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

● The daytime dress illustrated above was chosen for a young married woman who asked for a cool, simple style to wear during a summer holiday.

HERE is her letter and my reply.

"IN late January we are to spend a week with my husband's people, and I want to make a new cotton frock for the occasion. As I have a young baby, I want a simple style. I will need a pattern for the design you suggest. My mother has given me a set of white costume jewellery—necklace, earrings, and bracelet — and I want to wear them with the frock. I am a brunette aged 24."

A dress in red-and-white check gingham would be a gay as well as a practical choice for a summer dress.

The design is illustrated above. White pearl buttons on the bodice are the only trim. The shirtwaist bodice-top is neatly tailored; the skirt has soft fullness.

A paper pattern for the design is available in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the illustration are further details and how to order.

"WOULD you advise me about a couple of outfits to take to Europe? I will be flying tourist, so there's not much space for a large wardrobe. Do you think a covered-up jacket over a low-necked sheath

and a shirt frock would be useful? And—will I need a topcoat? I am leaving next March."

Yes, you will need a topcoat. A coat in harmony with several dresses for a costume look is just about the best capsule travel wardrobe I know. The newest coats have billowing silhouettes and wide sleeves.

Choose a gay color for the coat. Azalea-pink, raspberry, and Chinese-blue are all in the autumn-color picture. For the dresses, I like the idea of a tailored torso dress for general day wear, and a soft chiffon in the same shade as you choose for the coat for dressier occasions.

"DO you consider a heavy silk faille in a bright navy suitable for a late-afternoon frock?"

Yes, I do. In the recent Paris autumn collections, Nina Ricci showed a late-day coat-frock made in silk faille. The dress had a well-seamed hip-yoke and a rather wide self-material belt. The neckline was high, round, and collarless, and self buttons fastened the design from neck to hemline.

The dress was worn over a stiffened-waist petticoat to give the skirt a bell-shaped silhouette.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960

The Most Efficient Christmas

The plan was super, but would it work? . . . an amusing story

By WALTER WEIR

THE buzzer in the phone on George Enders' desk went off with the expected yet startling suddenness of a dentist's drill. Without taking his eyes from the report he was reading, George Enders reached for the phone. "Yes?" he said.

"Mr. Enders?" It was his secretary. "Mrs. Enders is calling. On one."

He pushed the button marked 491. "Marian?"

"George?"

"Yes?"

"You sound busy."

"I am busy," he said. "We're hoping to close the office by one."

"Oh, that's just fine," Marian exclaimed, "because you've just got to do some shopping for me."

"Shopping?" George asked incredulously. "Do you realise it's practically Christmas Eve?"

"But I haven't got anything for Art yet, and it just occurred to me what I could get for Helen, and you know that's been driving me crazy."

"Marian," said George sternly, "I've told you Christmas after Christmas, shopping is your business — not mine. I simply do not have the time."

"But if you're getting off at one!"

"Marian, the employees are getting off at one. I may be here till eight tonight."

"But, George, when will we get the tree trimmed?"

"Frankly, I don't care if we ever get the tree trimmed."

"Now, George, that isn't the proper Christmas —"

"Look, Marian," George said, sighing. "Let's not waste time philosophising. Tell me what it is you want me to get and I'll try to get it for you."

He was five minutes late for his luncheon date. "I'm sorry," he apologised. "My wife called me and insisted I do some last-minute Christmas shopping for her and I stopped in at Dunhill's on the way here."

"Understandable," said his guest. "It's the time of the year. Happens to everyone. Everything is last-minute. Frightful. When you get home tonight, you'll find you've received Christmas cards from at least five people you can't remember sending Christmas cards to. And despite the fact you ordered a hundred more cards this year than you did last, you'll also find that, by this time, you have only four left and there are no envelopes for more than two."

"How true, how true," George sighed, as they wended their way through the tables to the one George usually occupied. "Can you imagine what would happen to the economy if we conducted business the way our wives go about Christmas shopping?"

"Maybe," said George's guest, "it's time we took over."

When George Enders got home that night Marian met him at the door. She kissed him, took the packages from him, thanked him for getting them for her, and then asked, "Who is Tom Keating?"

"Tom Keating," said George without hesitation, "is president of Keating Industries, that account we picked up last September. Why? Did he call?"

"No," Marian told him, "but you did receive a Christmas card from him and I have absolutely no record of having sent him one. Did Miss Mathers?"

"I don't know, whether Miss Mathers sent him one or not. You and she got together last June on our list."

"But that was last June," Marian protested, "and you just said you got the account in September."

"Well, don't worry," George said. "I'm sure Miss Mathers did something about it. And if she didn't,

I'd rather have Keating get no card than get two. If he got two, he'd think we're disorganised — which," he finished, "we definitely are. I mean us."

By eight o'clock that Christmas Eve, George had the tree trimmed.

Unfortunately, he couldn't find an extension cord anywhere in the house, so that while he had the tree strung with lights, there was no way of getting any current to them. He opened cupboards and closed them, went down to the basement, up to the attic storeroom. "I have bought thousands of extension cords," he muttered on his quest. "There must be one somewhere in this house."

The children followed him, trudging upstairs with him, thumping downstairs. They annoyed him. "Why don't you go to bed?" he thundered at one point.

"But we want to help you," they replied, almost in unison.

"But if you go to bed now, you'll be able to get up very early to see what Santa Claus brought you."

"But you and Mommy won't be up," Timmy protested.

"And besides," said Ginny, "you're Santa Claus. That's why we're following you — so we can see what you're bringing us tonight."

"Marian!" George shouted. "Get these children to bed!"

To page 47

Marian looked on as George expertly trimmed the Christmas tree.



An office Christmas is like a children's party, thought Dorrit Edsen, as she surveyed the scene from behind her desk. There are the same air of rapture and tension, the same preoccupation with decorations, the same lack of solutions. In her office there was even a centrepiece, a dainty, stylish tree of Victorian rosebuds wired to an invisible frame.

Nobody was aware that Doug had sent it from an uptown florist, echoing the fruit tree he had sent last year and the pink feather one the year before. It was charming, but it bothered her. It was so maddeningly mock, so preciously make-believe, like most of the things that go on in a New York advertising agency the week before the holiday.

"Hi, little one." It was Lee, the copywriter from the next office. Seven months pregnant, she was wearing a red maternity outfit, and all day she had made a thing out of impersonating Santa Claus. "I am dashing home to the brood before the nonsense starts here, so I thought I'd give you this."

This, when the newspaper and the black ribbon came off (everybody was being clever about wrappings), proved to be a large ashtray with "Vive l'Amour" scribbled in gold across it.

Dorrit looked quizzical and Lee became embarrassed. "I gave the same thing to everyone up and down the line," Lee explained. "It's such a versatile motto."

"I agree. It's very versatile. And so nice to grind one's cigarettes out on." Dorrit reached into the big gilt basket that held her own store of gifts (she had chosen pastel tissue paper in candy shades as her wrapping theme) and picked out two boxes for Lee's children.

"Thanks, lamb. I'll take them home to the kids. And have a merry," added Lee, patting Dorrit fondly on her wing-smooth hairdo, which today was fastened with a green velvet ribbon, the way Doug liked it.

Have a merry. So very Madison Avenue. So very like Doug. Or, at least, one side of Doug, the side that fascinated but did not warm. It was not this aspect that had anchored Dorrit to his image, lo, these past three years — lo, these three empty Christmases.

It was the restless mind, the sensitive passion under the wrappings of the knowing, self-conscious sophistication. It was the combination of the father and the little boy (Doug was more than thirteen years older than she), the paradox of this man, more than any other human being, available to her through every nerve cell in her body, but beyond her reach by virtue of a previous commitment.

By virtue of a previous commitment. That was a dreadfully pompous way to put it. Have a merry. Last year she had arranged to spend Christmas week at a ski resort, even though she didn't ski. She had hoped that the sting of the snow and the bite of the wind would wash away the picture that kept coming back: Doug home for Christmas at his Jersey farm, with his tall, aristocratic wife and her prize English setters and her (their) three blond daughters.

The ski resort hadn't helped, any more than going out with some meaningless boy the year before had helped. That business with Lee and the ashtray had revealed again what Dorrit always had suspected. Her relationship with Doug was an open secret. Most people knew. But, actually, what was it they knew?

For that was the un-Madison Avenue part of it. Three years now and it had not sunk to the level of what is technically an affair. It had come very close in all its windings and developings and unfoldings. It had gone through its preliminary period, of course. She had lapped up all the information he could give her on her first accounts, respectful of his quick wit, his almost intuitive way with words and ideas.

She had been dazzled at the casual way he could talk about places like St. Tropez, the Kitzbuhel, and the Canary Islands, and then, just as casually, discuss his rediscovery of Coney Island. She had been amused at the blue marlin he boyishly displayed on his office wall, more impressed by the thoughtful array of books on his bookshelf.

Then one day they had done some research at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Their first shared meal had been in the cafeteria there, with its unexpected Roman pool, and they had gone in depth into a whole gallery of subjects, from Botticelli to Kerouac to Frank Sinatra to religion (labelled and unlabelled) to the future of stereophonic sound.

"You're an amazing kid," he'd said that day. "Somehow, I can communicate with you better than I can

with my own daughters. Barnard College must have trained you to talk to men."

"I got my degree in Fine Arts," she had laughed. "And your oldest daughter is only fifteen and I'm twenty-four. Don't be so fatherly."

So he had stopped being fatherly. They had continued an odd, undefined relationship, sometimes confined to lunches, at other times extending to cocktails and dinner. His wife travelled a good deal and showed her dogs at shows all over the country, and the girls were away at school, so he was essentially a lonely man. And most of the young men she dated seemed callow and unrewarding.

So the closeness closed down on them, sometimes dangerously so. Every time she retreated she wondered if she had made a mistake — because somehow she sensed, even with her lack of experience, that this was the way to get him if she wanted him.

And the alarming thing was that, increasingly, she wanted him, the whole package. Sometimes she had doubts that she could handle it; more often she hated herself for even considering it.

But there it was. And though they had wandered all around the subject he had never discussed it openly.

"Why?" she had asked once. "Why me? You have your choice of all those glittery girls in TV and on the West Coast. You have your old friends, the society ones — with the boats and the horses and the fox-hunting. If you're going to pick somebody, why me?"

"Stop marking yourself down," he'd said, flicking up a wisp of hair that had fallen on her forehead. "I've given this matter deep thought. I think it's the way we can talk to each other. When I try to talk to Evelyn it just doesn't work. Maybe it's because I don't like dogs. Or maybe it's because I don't like her any more."

At moments like this she felt triumphant, naturally. But always there was a spooky feeling, too, that someone was walking over her grave. "But what about your daughters?"

"They're lovely," he'd said. "And I do try. But it's not enough. I see your face and your funny little slim figure and I suddenly feel free and young again. Thanks to you I feel better and I work better."

He was right about the work. His campaigns on "Is there another car on the road?" and "Smoke — and smile" had brought two of the nation's most important accounts into the agency. He handled people with tact and flair and gave them the sense that they had been flattered by his having been assigned to them. Last year he had been made a vice-president.

To page 55

There was a reflective look on Dorrit's face as she listened to Doug speaking on the other end of the phone.



A very special

By LENORE HERSHEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD



gift



Facts about **DIETROLE**

TRADE MARK

Since DIETROLE was released recently,
so many enquiries have been received about this new
low-calorie diet food for simple weight control,
that we present the following facts about DIETROLE.

An effective way to reduce weight is to control
the intake of calories. As a new technique to
achieve this control, DIETROLE has recently been
introduced.

DIETROLE is a COMPLETE DIETARY FOOD
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providing necessary proteins, carbohydrates, fats,
vitamins and minerals. The balanced nutritional
formula of this low-calorie diet food
provides a safe means for simple weight control.

*It should be emphasised that excessive obesity is
a medical problem and a physician should be consulted.*

Each eight-ounce can provides a complete day's diet.

DIETROLE is sold by chemists.

DIETARY FOOD DIVISION — ABBOTT LABORATORIES PTY. LTD.

Worth Reporting

IN a Budapest suburb,
Mrs. Olga Karas eagerly unwraps a Christmas
present from her cousin in
Sydney.

It contains secondhand
clothing and . . . "Look, Lisa,"
she cries excitedly, "even
shoes." Neither the clothing
nor shoes fit Mrs. Karas or
family—but she is elated.

To her and to hundreds of
other European recipients of
similar Christmas parcels
from New Australian relatives
and friends in Sydney—the
bundles of clothing mean
FOOD.

This glimpse into Christ-
mas-Behind-the-Iron - Curtain
comes from Mrs. E. A. Lloyd,
vice-president of the Sydney
Auxiliary of the Royal Flying
Doctor Service.

Mrs. Lloyd said that the re-
cent rush on the auxiliary's
secondhand-clothing shop in
Double Bay had members
mystified.

"As soon as counters were
stocked, New Australians
cleared them," she said.

"They didn't want the
clothes for themselves — they
were sending them home to
relatives and friends in
Europe."

"They told me, 'Even if the
clothes, they do not fit—our
families can exchange them
for food.'"

Mrs. Lloyd said that un-
fortunately the new owner
moved into the shop the
auxiliary had been using.

The new owner?
"Oh dear, no, it wasn't
OUR shop," said Mrs. Lloyd.
"We merely keep our eyes
skinned for vacant shops, and,
with permission of the new
owner, move in until he's
ready to take over."



**TIMOTHY PEARCE . . .
as Santa Claus he's
lonely no more.**

A Christmas he remembers

AS he slips into his Father
Christmas gear and har-
nesses his reindeer to delight
hundreds of Sydney young-
sters, Timothy Pearce is the
happiest man in town.

But six years ago 76-year-
old Timothy Pearce, of Rand-
wick, was a lonely man, living
on memories.

A widower for many years,
his children grown up, he
could relive only in thought
the wonder and joy in his
children's eyes as he played
Santa to them.

He missed his important
Christmas role. So six years
ago he applied for and got a
job as one of Sydney's 250
department-store Father
Christmases.

Blue-eyed, silver-haired, and
very jovial, Mr. Pearce looks
a typical Santa even without
the whiskers and red suit.

"I love my job," Mr. Pearce
told us. "And I find the most
important thing is to convince
the children that I really am
Santa Claus."

There is one Christmas that
Santa Claus Pearce will never
forget.

An original Anzac, Mr.
Pearce was wounded on Gal-
lipoli in 1915.

The ship in which he was
being taken to England with
other wounded was sunk, and
the few survivors, including
Mr. Pearce, were in the sea
22 hours before being picked
up by a British destroyer.

Tim's identification papers
were lost, and in the London
hospital to which he was taken
he was listed as English.

But a young reporter who
interviewed him realised
from his accent that Tim was
an Aussie.

He wrote a story of this lone
colonial in a strange country,
friendless, and with no hope
of returning to his homeland
until the war was over.

The response was remark-
able . . .

Strangers from all over
England sent presents, gifts,
money, and letters.

"From your own family
you grow to expect a shower of
gifts and good wishes, but
from total strangers . . ."
said Tim. "I shall never
forget it."



**LORRAINE B R A Y-
BROOK, 5, of Yagoona,
resists the temptation to
open her stocking . . .**

The stockings never change

FEW parents can watch
their youngsters pulling a
Christmas stocking to pieces
without making a furtive, nos-
talgic check on whether
"everything's there".

The streamer, the comic,
the paper flower that bloss-
oms in water, the miniature
paper parasol, the lollies,
AND the paper gun.

Relax. A leading stocking
manufacturer, who produced
over a million different stock-
ings this year, assures us "all
is as before."

The "best-seller" (from 5/-
to 7/6) "is pretty well identi-
cal to the stocking of your
childhood," he says.

OPERATION TERROR

BY THE GORDONS

A PRETTY bank teller, KELLY SHERWOOD, has lived in fear ever since a man ambushed her in the dark of her garage and threatened her and her sister TOBY'S life if she does not help him to rob the bank. Immediately after the man's threatening demands, Kelly telephones the F.B.I., but her call is cut short by the stranger's brutal attack on her.

Later JOHN RIPLEY (Rip), an F.B.I. agent, traces her call and meets her secretly the following day at the bank, where they discuss their plans to protect her and the bank. She cannot give any description of the man, as she had been unable to see him. Rip speculates whether a visit from a woman called NANCY ASHTON is connected with the proposed robbery, but before he can contact her again she is found murdered with Kelly's name, address, and phone number in her purse.

CAPTAIN FRANK MORENO, of the Los Angeles Police, takes Rip to meet JIM DURGA, a derelict informer known as Popcorn, who sells them the information that he overheard a phone call about the robbery.

Toby, who has been warned of the danger, had found a note with her clothes at a swimming-pool, telling Kelly to meet the man at the cable-car known as Angel's Flight at 7 o'clock next night. Surrounded by agents in all sorts of guises, Kelly makes what she thinks is the contact, but it is only after she has entered the car with a man that she realises she has been the victim of a pick-up.

Back at her home, the criminal rings and angrily accuses her of doublecrossing him, but she answers just as angrily that if he had been there as promised she would not have been picked up. He threatens her again, but implies he will give her further instructions later. NOW READ ON:

CAPTAIN MORENO drove back with Rip. The thin, pale man who had picked up Kelly Sherwood, and who was shaken to his metatarsals, as Moreno put it, had been released shortly after his identity was established. They had thought they had the subject trapped, and the blow was a hard one.

The unforeseen — often it wrecked a case. Twice before it had happened to him. In Chicago two boys had wandered into gunfire range and a fugitive had escaped as Rip held his fire. Another time a dog barked as he and other agents closed in on a gang of desperadoes north of Phoenix.

As the lights of the Civic Centre rose across a black sky, Rip said, "Did you know women zip up their skirts on the left side?"

Moreno looked wary. This Rip he was to be watched.

Rip continued, "No, I mean it. But when Homicide found Nancy Ashton, her skirt was zipped up the right side — and she was wearing nothing underneath."

"I follow."

"She came out of the shower, did her toenails, and someone bludgeoned her —"

Moreno picked it up. "But he didn't think we'd believe a woman would commit suicide in the nude, and he put a skirt and blouse on her."

Rip nodded. "That might be the reason, or it might be he was someone close to her — father, brother, her husband — and he didn't want her to be found naked. We had a case once where a husband drowned his wife in the bathtub, but before he fled he threw a blanket over her."

At the police building, Moreno said on leaving the car, "I'll look up Popcorn. Might be something there. Night, Rip."

"See you tomorrow, Pancho."

He then took Broadway, the main business street, to Sixth and turned west on Sixth for the field office. He paused at a corner for the "Mirror-News" and glanced hurriedly through it. There, on page six, was the story about the boys who had lost their dog. In the morning he must phone Scottie, the newspaperman who wrote the piece, and thank him.

As he walked into the office, Peg was waiting.

"What're you doing around so late?" Rip asked.

"I'm not going to tell you, if you don't know." She hastened on. "You wouldn't understand, but when a girl invests time in a man, she likes to stick around and make sure of her investment." She backed toward the door.

"Wait—I'll run you home."

"Not tonight, you won't. On account of the Bureau made an indent on the subject in the Sherwood case. I put the teletype in your workbook."

Picking up the teletype from Washington, Rip felt the old pounding. No matter how many cases a man worked, nor how many years, the excitement of the hunt was never swallowed by routine.

The teletype read: Re unknown subject bank robbery. Victims: First National Bank, Hollywood, Kelly Sherwood, Eloise Sherwood. Subject believed Garland Humphrey Dillon, alias Gar Dillon, Red Dillon, Dill Dillon, James Montebello, Jim Cato, and Murph Codwel. Wanted un-



"We're looking for this man on a murder charge," Rip told Sheri as he handed her a photograph.

lawful flight to avoid prosecution for murder. Complaint filed before U.S. Commissioner, Oklahoma City, 16/7/59. Oklahoma City office of origin. Issued 20/7/59.

Washington, Rip learned later, had begun with one lead, the subject's asthma. It had run thousands of cards on "wanted" men through a classification machine. The cards bore holes and slots indicating habits, traits, appearance peculiarities, and the like. The machine was set to kick out all the cards "holed" for asthma, and tossed out some fifty.

Bureau experts then had set about to study the records on these fifty "wanted" men. Previously, the lab had established from the recording tape forwarded by the Los Angeles field office that the subject pronounced an "l" almost as if it were a "w." Hence, the word "life" sounded like "wife."

Eventually, the experts learned from the records that one of the wanted men, Garland Humphrey Dillon, more commonly known as Red Dillon, possessed this speech oddity. The fact had been set forth at the time of an arrest.

Rip continued to read:

Subject fond of golf, movies, nightclubs, amusement parks, Mexican food, racetracks. He is well read and has been reported to frequent libraries daytime. He is expert make-up artist and frequently changes appearances. Reports indicate he establishes liaisons with women of oriental descent. He is extremely dangerous and believed heavily armed. Extreme care should be exercised in effecting his apprehension . . .

Rip looked up the identification order that was sent out by Washington to the F.B.I.'s fifty-three field divisions on each "wanted" subject. The I.O. showed a rather handsome man, though without distinguishing features, who wore glasses.

Under "Description," Rip read: "Age 37, born November 5, 1922, Nashville, Tennessee (unverified); height 5'9"; weight, 160 to 170; build, medium, muscular; hair, brown, receding, thinning; eyes, grey-blue; complexion, ruddy; occupation, salesman, clerk, accountant; scars and marks, one inch over left eyebrow, crooked little finger on left hand."

Under "Record" were listed convictions for statutory rape, forgery, criminal assault, armed robbery, grand larceny, and murder.

Rip sagged back, and let his thoughts tumble where they might. It was nearing eleven, and he liked this hour, when almost everyone was gone, and there was a murmur of talk between the desks and the windows and the floor.

The conference began in the S.A.C.'s office at 9 the next morning. By now, the detail working Operation Terror numbered twenty-two agents. Most had worked the night through as the manhunt for the rapist and killer spread its probing fingers swiftly through this city of more than two million.

They agreed among themselves, and the S.A.C. concurred, that they would not be endangering the victims, the Sherwoods, if they searched openly for the subject on the unlawful-flight-to-avoid-prosecution charge. He must know already, or suspect, that the F.B.I. was seeking him on that charge. Under no circumstances, of course, would the agents mention to anyone the crime he was presently attempting to commit.

Earlier, the S.A.C. had talked with Washington, and now he sketched in brief the subject's known crimes. At sixteen, in Nashville, he had committed statutory rape against a thirteen-year-old girl and had been placed on probation. The next year, in the same city, he was committed to a juvenile home for cheque forgery.

He was released a year later, and re-entered high school, subsequently graduating with honors. He was twenty, and beginning his second year in university, when he held up a bank in Memphis and killed a teller. Caught and convicted for murder, he escaped prison seven years later after slaying a guard.

He was thirty when he was arrested under another name for a criminal assault on a seventeen-year-old girl who subsequently lost her mind as a result of the act. He escaped gaol before his trial. In July, 1959, he shot down one Bertha Meyers, twenty-four, a bank teller, in her Oklahoma City apartment.

The S.A.C. said, "Investigation failed to reflect that he had had any association with the slain woman. Her friends had never heard of him, and none remembered having seen him when shown his picture."

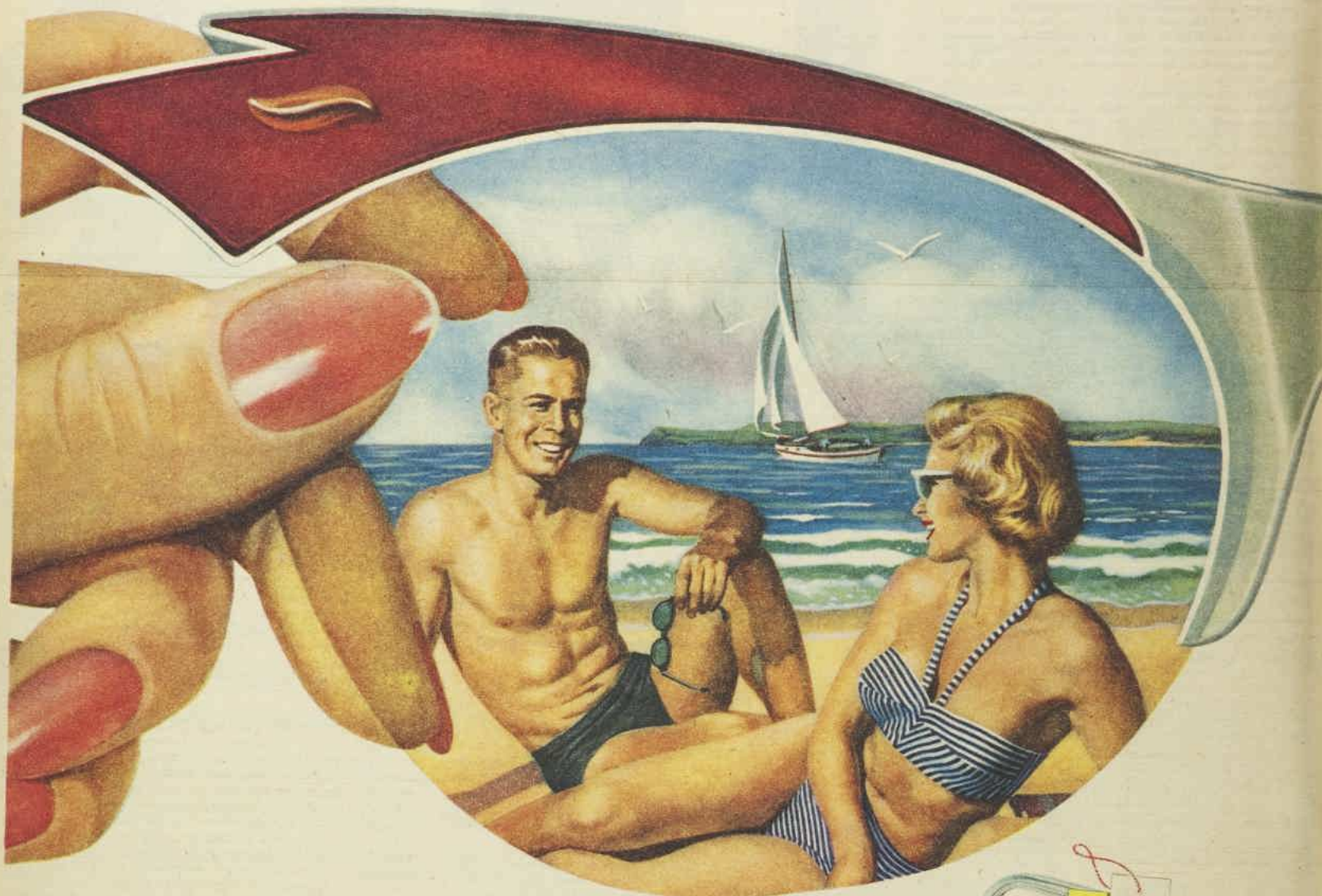
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960

Whistle a merry tune

A short short story

By HEATHER SEERY



Linda swung against the fence and wondered what presents she would get for Christmas.

IN theory, the child was resting for the night ahead. In actual fact (and unbeknown to her mother) she was walking along the dusty mile that led to the Ridge.

She was about seven years old and her name was Linda. She had a tanned skin and smooth blond hair drawn back from her round forehead in a silky sweep. Her eyes were very large and brown and slightly glazed as she trudged along the dusty mile.

She was thinking and making a noise between her teeth as she thought. This noise Linda interpreted as whistling, and as it was a noise of her own making she had every right to put a name to it. She was the only girl in her class at the Ridge school (which was not important) and the only one who could whistle "The Happy Wanderer" right through (which was very important).

The dust came up into her toeless plastic sandals and settled curiously between her toes. It was very hot and dry and soft, the dust smelling of heat and dried grass and Christmas. Linda could not have explained the smell of Christmas, but it was there in the dust, a sort of baked smell, warm with expectancy and anticipation.

It was also in the smell of sweet-peas, in the hose running on her mother's hydrangeas in the cool of the evening, in the look of the first stars pricking the night sky, and in the sight of the larkspurs standing stiff and still in the garden like Christmas trees waiting for their candles to be lit.

Linda sighed happily, not wanting the mile to go too quickly, but anticipating pleasurable the cool dimness of Mr. Thompson's general store when she got there, and the cool, slightly tart, fizzy taste of orangeade on her tongue, and the Christmas stockings swinging over the counter and the Christmas tins of toffees on the shelves.

Linda did not know why tins of toffee looked different at Christmas to the same tins of toffee in, say, June or July, but they did. She wanted to take a closer look at the Christmas stocking hanging in the lowest position and decide all over again with slow pleasure if the little boxes near the toe were really empty, as her brother had said, or filled with some wonderful, never-to-be-imagined treasure as she believed. If she could just feel one of the boxes through the stiff red mesh, she would know.

Linda knew with calm certainty that one such stocking would be at the foot of her bed on Christmas morning. There always was a stocking, and it was one of the best parts of Christmas, unless you counted the blind moment of groping at your pillowslip of toys in the dark, feeling the shape of everything, but not knowing whether the small parcel with sharp edges would turn out to be something new and wonderful or something dear and familiar.

But Christmas was still a week off and it was tonight Linda was primarily concerned with and for which, in her mother's estimation, she was at this moment resting. The Ridge school had broken up for the long summer holiday, and tonight was the concert and the Christmas tree, from which every child received a present.

Linda's mother had made her a white nylon dress like spun-sugar, stiff with frills that swished around the hem, and smocking that went clear from her chin to her little plump waist. And in each little honeycomb of smocking was a delicately embroidered green leaf.

Linda also had a new white nylon bow for her hair and a most enormous sash for her dress. Just thinking about the dress hanging in stiff readiness made her shiver.

The mile had melted beneath her feet and she was passing under the shady gums that fringed the main street. The hot smell of the eucalyptus leaves was borne down upon her and she whistled the same tuneless little song beneath her teeth. As far as she could see it was the most perfect day that had ever been.

Inside the store there was only Mr. Thompson, hunched over the daily newspaper on the counter. "What'll it be, young lady?"

He had known her since her mother used to push her along to the store in her pram, but he always called her young lady. Never Linda.

"A glass of orangeade, please."

She looked at the stocking carefully. It was on a level with her head and she could count each item in its well-stuffed mesh interior, but some superstitious streak forbade her to poke an inquiring finger against the little boxes.

Perhaps if she did, she would find them flat and empty as her brother had said, whereas if she did not touch them at all she could imagine they contained almost anything. She would count up to her age, seven, and if Mr. Thompson had not brought the orangeade by then she would touch the boxes to see.

To her great relief he put the glass down just as she reached four. She drank slowly and it tasted exactly as she had imagined, fizzy and slightly tart against her tongue. If she was careful she might make it last five minutes.

"Christmas tree tonight?"

She withdrew her mouth from the straw and nodded vigorously. Mr. Thompson was beaming at her and it struck her he must be very old, twenty or thirty at least.

"Guess you've got a new dress," he said to her.

She nodded again and resumed the straw. "Don't know why it is," he chuckled, "but little girls always have new dresses, and a boy — why, he's lucky if he has a new pair of pants to wear to the Christmas tree."

Linda was glad she was a girl and that the new nylon dress was waiting to be worn. No matter how hard she tried she could not make the orangeade last any longer, so she said goodbye to Mr. Thompson and went down the tree-lined street again towards home.

There were three or four cars parked outside the hall and Linda knew that some of the mothers would be inside, dusting and dabbing and sweeping and cleaning for tonight.

A pleasurable little thrill of anticipation ran through her, remembering the tree last year with all its fairy lights winking and blinking and the balloons dangling from the green boughs, and the sparkle of tinsel and the delicate star and the shiny glass balls.

And, best of all, the presents wrapped in colored paper with a name on each one. She began to whistle the Christmas carol they had learnt at school, very softly because it was to be a surprise and also because it was rather hard to whistle. Her up notes went down and her down notes went up, but in her mind she could hear each note as it came out, true and pure and crystal clear. It sounded Christmassy.

After the concert there would be school prizes and then the Christmas tree. And after the tree there would be supper with all the mothers flushed and happy and the fathers noisy and boisterous, and everyone passing the children drinks and ice-cream and little cakes.

Linda wondered if this year she would get a doll. Last year she had got a cooking set with a tiny little flour sifter and even a set of miniature kitchen scales, but she secretly yearned after a little girl-doll in a pink nylon dress that came off and could be washed and ironed, and little panties edged with white lace and a little pink petticoat that buttoned on the shoulder just like a real baby's.

Linda had already given her a name and she said it over to herself as she pressed a gumleaf into her mouth and chewed on it. It was so hot now that the air was heavy and lethargic and the coolness of the orangeade had worn off. She leant against a railing fence and swung her legs through on the other side, and presently she found she could swing herself almost through the rails without lifting her hands off.

The house was very quiet and still when she got home. Linda drifted around to the back and in through the kitchen, where her mother was icing cakes for tonight.

She looked up as the little girl came in, pushing back hair as blond as Linda's. "Well!" she exclaimed. "Where have you been, when you should be resting?"

"Just outside." Better not to mention going to the Ridge and the orangeade.

"You'll be tired out for tonight," said her mother. "Take off your sandals and wash your feet, then go and lie down."

Linda wandered away to the bathroom, her mother's voice following her down the hall. "What a day! What a terrific day!"

From the self-contained cocoon of her childhood Linda hardly heard her mother's words. She knew the day was perfect, just perfect. And the night was still to come.

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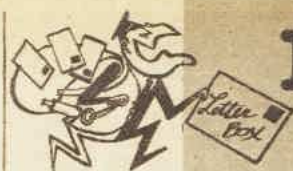
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Too-casual husband

AT weekends my husband absolutely refuses to shave, wear
a tie, or anything but singlet and shorts (weather per-
mitting). He says he's "toggled-up" all the week, and likes to
relax. I live in constant fear of visitors calling, and, if we go
out in the car, I dread meeting anybody we know. Do other
wives suffer the same humiliation?

£1/1/- to "Clara" (name supplied), Hornsby, N.S.W.

She discards the crust

DESPITE the old and new tales we hear, I do not encour-
age crust-eating. The outer part of the bread is handled
by many—the baker, the shop assistant, the delivery man—
and some loaves have even had a hole in the side which could
have been made by a mouse. I will keep cutting the crusts
off for my own and children's health sake.

£1/1/- to "Crusty" (name supplied), Cunderdin, W.A.

Mail privacy

I THINK "Modern Wife" (N.S.W.), in saying that
husbands and wives should feel at liberty to open
each other's mail because there should be no secrets
between them, is merely trying to excuse her womanly
curiosity and might get her fingers burnt one day.
My husband and I have no secrets either, and he always
reads his mail to me and I to him, but we open our
own mail first.

£1/1/- to "Patient Curiosity" (name supplied),
Lakemba, N.S.W.

AS we have nothing to hide, my husband and I have
opened each other's mail from the start of our
married life. We are still wonderfully happy after
24 years.

£1/1/- to "Contented" (name supplied), East Haw-
thorn, Vic.

IT'S ridiculous for wives and husbands to open one
another's mail. The trouble with modern marriage
is this over-emphasis on sharing. A certain amount
of privacy is better for all concerned.

£1/1/- to "Old Fashioned Wife" (name supplied),
Leederville, W.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

LADIES who get around the
house in dressing-gown and
slippers often have hard things
said about them.

Yet an experience of mine has
given me a soft spot for Old (or
Young) Mother Slipper-Slopper.

It happened like this. Lately I
undertook to look after three of the
children, including the baby, while
my wife was away for a couple of
days.

She advised me to get up at 6.45.
But I foolishly lingered in bed the
first morning till 7.15.

I hopped into dressing-gown and
slippers and started cutting the two
school-going children's lunches.
Then I boiled the eggs for breakfast.

"I'll have a shave and get
dressed after breakfast," I thought.
But the dishes had to be washed,
and the baby was making it clear
that it was time she had breakfast,
too. Babies have a very accurate
clock inside them.

I had to give her a bath before
the feed. Although I had had a
practice go at this before, one or two
problems came up.

It was surprisingly hard to wash
under her chin. Babies keep their
chins pressed down against their

FATHER SLIPPER- SLOPPER

chests, like Queen Victoria. It must
have been hard to wash under
Queen Victoria's chin, too; but that
was not my worry.

At last the infant was bathed and
fed and tucked into her pram. I
was about to have my shave when



I remembered that the clothes must
be put in the washing-machine. The
day was clouding over.

As I came back, panting, from
the laundry, still in my dressing-
gown, the baker arrived.

"Taking things easy today?" he
said cheerily.

I had to decide now whether to
shave or do my sterilising. "Try to

get your sterilising out of the way
early," my wife had said.

I took her advice and put the
baby's bottles on the stove to boil.
I mixed the milk and boiled it, and
put it in the bottles. Then I re-
membered I had not strained the
milk, and I had not sterilised the
strainer, so I started over again.

Time was getting on now, and I
had to put my washing out. As I
dashed outside in pyjamas and dress-
ing-gown the postman saw me and
waved.

"Nice to have the day off!" he
called.

When I came in I thought I had
better make the beds before anyone
saw them. A couple of phone calls
interrupted the work.

Our New Australian greengrocer
seemed amused to find me in night
attire. "You have a late night?" he
said.

It was midday before I was able
to shower and put my clothes on.

But at least I have learned not to
be too critical of Mother Slipper-
Slopper. The poor thing was prob-
ably too busy to get dressed.

My advice to a young mother, for
what it is worth, is this: dress your-
self first thing in the morning. You
may not get another chance.

Every
woman dreams
of
Christmas
by
Revlon



"Matchbox" Lipstick
and Nail Enamel, 23/-



1 oz. Aquamarine Lotion and
2 cakes of Guest Soap, 9/6.



5 oz. Aquamarine Lotion and 1
cake of Toilet-size Soap, 17/9.



Intimate Eau de Parfum,
27/6.



Aquamarine Talk, 13/6.



Love Pat and Lipstick, 29/9.



"Drummer Boy" Lipstick, 13/6.

You, too, can be beautiful by

FINDING YOUR OWN STYLE

says PAULINE KIERNAN, in the second of a series of four articles from New York. Pauline tells how to apply the beauty hints she learned the hard way.

RECENTLY I met a young girl at a party who asked me to give her my beauty secrets, my make-up formulas, tell her where I had my hair done, and would I mind if she copied it.

I told her I had no secrets as such, that the make-up I wore was available to all, and no, I didn't mind if she copied my hairdo, but what suited me wasn't necessarily for her.

Then she asked me for my advice, and I said: "Find your own style and stick to it."

But how? I suggested that she come up to my apartment, and between us we might be able to discover what suited her best.

I sat her in front of the mirror, and we both took a long hard look. I saw she was making the same mistake that I had in my earlier days in modelling, trying to make herself over into the popular conception of a beauty.

In her case it was Brigitte Bardot. The hairdo that looks so casual and right on Bardot (actually my Paris hairdresser told me that Brigitte uses three false hairpieces to achieve it) was sadly skimpy and wrong on my friend. The pale, pouty lips and the wide-eyed look in make-up were wrong, too.

So we started from scratch, and I showed her how to make the faults she was trying to hide in her assumed personalities work for her as part of her style.

After an hour she was transformed. She could face herself in the mirror for the first time without wishing her nose were more like Bardot's, her eyes and chin like another of her idols.

She was delighted. The beauty of being herself started to work, and she was enchanting.

But I saw her a month later—and hardly recognised her. Gone was the young girl with the ingenuous air all her own, and in her place was a smaller, lesser version of Marilyn Monroe, blond hair, wiggly walk, and all.

She had listened to everyone, taken their advice, and tried to please them all. When she found her style she couldn't stick to it.

Mort Sahl, the sharp-witted American comedian, put it like this: "Be who you are. Be your own woman and hang on to yourself."

The ability to charm and fascinate by being marvellously yourself is within the power of all women. But it takes

courage and perseverance. You have to find out what you are, who you are, face yourself, and have the courage to stand there and say: "Well, here I am. I'm not perfect, but that's me. If you don't like it, too bad."

A woman who strives to be perfect, to please everybody, will end up having the kind of looks and personality that are inoffensive and ignored.

But a woman who has her own style will never be ordinary. People will either like her or they won't, but no one will be indifferent to her.

Eddie Senz, make-up man to Audrey Hepburn, Tallulah Bankhead, Judy Holliday, a host of other stars—they all come to Eddie with their beauty problems—has this to say:

"Most women have been conditioned to accept a certain standard of beauty—the conventional pretty oval faces featured in certain advertisements, one indistinguishable from the other. Therefore women strive to achieve this look."

"But, every now and then, one woman comes along who has the courage and defiance to rebel against this conformity."

Out of the crowd

"She is the woman who says to me, 'Make me up like I am, only more so.' She is the one who stands out from the crowd and makes her particular style of looks fashionable."

Eddie made up Katharine Hepburn for her first two screen tests. One was a failure—they thought she looked too unconventional. But she didn't try to change herself, and in the next test she was seen by someone who appreciated her individuality.

Audrey Hepburn was another who, once she had discovered her style, stuck to it. She has made her old faults into fashionable trademarks, emblems of her individuality.

The thick eyebrows, the crooked teeth, the slightly protruding ears, the wide mouth are all features that women sigh for.

Like the stars, you can become bright and shining if you find your faults, face them, and forget them.

How to find your face

1. Remove all your make-up and sit before a well-lit, preferably three-way mirror.

2. Find your bones. They determine the shape of your face; the flesh changes but the bones stay the same. So you must learn to make up to the bones.

I have often thought that a blind person could find out more



• Garbo's timeless beauty is dependent on almost perfect bone structure—and individuality. The above picture was taken in 1927. She still has her own style of beauty.

about your face by feeling than anyone by just looking at it. Try closing your eyes and feeling where your bones are. Now look to see if the flesh is covering them too much, cloaking the natural form of your face.

You can often find your beauty in the bones of your face, as Audrey Hepburn did—that's why she keeps so "bone thin." Beauty that is just of the flesh does not last, but beauty of the bones is forever.

3. If you can see that it is the flesh that is determining the shape of your face it means one of two things—you are overweight (and you know the remedy for that) or your face is swollen (by too much or not enough sleep, sinus trouble, or the temperature).

You can remedy swelling as I do, by using ice. It shrinks the swelling, tightens the face so that the bones show through.

First apply cold cream, then the ice—directly, or, if your skin is sensitive, wrap it in a towel first and use it like a compress.

Start with the ice under the chin, and gradually work up the face, pressing it hard until it hurts against the swollen spots. Under the cheekbones, at the temples, on the eyelids, on each side of your nose.

New face shape

It takes about 20 minutes—but the effect is amazing. You may see a new shape of face that you had never realised before.

In the case of overweight you can achieve the same effect by putting your hands at your cheekbones and pulling your face up—as they do with a facelift.

If you like the look—Diet!

By now you should know what your face really looks like. It is up to you to determine where your beauty lies.

So find your star feature. Not necessarily your best, or most perfect, but your most outstanding feature.

Eddie Senz says: "Think of your face like a stage—where there is only one star; the rest are minor players there to supplement the star, not to hog and clutter up the whole scene."

Look to your eyes first. They should get your most important consideration.

If you have always thought of them as too small or too round, take heart. These faults can be made into virtues.

Remember, Lauren Bacall's elongated eyes, exaggerated

SHE FOUND HER FACE



• Katharine Hepburn early learned that her special beauty lay in her splendidly chiselled high cheekbones. An uncluttered hairdo helps to show them off. Made up or not, it's the bones you notice, as these two pictures show.

— AND STICKING TO IT

● Australian girl Pauline Kiernan, who will be spending Christmas with her family in Sydney, is now one of the world's top models — because, she says, she knows how to make the most of herself.



● Pauline Kiernan herself—after five long years trying to make the grade by mimicking other model girls at the top. She had immediate success once she discovered her own individuality — and she's sticking to it.

almost outwards to her hairline. Gene Tierney, Ava Gardner, Anne Baxter do the same thing.

All the round-eyed stars such as Bette Davis, Loretta Young, Greta Garbo, and Judy Holliday accentuate their eyelids with shadow and a wider, thinner arc of the eyebrows.

If exaggerating their natural shape doesn't work, try changing the shape.

Monroe, whose eyes are really round, makes hers elongated by whitening out the whole lid, and extending it out with a straight black line. Audrey Hepburn turns her round eyes into doe-shaped, with slanted eyebrows and an upswept line at the corners.

When the eyes are the most outstanding feature, all the attention should be focused there—keeping the rest of the face a pastel backdrop with light colors.

Another way to spotlight the eyes is to black-out the forehead with a fringe. Nowadays there is such infinite variety in a fringe, from Marilyn Monroe's single curl to Shirley MacLaine's straight gamin bang.

Sometimes you can make a feature act for you by playing down its prominence. If nose or mouth stands out as larger than your other features, remember they are only too big in relation to the others—so make the supporting players' part larger, too.

For example, if you have a big nose, your eyes and mouth should be made bigger, and the whole head bigger with a bouffant hairdo or a platter hat.

If your hair is unmanageable, a headache to you, select a style that offers the hair the line of least resistance, is neat and unobtrusive.

Make your trademark a turban, and acquire an oriental look by slanting the eyes. If this suits you—stick to it. Remember the courage in Queen Mary's lifelong dedication to the toque?

In my next article I will deal with projecting your style, or thinking yourself into beauty.

But for this, a parting word about style.

If you want to be merely pretty, style is not for you.

A beauty has poise, and in that poise there is pride, a pride that comes from finding your faults, facing them, and forgetting them.

Here is an exercise in style that will show you what I mean: Sit straight, poker-backed, look directly level at yourself in the mirror. Keeping that position, relax slightly. Now lift your head out of your neck, the neck out of the shoulders, the shoulders out of the spine.

Now don't you look proud? If you have found your beauty—you have a right to be.

THEY STARRED THEIR EYES

Lauren Bacall makes her slit eyes into narrower, longer slits. Ava Gardner, often called one of the world's most beautiful women, lengthens hers to an oriental shape. Marilyn Monroe, whose eyes are really round, whitens the whole upper lid, extends it with a black line, and wears a fringe curl.



● Lauren Bacall



● Ava Gardner



● Marilyn Monroe



● Audrey Hepburn has scarcely a feature that conforms. Her eyebrows are too thick, her teeth are a little crooked, her ears protrude slightly . . . But she's made them into fashionable, envied assets.

Complete push-button control

over all household insect pests



Mortein PRESSURE-PAK kills flying insects quickly ... guaranteed safe!

Mortein Pressure-Pak is more potent insect killing than any other insect spray known.

Mortein Pressure-Pak—like Mortein Plus—contains the costly non-poisonous ingredient Pyrethrum—a complex organic insecticide, to which flies never become immune. Pyrethrum is not only safe to use, it is also so powerful that it kills insects resistant to hazardous ingredients like D.D.T. and Lindane, which are often included to pep-up ordinary insect sprays. Mortein Pressure-Pak contains no such hazardous ingredients. It is so safe to use that it can be sprayed anywhere—even in the vicinity of food.

Mortein Pressure-Pak, correctly used, is the most economical insect spray of all. Just 3 or 4 seconds spraying will kill all insects in any average-sized room. Available in 2 sizes, 8/3 and 14/3.



Mortein ANT & ROACH KILLER keeps on killing crawling insects!

Mortein Ant and Roach Killer is used quite differently from Mortein Pressure-Pak. You do not spray it in the air as you do Mortein Pressure-Pak. Mortein Ant and Roach Killer should be sprayed onto surfaces and into cracks and crevices.

Mortein Ant and Roach Killer is safer to use than most push-button insect sprays, apart from Mortein Pressure-Pak; but it cannot be sprayed with the absolute safety of Mortein Pressure-Pak under all conditions of usage. Mortein Ant and Roach Killer should not be sprayed onto food stuffs; but it is perfectly safe to spray around sinks, stoves, skirting boards, in cupboards, under furniture and on carpets, etc.

Mortein Ant and Roach Killer is ideal for killing cockroaches, ants, carpet beetles, spiders and silverfish. A large can costs only 7/11.

Trust only **Mortein PRODUCTS**

When you're on a good thing ... stick to it!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960

WHY YOUNG MOTHERS FEEL TRAPPED

A young husband says:

- My wife is well educated and in perfect health.
- We have three fine children and she doesn't have to do more work than she wants to.
- She has the face and figure of a teenager and plenty of clothes.
- She has a home of her own and all kinds of push-button machinery to do her housework for her.
- We entertain and have holidays.
- No women in the world's history ever had it so good, and I am getting sick and tired of hearing about the problems of today's married woman.

A young mother says:

- It's wonderful to be a mother, but sometimes I feel like a pie being cut into six pieces and served to a dinner-party of ten.
- I want status. I want self-respect. I want people to think that what I'm doing is important.
- I feel pushed and pulled. Most of the time I'm under terrible pressure.
- I'm haunted by the fact that even seemingly congenial husbands and wives get divorced.
- I have no life of my own. Every minute belongs to my family. My future is mortgaged for 20 years.

MANY a young mother today is puzzled, worried, and embarrassed because she feels trapped—caught up in an endless round of work for her children, in her home, for the community.

She is struggling with an impossible number of next-to-impossible tasks—many in direct conflict.

She is told that a good mother nurses her babies and stays "close" to her children.

Her cooking must have a personal touch. She is expected to be skilled in gardening and room decoration. Next she is warned to be trim, slim, and attractive if she expects to hold her husband.

Her husband's job advancement may depend on her ability to make herself charming and entertain gracefully.

Community work and youth activities are loaded largely on her shoulders. The woman who begs off is regarded as lazy or incompetent.

And finally she still has the burden of all the housework—washing, ironing, and cleaning—except that today she performs these tasks in lonely isolation, helped by a lot of cold, inflexible machinery rather than her female relatives.

Typical morning

"The result," says a mother of three, "is that a film made of any typical morning in my house would look like an old Marx Brothers comedy."

"I wash the dishes, rush the older children off to school, dash out in the yard to do a bit of gardening, run back in to make a phone call about a committee meeting, help my youngest child build a house of blocks, spend 15 minutes skimming the newspapers so I can be well informed, then scamper out to the washing machine, where my thrice-weekly laundry includes enough clothes to keep a primitive village going for an entire year. By noon I'm ready for a padded cell."

Most young mothers today look hopefully to the future. They tell themselves that things will be easier when the baby can walk, when he can feed himself, when he is old enough to have dinner with the family, when he gets into kindergarten—but this is a horizon that constantly recedes.

"I thought if I could just get all my children into full-time school," a young mother said, "I would almost be free as a bird."

"I'm not interested in a career, but I thought about taking a part-time job. I planned to take tennis lessons and to learn some simple musical instrument. I promised myself that I'd do my hair twice a week the way I used to before I was married."

"What I didn't realise," she said, "is that the minute your children step out into the community, the community reaches out and grabs you by the throat."

"My commitments to community activities have eaten up all the leisure I looked forward to."

Some social critics have suggested that modern woman's extreme involvement with her children and community may be just a cowardly alibi to explain why she isn't doing "something more important." Does she



● That trapped feeling—experts say it exists among women in all income groups and on all intellectual levels.

go out of her way to make that life more complicated to magnify her success in it?

Certainly the washing machine is one of the greatest time-and-labor-saving devices. What has the modern woman done with the four or five hours a week she used to spend at the washtub?

Chances are she has let herself be dragooned into doing something that is just as tiring and time-consuming, or is just doing more washing.

Some observers believe that it is in the kitchen that culture has played its sorriest trick on modern woman.

A Byrn Mawr College (U.S.) survey reports that women spend 78 hours a week doing housework. Of this time 20 per cent. to 25 per cent. is spent setting tables, cooking, serving, washing dishes, planning menus, and shopping for food.

What about tinned goods? Frozen foods? Prepared mixes? Paper plates and serviettes?

The answer is that once again women have used the time saved by inventions and conveniences to raise standards of performance in planning menus, cooking, table-setting rather than contribute to their freedom and leisure.

Simone de Beauvoir, the French feminist, says that in many modern households the end results of housekeeping are not the pleasure or happiness of the family, but merely the production of admirable objects.

A gleamingly polished floor is regarded as "ruined" the moment anyone puts a muddy footprint on it.

The woman who takes a perfect cake from the oven says, "It's a shame to eat it!"

Madame de Beauvoir recalls watching a woman prepare a dish of French fried potatoes with meticulous care, arranging them temptingly on a hot, flat platter.

The woman grew so furious, however, when her husband came late to the table that Madame de Beauvoir asked: "Are the fried potatoes for your husband—or is your husband for the fried potatoes?"

Where do these pressures come from? Why are women so fanatical about performance and appearances?

The answer seems to be: too many experts.

There is no doubt, for one thing, that the married woman has lost faith in her ability to solve her problems by means of her own "woman's instincts."

Today she is far more likely to reach for a book or run to consult an authority.

Any well-stocked bookstore has hundreds of volumes about cooking, entertaining, child-rearing, homemaking, medicine, psychology.

What authors usually neglect to mention is how hard it is for the individual woman to interpret these guides appropriately.

Hand in hand with a woman's alarming tendency to knuckle under to authority is her gullibility.

In most modern families, the wife decides the scale of living the family can afford.

She is daily shown a choice of thousands of things to buy. This, of course, is legitimate.

What is damaging is the belief that she can make herself and her family happy, healthy, popular, and charming by buying

more and more. If it works, the satisfaction is only temporary.

"It reminds me of the old fairy story about the fisherman's wife who caught the magic fish," said a young housewife.

"She started out humbly by asking the fish to give her husband a good, sound boat so he would be safer, and could earn more."

"A few weeks later she was asking the fish to make her a queen, and put her in a castle."

How do all these changes and pressures affect modern woman's relationship with her husband and her children?

Surprisingly enough the answer, as far as her husband, is concerned, is a relatively happy one.

Women agree that their marriage, for all its faults, is superior to their parents'.

"We're more honest with each other," they say.

What worries a young wife is all the advice she gets about marriage and the spectre of the marriages that fail.

"A lot of my girl-friends who got married when I did are divorced," one young wife said, "and I can't really see what they did wrong."

"It makes me uneasy. I wish my husband and I could get to a point where we felt safe and comfortable with each other. Maybe then I could solve some of my own problems."

Children's parties

If outside pressures and competitive standards cloud even the best marriages, they are still more destructive when it comes to mother-child relationships.

A psychologist at Columbia University (U.S.) says: "Parents snatch report cards from their children's hands as soon as they walk in the door. They do homework and research."

"The whole idea is to see whether your child can get better marks than the kid next door."

"As for children's social life, it is reaching a really terrifying competitive pace. Some children are going to dancing school before they have stopped sucking their thumbs. Parents knock themselves out to give unique and memorable parties."

"Meanwhile the mothers involved groan, 'I don't know how I can stand it!'"

The young wife from the very beginning of her marriage wrestles with inner and outer conflict.

Is there an easy escape? Most advisers say no.

"Few women would want to thumb their noses at husbands, children, and community and go off on their own," said one adviser.

"Those who do may be talented individuals, but they rarely are successful women."

"Modern woman's problem," he says, "is to narrow her field, reject outside pressures, and let her family know from the very beginning which league she wants to play in."

"The woman who tries to be all things to all people and nothing to herself is betraying her intelligence, her sex, and the very humanity which she is supposed to be particularly able to defend."

HOME AND FAMILY

THE IRIS—EXOTIC BUT

Tall bearded irises are the perfect perennial—exotic yet hardy. Pictured on these pages are varieties exhibited at a recent show organised by the N.S.W. region of the Australian Iris Society.



STATEN ISLAND, grown by Dr. G. B. Loveridge, Young, N.S.W.



PINK SEEDLING, grown by Dr. G. B. Loveridge, Young, N.S.W.



STARSHINE, grown by Misses E. and J. Bradley, Mosman, N.S.W.

CALIFORNIA, grown by Mrs. G. Pratten, Pymble, N.S.W.

STILL N
Colonel
Castle

THE iris, in its new and modern form, better known and more widely grown, fragile appearance it is surprisingly hardy. It really gone places since the days of grandma's white flag irises, for they now cover (with the pillarbox-red) the full range of colors. Irises throughout Australia — from Western Australia to Atherton Tableland in North Queensland.

Pictures by staff photographer Don Cameron.

INNOMINATA, one of the Californian group. Easy to grow from seed and likes leafmould. Exhibited by Dr. G. B. Loveridge, Young, N.S.W.

LOUISIANA HYBRID seedling *Iris fulva* crossed with *Dorothea K. Williamson*. Raised by Mrs. W. J. Lumley, St. Ives, N.S.W.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 21, 1960

Teenagers'

WEEKLY



**HOLLY
SKIRT
— page 4**

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

Plight of part-time students

WHEN boys and girls reach the age of 16 the Government forgets all about them until they reach 21, when they are then ardently wooed for their votes. At 16, child endowment ceases. This prevents many children from receiving further education, as their parents are unable to keep them at school any longer. If a teenager wishes to proceed with part-time schooling he has from £10 to £20 to pay for books, and anything up to £50 and £60 in tuition fees. He still has to pay his board and lodging, which doesn't leave a great deal to live on from a teenage salary. No encouragement by our Governments is given to these scholars — they cannot

claim these fees as income-tax allowances and few scholarships are available to part-time students. Most men of standing in industry, commerce, and business advocate higher education. But what encouragement is given to part-time students? — "Student," Kyabram, Vic.

Hepcat howl

FACE all red, feet like lead,
Look half dead—or ready
for bed.
Tear in my dress, hair in a
mess,
Have to confess, couldn't
care less.
The reason I'm more dead than
alive?
Tried to teach my father to
jive! — D.S., Burnie, Tas.

Exam gripes

WHY must Intermediate Certificates be marked as "passes" or "failures"? I think this is a pointless examination if we don't get our marks. We're entitled to them. — "Inter-Student," Raymond Terrace, N.S.W.

THE pass mark for General Maths in the Leaving Certificate is lowered each year. Surely an easier paper could be set with the usual pass mark of 50 per cent. The present system appears to be rather pointless. — M.D., Cronulla, N.S.W.

Record fun

ONE wet Sunday afternoon my brothers and I passed the time playing old "78" records which had been stored away many years by my parents. Among them we found a few old Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Artie Shaw, Joe Daniels and his Hot Shots, Woody Herman, and Frankie Laine records. Some of them had a real Dixieland beat, just perfect for a party. — Louise Noonan, Braybrook, Vic.

Young leaders

LET us hope that the next United States President, John Kennedy, will succeed in his new office. Perhaps other countries would benefit by electing younger leaders, for surely those who have grown up in this Space Age are best able to cope with its unprecedented problems and conditions. — Helen Watson, Yarrowonga, Vic.

Fair dinkum

WHY must teenagers use American slang, when Australian slang is just as expressive, if not more so? All our "grouse sorts" are gone and the "cool chicks" are left. I'm all for lobbin' back to the old way. What do you reckon, coppers? — "Dinkum Aussie," Campsie, N.S.W.

Hygiene, please!

NO wonder there is such an outbreak of hepatitis! While I was having a milk-shake in the local milk bar recently, a small girl came in with an empty milk bottle and asked the man behind the counter to fill it with milk. There was nothing wrong with the milk, but the bottle—it was dirty, marked inside and out with milk that was looking more like rust, and yet the man filled it and handed it back to the girl. No wonder the germ is spreading. A fine should be placed on such things as this. What is the use of good food and milk if the containers are carriers of germs? — "Teenager," Ashfield, N.S.W.

Making history

HISTORY should be a compulsory subject in all Australian high schools. During

BEATNIK



"Man, this Christmas spirit sorta brings back the old faith in human nature."

these very crucial years in which we are living, history is being made in some field every day, and we, as students, have the opportunity of learning and even experiencing these historical changes. This subject gives students a broader outlook in life. — A.F., Maroubra, N.S.W.

Anti-Shakespeare

REPLYING to E.S. (T.W., 16/11/60), who wants more Shakespeare on TV. Friends, Teenas, lend me your ears; I come to bury Shakespeare, not praise him.

The evil that men write lives after them; The play should be interred with their bones. So let it be with Shakespeare. — "Geoff," Port Wakefield, S.A.

Use schools more

HIGH SCHOOLS and primary schools should be made available for the recreation and entertainment of youth and also for adult education every evening and Saturday. Their large halls could be used by youth clubs, Scouts, gym clubs, and such. Hobbies classes and lectures could also be held in many classrooms. — Carl Johnson, Croydon, Vic.

PIN-UP

● Our pin-up this week is Sydney girl Patsy Ann Noble.

ALTHOUGH her first disc was released only last month, she is already a veteran singer at 16.

First heard in radio shows when she was six, she toured as a soubrette with the International Follies after leaving school, and has become a popular performer on teenage TV shows, particularly "Bandstand."

This naturally led to the recording business, and for her first single she chose "I Love You So Much It Hurts" and "Like I'm In Love."

Patsy Ann comes from a show-business family. Her mother, who acts as her agent, is ballet teacher Helen de Paul, and her father is Buster Noble, well-known Sydney comedian.

"I've never thought of being anything but a singer and actress, and I love it," she said.

"I am studying singing, and practising new songs all the time, and next year I plan to go overseas with the hope of breaking into movies."

NEXT WEEK we have a real Christmas treat for you: TWELVE pocket pics in color of your favorite Australian singers, PLUS a beaut pin-up of Elvis Presley with Juliet Prowse in a scene from "G.I. Blues."

Wondering what to read?

● "What are suitable books for a 15-year-old to read?" asked "Bookworm" (T.W., 26/10/60), whose parents say that there is plenty of time for adult books later on. Surprisingly enough, Dickens, Jane Austen, and the Bronte sisters are highly recommended by readers.

BOOKS by Dickens and the Bronte sisters have proved their worth through the test of time. Those which I found most enjoyable are "Oliver Twist," "A Tale of Two Cities," "Wuthering Heights," and "Jane Eyre." Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" and Rumer Godden's "The River" are different but equally absorbing. If "Bookworm" wants something to think about, I can think of no better book than Alan Paton's "Cry, the Beloved Country." — Joy Rice, Preston, Vic.

QUITE a number of books are enjoyed by adults as well as teenagers, such as "Dam Busters," "Battle Hymn," and "A Town Like Alice." However, I agree with your mother that most adult books are not really understood or enjoyed until we are older than school age. — V. Hayes, New Lambton, N.S.W.

I AM also a 15-year-old teenager, and have the same book-selecting problems. I suggest you try "Jennie," "The Small Miracle," and "Snowflake," all by Paul Gallico. I'm sure you'll enjoy them. — A. Yates, Brisbane.

TRY reading some of the classics. My first classic (without the help of school curriculums) was "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. This is an easy-to-read novel with excellent character studies (if you like those sort of books). "Lorna Doone" and "The Count of Monte Cristo" both provide excitement, the latter especially. How about the "Anne of Green Gables" series (if you are a girl) or "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" (if you are a boy)? Have you tried reading poetry, stories of the operas and ballets? They aren't as dull and stodgy as some people think. — A.R.B., Hughesdale, Vic.

AT school we were encouraged to read good adult books, as they broaden a teenager's outlook on life and stimulate the mind. The parents of "Bookworm" should be helping him choose suitable adult books to read, not stopping him. There are so many suitable books — Georgette Heyer's historical novels, Rider Haggard's "King Solomon's Mines," Gerald Durrell's animal books, and many others. — B. Murray, Port Lincoln, S.A.

WHEN my friend lent me "The Great Trek," by Ion L. Idriess, I thought it would be dull. It is about the expeditions of the Jardine brothers, who explored Queensland about 1860. It is a terrific book—so if you get a chance read it. "Head-hunters of the Coral Sea," by the same author, is also very good. — M. Carmichael, Brisbane.



The 80-mile-an-hour girl

● Take your age in years, multiply it by six, take away the number of months since your last birthday, convert your answer into miles an hour — and where are you?

YOU'RE on the Burnett River, Queensland, and you're racing your father's speedboat at 80 miles an hour.

Your name is Ann Moorehead, and the name of the boat is, ironically, Slo Coach.

And your age? Assume your birthday is in February, and work it out from the first paragraph.

Ann is a teenager whose heart is on the river. Every weekend she skims back and forth along the Burnett's lovely reaches.

"Dad's boat is the second fastest in Queensland, and one of the top Australian speedboats," she said. "It always gets a place in the Queensland championships."

"I seem to have spent all my life on the river, or the riverbank, with Dad. When I'm not racing about in the boat myself I'm helping Dad tinker with it."

"At first I used to sit on the back while Dad drove, and then he let me drive while he sat on the back. Then at last, he let me go off on my own."

No brakes

Ann, a 5ft. 2in. brunette, eagerly showed me the controls and gadgets and graceful lines of the boat.

"She said it went fastest when racing over choppy water, 'which seems to give it a kick.'"

Technically known as a hydroplane skiff, the boat is strictly for racing.

"In fact, if you drive Slo Coach too slowly she will fill up with water," she said.

"That's one reason why we can't tow water-skiers—our minimum speed is too fast."

The main thing in boat racing, said Ann, was to see danger ahead in time to avoid it.

"Boats have no brakes, so you can't stop suddenly," she said. "You just have to keep your

By **MARJORIE STAPLETON**

eyes skinned for anything floating on the water, and veer to the side if necessary.

"One of the main dangers is that the driver in the boat behind you might be blinded by your spray. He could run over you."

"That's one reason why the rules of racing insist that all drivers wear crash helmets and life-jackets."

Boat sank

Ann told me that her most tense moment was when her father's boat sank in the middle of the Brisbane River on January 26, 1957.

"Daddy holed it on a stump," she said. "We waved our hands to attract attention, and Daddy kept on driving, with water to his waist, towards the bank."

"But the boat slowly sank under us. We were helped ashore, and later were able to salvage the boat."

Ann's 40-year-old father, Colin Moorehead, is treasurer of the Bundaberg Power Boat and Ski Club—and owns a motor garage in Bundaberg.

The family lives at West Bundaberg and Ann's mother and three younger sisters, Helen, Christine, and Jennifer, often trek down to the Burnett, which flows through the town, to see her battle with the choppy waters.

But they never get nervous about her speeding.

"They know I take it very seriously and am training to be a champion," Ann said.

"I think if you really want to succeed you must regard yourself as a coming champion—otherwise you slacken up on your training."

In her spare time this outdoor girl plays competition vigoro, and surfs and swims.

She hopes to become a chemist or scientist.

"I'm no good at sewing or housework," she told me ruefully. "I get restless if I'm kept indoors. In a speedboat you forget everything else but what you're doing, and it's a lovely feeling to skim over the water."

Ann's one regret is that a girl cannot race competitively in Queensland until she's 17, and she's longing for that day. Her great ambition is to be Queensland champion, and then Australian champion.

"Not women's champion," she emphasised. "I want to compete with the men and win."

"My heroine is Grace Walker, the speedboat champion of Australia, who used to hold the record with 103 miles an hour in her boat Diar."

As Ann finished telling her story, the breeze strengthened, putting a nice chop on the water.

With a sparkle in her bright eyes she slipped into the cockpit of her boat and roared away at 80 miles an hour.

Footnote: In case your arithmetic is not as good as it should be, Ann's age is 15.



ANN MOOREHEAD and a friend, Neville Cayley, fill the petrol tanks of Slo Coach, the second fastest boat in Queensland, in preparation for a spin on the choppy waters of the Burnett River. Below, Ann sets off happily on a demonstration run and a few minutes later we took the picture at the top of the page of her travelling at 80 m.p.h.



PARTY SKIRT FOR CHRISTMAS

● The Holly Skirt on our cover was a pretty piece of co-operation by four members of our staff. Patricia Kent dreamed up the idea and, before you could say Santa Claus, Diana Williams ran it up . . . then Diane Roberts modelled it for photographer Keith Barlow.

—here's how to make it

THE pattern diagrams below are for a 24" waist. Materials required: 3½ yd. 36 in. material, one 6 in. zipper, bias binding, holly sprigs.

To make the paper pattern: Fold a sheet of paper about 2 yds. by 1 yd. down the centre so that it forms a square.

For the skirt front, measure from one corner of the fold (see diagram) 3 in. along the top and 3 in. down the side.

Then measure 3½ in. diagonally from the corner. Join these points with a curved line. This will give the skirt waistline for the front.

Starting from this waistline, measure the length of your skirt in sufficient number of places to give the curved hemline. Mark these points, join them up.

To cut out the skirt-front pattern, check with diagram A. Cut around lines A-B and C-D only. A-C is placed on the fold.

Follow the same procedure with the pattern for the skirt-back, but this time the measurements from the corner are 3½ in. along the top, 3½ in. down the folded side, and 4 in. diagonally from the corner.

Now cut the pattern for the waistband. Don't have your waistbands too wide or they will need to be shaped to give a good fit. A band of 1 in. is quite wide enough.

Cut the waistband 28 in. long and 3 in. wide, allowing ½ in. seams (see diagram B).

When you have cut out the three pattern pieces, fold your material, selvages together. Place skirt-front and skirt-back on the material, so that the line A-C in both pieces is on the fold. Then line B-D for back. Front goes on the selvage. Pin, and cut out carefully.

Then place the waistband pattern on the material, pin, and cut out.

Now pin and tack side seams together, leaving the left seam open 6 in. at the waist. Machine.

And here's a tip from an expert—put the zipper in next. Leave the tape at the top of the zip so that it can be sewn in with the waistband. This will give you a neat, flat opening at the waist.

With right sides facing, pin, tack, and machine the waistband to the skirt, allowing ½ in.



for seam, and leaving 1 in. at side opening, end of band.

Now turn under the other edge of the waistband ½ in. Press. Then fold the band along the centre (see diagram). Press in the fold.

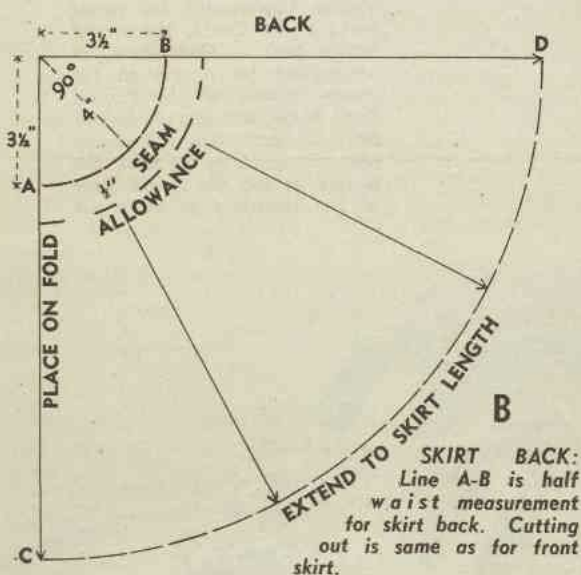
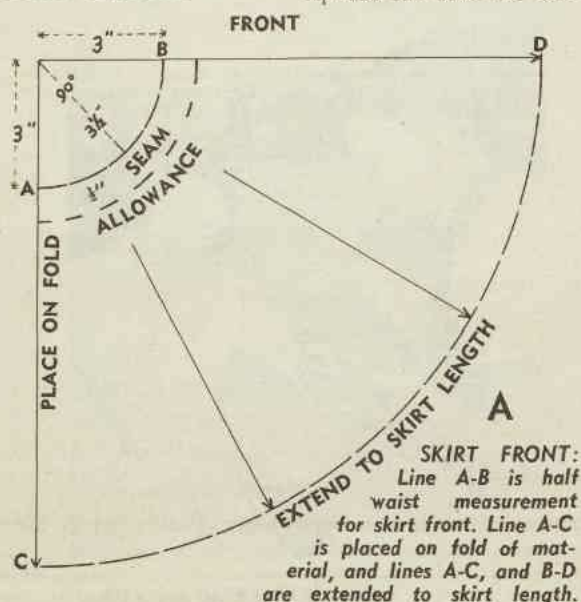
Tack the band to the inside of the skirt, and finish by hand.

Turn under the edges on the band at the side opening, catching in the tapes on the zipper. Lap the ends, and fasten with a hook and eye.

Let your skirt hang for at least two days. Then try on and straighten hem.

Machine bias binding on the right side of the hem of the skirt. Turn under, press, and hem.

Sew on sprigs of holly (we bought ours from a chain store), and get set to be Number One Glamour Girl at your Christmas party!



Holidays at home

By MARGARET PILCHER, of Mont Albert, Vic.

● Staying at home for the holidays this Christmas? Well, that's no reason why you shouldn't have just as much fun as those who are going away.

IF you think that the perfect holiday is doing nothing — just lazing around—think again. That is the perfect recipe for boredom and irritability.

Now's the opportunity, when your time is no longer parcelled out for you, to use a little imagination in planning your own time for the things you want to do.

That way you'll end up with a terrific sense of satisfaction and achievement, instead of the feeling that you've let your precious holiday just dribble away.

Here are a few ideas which may help:

- Have a complete break, by all means, even for a few days. This is especially important if you have a job and only two or three weeks off. Go swimming, lie in the sun, do some gardening—anything completely physical, where you don't have to think.
 - Don't just droop around the house until you drive everybody crazy. Plan your day and really accomplish something.
 - Do all those things you've never had time for—writing letters, clearing out a cupboard, filing and labelling notes for easy reference. Throw out useless junk, and set everything in order for the New Year.
 - Remember that your family ought to enjoy your holiday as well as you. Be willing to give up some of your time to them.
- It's not enough just to help with the chores. Show some interest in what other members of the family are doing, and enter enthusiastically into their plans.

● Don't just drift from day to day without going out or seeing anyone. Have your friends over for a meal, or give a party. Go out of your way to be nice to people and make new friends, and don't lose touch with your old ones.

● Love—be careful! Holiday romances, like shipboard romances, are notorious. It's all very well falling for some bronzed heart-throb or a beach beauty, but it'll be a very different matter when you try to fit them into your normal life. So be sensible and keep your emotions in check.

● If you're at school or university, get a good start by looking up next year's syllabus and starting to "read around" the subject. The more background reading you do, the better.

● Make a special trip to the city and explore it thoroughly. Find the places where you can pick up bargains, and the shops which stock the special things you might want. And what about a few quiet hours at the museums or art galleries?

● Do something frivolous and exciting if you want to feel really holidayish. Buy some exotic material and experiment with your wardrobe, or stun the family with some fabulous concoction for the dinner table.

You'll think of lots more things you want to do. Whatever they are, do them—and when it's time to go back to school or to work you won't have that secret feeling of relief that the holiday is over.

Darin and Dee want a quiet life

● Singer Bobby Darin and actress Sandra Dee are determined that their new-found love will not wilt under the are-lights of publicity.

THAT is the reason why they have avoided the Press since returning three weeks ago from Rome, billing and cooing, to announce their engagement.

When Sandy arrived a few days after Bobby, he met her at the airport with an emerald cut-diamond ring.

Refusing to be interviewed they quickly disappeared from the limelight.

A week later they made a secret trip to the sleepy suburban hamlet of Parsippany, in New Jersey, and obtained a marriage licence from the town clerk.

The couple signed autographs for a few townsfolk, then returned to New York where they dined at the fashionable 21 Club.

Columnist Earl Wilson reported that romance had apparently rendered Bobby humble and gracious.

He quoted the singer as saying, "I have a strange desire to reform. Suddenly your values change. I have now met a human being more important than I am."

No public duets

One of their closest friends told me that the couple, who met in Italy while filming "Come September," plan to keep their private lives as private as possible.

"We don't want to become the Eddie and Debbie of 1961," they told this friend, recalling that the ill-starred Fisher-Reynolds romance had been dominated and strained by publicity from beginning to end.

Bobby, 24, and Sandra, 18, are among the very top entertainers with the world's teenagers.

The sleepy-eyed singer and the delicate blond beauty will continue their separate careers, making beautiful music together only over the baby grand at home, without a microphone anywhere around.

They feel disinclined to team up for duets in public, lest the staginess of such performances dims the lustre of their love.

"Two years of independent work by Bobby and Sandy should net them a nest-egg of at least a million dollars clear between them," said the friend.

"Then Sandy plans to become housewife and mother. Bobby wants three boys in rapid succession. Sandy wants three girls, so they compromised on three of each."

In the story of their careers, the Debbie-and-Eddie parallel couldn't be more striking.

Bobby (and Eddie) fought hard on the way up from nothing. Sandy (and Debbie) had important help from their parents.

Bobby (and Eddie) achieved fame in the field of popular music, then went into films. Sandy (and Debbie) started as child models, went into the theatre and into films. Their singing was secondary.

People who know all four say, however, that Sandy's and Bobby's personalities are more compatible, and that the stability of their show-business marriage is expected to be very high in a calling noted for fickle love and quick divorce.

Both Bobby and Sandy sprang from extremely humble beginnings.

Bobby, whose real name is Robert Walden Cassotto, was brought up in New York by his mother and sister Nina. His father died before Bobby's birth and the family was so poor that his crib was a cardboard box.

Sandy was born Alexandra Cymbaliak, to Russian immigrant parents in Bayonne, New Jersey. Her parents were divorced when she was a baby and her mother later married Eugene Douvan, who perceived his new daughter's show business potential.

Model at six

Sandy became a child model in New York at the age of six. By the time she was 13 she was earning 30 dollars (about £13) an hour, and was one of America's top ten models with the Conover Agency.

She switched to television and became an overnight dramatic sensation.

At 14 Sandy was on her way



BOBBY DARIN and SANDRA DEE on the set of the film "Come September," where they first met and fell in love. Sandra plays the role of a hard-to-get student who is pursued and finally won by Darin.

to Hollywood for a screen test when her stepfather died.

But she completed the test, went on to film "The Restless Years," followed by ten other films of increasing importance.

She played Lana Turner's daughter in "Imitation of Life," with Jeff Chandler and June Allyson in "Stranger in My Arms," with Lana Turner again in "Portrait in Black," and recently with Peter Ustinov and John Gavin in "Romanoff and Juliet."

She also made "The Reluctant Debutante" with Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall, "Gidget" and "A Summer Place."

Then, in Portofino, Italy, she made the fateful "Come September" with co-stars Rock Hudson, Gina Lollobrigida, Walter Slezak—and Bobby Darin.

"Come September" was Bobby's first film, although he has been a top recording star for five years.

In the past two years he has had four gold records—"Mack the Knife," "Dream Lover," "Splish Splash," and "Queen of the Hop."

The road to success was paved with his own inventions.

He went from being an honor student at the renowned Bronx High School of Science to a scholarship in drama at Hunter College.

Left university

But the pace of formal education was too slow for Bobby, and he left university to join a travelling troupe of actors, playing, of all things, an Indian chief.

When the troupe disbanded, he found himself, at age 18, penniless and subsisting on biscuits and milk and pounding the pavements endlessly looking for a job.

In his freezing room (he had decided that he must not live off his mother and sister any longer) he turned to writing songs.

He taught himself to play the piano at a Salvation Army hostel.

A chance meeting with a tyro song publisher, Donnie Kirschner, was Bobby's turn-

ing-point. Kirschner encouraged his composing.

Bobby would sing the ditties, and he made a few demonstration records, strictly in an attempt to sell the songs, not his voice.

But, of course, the tail wagged the dog. He made a small "cover" record for Decca, and was signed to appear on a TV show when he sang some of his own numbers so well that he was flooded with offers for TV and nightclub work.


His big strength is his versatility. In addition to the piano, he taught himself to play the vibraphone, bass viol, guitar, and drums, and with rock-n-roll he also sings ballads, standards, calypso, and folk songs.

Of nearly 200 songs Bobby has written, the first to be recorded was "My First Real Love." Sung by Connie Francis, it failed to sell, and Bobby calls it his "first real flop."

However, with Sandy now playing the title, Bobby expects his first real love to be a life-long success.

Cress Delahanty

**This is the first
of a series of stories
by JESSAMYN WEST about
an enchanting girl, her
parents, and her boy-friends.**



WHILE her mother and father awaited the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Kibbler, who had called asking to speak to them "about Cress and Edwin, jun.," Mr. Delahanty reminded his wife how wrong she had been about Cress.

"Not two months ago," he said, "in this very room you told me you were worried because Cress wasn't as interested in the boys as a girl of her age should be. In this very room. And now look what's happened."

Mrs. Delahanty, worried now by Mrs. Kibbler's message, spoke more sharply than she had intended. "Don't keep repeating 'in this very room,'" she said, "as if it would have been different if I'd said it in the back porch or out-of-doors. Besides, what has happened?"

Mr. Delahanty took off his hat, which he'd had on when Mrs. Kibbler phoned, and sailed it out of the living-room towards the hall table, which he missed. "Don't ask me what's happened," he said, "I'm not the girl's mother."

Mrs. Delahanty took off her own hat and jabbed the hatpins back into it. "What do you mean you're not the girl's mother? Of course you're not. No one ever said you were."

Mr. Delahanty picked up his fallen hat, put it on the chair beside the hall table and came back into the living-room. "A girl confides in her mother," he told his wife.

"A girl confides in her mother!" Mrs. Delahanty was very scornful. "Who tells you

these things, John Delahanty? Not your mother. She didn't have any daughter. Not me. Cress doesn't confide in anyone. How do you know these things, anyway, about mothers and daughters?"

John Delahanty seated himself upon the sofa, legs extended, head back, as straight and unrelaxed as a plank.

"Don't catch me up that way, Gertrude," he said. "You know I don't know them." Without giving his wife any opportunity to crow over this victory, he went on quickly: "What I'd like to know is why did the Kibblers have to pick a Saturday night for this call? Didn't they know we'd be going into town?"

Like most farmers, John Delahanty stopped work early on Saturdays so that, after a quick clean-up and supper, he and his wife could drive into town. There they did nothing very important: bought groceries, saw a show, browsed around in hardware stores, visited friends.

But after a week of seeing only themselves—the Delahanty farm was off the main highway—it was pleasant simply to saunter along the sidewalks looking at the cars, the merchandise, the people in their town clothes. This Saturday trip to town was a jaunt they both looked forward to during the week, and tonight's trip, because of February's warmer air and suddenly, it seemed, longer twilight, would have been particularly pleasant.

FAMILY COMIC

Sandra

BY BILL SAWYER

SANDRA starts on the top model school course which Major Scott has given her as compensation for suspecting her of stealing his fashion sketches. At the school she meets Carol Radnace, who introduces her to her brother Gerald. Meantime, Sandra gets a phone call from Mike Rogers, the handsome detective who discovered the thief of the sketches. Now read on...



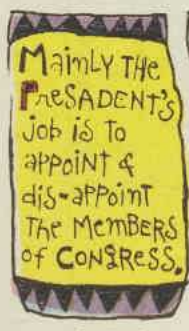
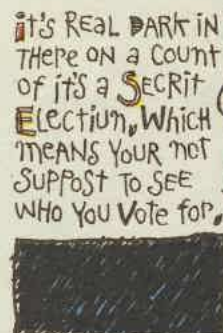
CONTINUED

RIVETS



Jacky's Diary

By  **JACKY MENDELSON**
age 33½



BUTCH



"I should be able to leave soon. Big drops always mean it won't last long."

"I never since if you 'wDP 196



● At Atom City, scientist Rocky Starr wonders why no reports of Chris' space sail ship tests have been received, but Chris, Amaiza, and Koot have been held prisoner by traitors Aquila and Basil for a week. When Chris mentions to Koot that the lock on their prison is electronic, Koot uses his electric powers to open it. Then they free Amaiza. By the time Basil goes to get Chris to make him talk to Rocky, they have all escaped. NOW READ ON . . .

CHRIS WELKIN PLANETEER

By Russ Winterbotham

THIS TRAITOR BASIL HAS DISCOVERED OUR ESCAPE, CHRIS! IT'S USELESS TO TRY TO FREE THE CREW!

LUCKILY, HE DOESN'T HAVE YOUR TELEPATHIC SENSE, KOOT! HE'D FIND US IN A JIFFY!

APPARENTLY HE DOESN'T KNOW OUR NEW SPACE SHIP'S READY TO FLY!

USING OXYGEN FOR PROPULSION, CHRIS AND AMAIZA TOW KOOT TO THE SAIL SHIP FROM THE SPACE STATION

I'VE CUT THE LINES, CHRIS!

GOOD! CLOSE THE LOCKS WHILE I ADJUST THE SAILS TO CATCH SOLAR RADIATION!

SLOWLY THE SAIL SHIP MOVES FORWARD UNDER PRESSURE OF MILLIONS OF FAST MOVING PROTONS

SO FAR SO GOOD! NOW WE'LL TRY TO GET INTO THE EARTH'S SHADOW BEFORE BASIL AND AQUILA SPOT US!

NO VAINLY, WARVER SEARCHES THE SPACE STATION FOR HIS ESCAPED PRISONERS

NO USE! THERE THEY GO IN THAT OUTLANDISH SPACE SAIL BOAT!

WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY, AQUILA! C'MON, WE'LL SHOOT 'EM DOWN!

PLEASE, BASIL! DON'T SHOOT! WELKIN HAS A PLACE IN OUR PLANS! GIVE HIM A CHANCE TO SURRENDER!

YOU'RE RIGHT--BUT HE DOESN'T DESERVE A CHANCE!

WARVER TO WELKIN: ...TURN BACK IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ON LIVING! YOU'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES!

FIVE MINUTES? I'VE GOT TO TRAVEL NEARLY 3,000 MILES IN FOUR MINUTES AND FIFTY-NINE SECONDS!

CONTINUED

Kate Osann

GLANCES Galbraith

Apron

Harry

London Punch

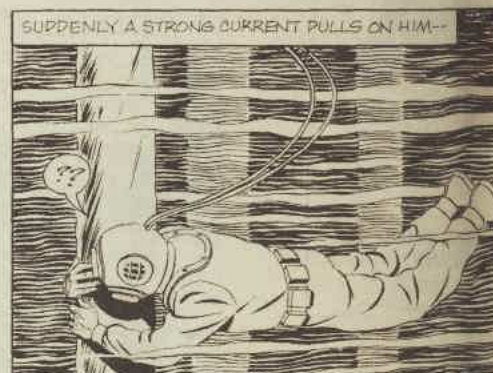
TEENA by Lilla Terry



MANDRAKE the MAGICIAN



MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and his friend Narda this week set out to solve the mystery of the disappearing lakes. NOW READ ON...



NEXT WEEK: WATER MYSTERY--



After apologising to Edwin, Cress turned to Mrs. Kibbler. "I've got twelve dollars saved for a bicycle," she said. "That can go to help pay for his teeth."

"Five minutes more," said Mr. Delahanty, "and we'd have been on our way."

"Why didn't you tell Mrs. Kibbler we were just leaving?"

"I did. And she said for anything less important she wouldn't think of keeping us."

Mrs. Delahanty came over to the sofa and stood looking anxiously down at her husband. "John, exactly what did Mrs. Kibbler say?"

"The gist of it," said Mr. Delahanty, "was that—"

"I don't care about the gist of it. That's just what you think she said. I want to know what she really said."

Mr. Delahanty let his head fall forward, though he still kept his legs stiffly extended. "What she really said was, 'Is this Mr. John Delahanty?' And I said, 'Yes.' Then she said, 'This is Mrs. Edwin Kibbler, I guess you remember me.'"

"Remember her?" Mrs. Delahanty exclaimed. "I didn't know you even knew her."

"I don't," said Mr. Delahanty, "but I remember her all right. She came before the school board about a month ago to tell us we ought to take those two ollas off the school grounds. She said it was old fashioned to cool water that way, that the ollas looked messy and were unhygienic."

"Did you take them off?" Mrs. Delahanty asked, without thinking. As a private person John Delahanty was reasonable and untalkative. As clerk of the school board he inclined towards dogmatism and long-windedness. Now he began a defence of the

ollas and the school board's action in retaining them.

"Look, John," said Mrs. Delahanty, "I'm not interested in the school board or its water coolers. What I want to know is, what did Mrs. Kibbler say about Cress?"

"Well, she said she wanted to have a little talk with us about Cress — and Edwin, jun."

"I know that." Impatience made Mrs. Delahanty's voice sharp. "But what about them?"

Mr. Delahanty drew his feet up towards the sofa, then bent down and retied a shoelace. "About what Cress did to him—Edwin jun."

"Did to him!" said Mrs. Delahanty, aghast.

"That's what his mother said."

MRS. DELAHANTY sat down on the hassock at her husband's feet. "Did to him," she repeated again. "Why, what could Cress do to him? He's two or three years older than Cress, fifteen or sixteen, anyway. What could she do to him?"

Mr. Delahanty straightened up. "She could hit him, I guess," he ventured.

"Hit him? What would she want to hit him for?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Delahanty. "I don't know that she did hit him. Maybe she kicked him. Anyway, his mother seems to think the boy's been damaged in some way."

"Damaged," repeated Mrs. Delahanty angrily. "Damaged! Why, Cress is too tender-hearted to hurt a fly. She shoos them outside instead of killing them. And you sit there talking of hitting and kicking."

"Well," said Mr. Delahanty mildly, "Edwin's got teeth out. I don't know

● Continued overleaf

Teenagers' Weekly — Page 7

"She ran into me... on purpose," said Edwin

how else she could get them out, do you?"

"I'm going to call Cress," said Mrs. Delahanty, "and ask her about this. I don't believe it for a minute."

"I don't think calling her will do any good. She left while I was talking to Mrs. Kibbler."

"What do you mean, left?"

"Went for a walk, she said."

Faintly, in the distance, a car could be heard.

Mrs. Delahanty stopped her pacing. "Do you think I should make some cocoa for them, John? And maybe some marguerites?"

"No, I don't," said Mr. Delahanty. "I don't think Mrs. Kibbler considers this a social visit."

Mr. Delahanty went to the door while Mrs. Delahanty stood in the back of the room by the fireplace unwilling to take one step toward meeting her visitors.

MRS. KIBBLER was a small woman with a large, determined nose, prominent blue eyes, and almost no chin. Her naturally curly hair—she didn't wear a hat—sprang away from her head in a great cage-shaped pompadour which dwarfed her face.

Behind Mrs. Kibbler was Mr. Kibbler, short, dusty, soft-looking, bald, except for a fringe of hair about his ears so thick that the top of his head, by contrast, seemed more naked than mere lack of hair could make it.

Behind Mr. Kibbler was Edwin, junior. He was as thin as his mother, as mild and soft-looking as his father; and to these qualities he added an unhappiness all of his own. He gave one quick look at the room and the Delahantys through his thick-lensed spectacles, after which he kept his eyes on the floor.

Mr. Delahanty closed the door behind the callers, then introduced his wife to Mrs. Kibbler. Mrs. Kibbler in turn introduced her family to the Delahantys. While the Kibblers were seating themselves, Mrs. Delahanty, out of nervousness, lit the fire, which was laid in the fireplace, though the evening was not cold enough for it. Then she and Mr. Delahanty seated themselves in the chairs on each side of the fireplace.

Mrs. Kibbler looked at the fire with some surprise. "Do you find it cold this evening, Mrs. Delahanty?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Delahanty. "I don't. I don't know why I lit the fire."

To this Mrs. Kibbler made no reply. Instead, without preliminaries, she turned to her son. "Edwin," she said, "show the Delahantys what their daughter did to your teeth."

Mrs. Delahanty wanted to close her eyes, look into the fire, or find, as Edwin, junior, had done, a spot of her own on the floor to examine. There was an almost imperceptible ripple along the length of the boy's face as if he had tried to open his mouth but found he lacked the strength. He momentarily lifted his eyes from the floor to dart a glance into the dark corner where his father sat. But Mr. Kibbler continued to sit in expressionless silence.

"Edwin," said Mrs. Kibbler, "speak to your son."

"Do what your mother says, son," said Mr. Kibbler.

Very slowly, as if it hurt him, Edwin opened his mouth.

His teeth were white, and in his thin face they seemed very large as well. The two middle teeth, above, had been broken across in a slanting line. The lower incisor appeared to be missing entirely.

"Wider, Edwin," Mrs. Kibbler urged. "I want the Delahantys to see exactly what their daughter is responsible for." But before Edwin could make any further effort Mrs. Delahanty cried, "No, that's enough."

"I didn't want you to take our word for anything," Mrs. Kibbler said reasonably. "I wanted you to see."

"Oh, we see all right," said Mrs. Delahanty earnestly.

Mr. Delahanty leaned forward and spoke to Mrs. Kibbler. "While we see the teeth, Mrs. Kibbler, it just isn't a thing we think Crescent would do. Or, in fact, how she could do it. We think Edwin must be mistaken."

"You mean lying?" asked Mrs. Kibbler flatly.

"Mistaken," repeated Mr. Delahanty.

"Tell them, Edwin," said Mrs. Kibbler.

"She knocked me down," said Edwin very low.

Mrs. Delahanty, although she was already uncomfortably warm, held her hands nearer the fire, even rubbed them together a time or two.

"I simply can't believe that," she said.

"You mean hit you with her fist and knocked you down?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"No," said Edwin even lower than before. "Ran into me."

"But not on purpose," said Mrs. Delahanty.

Edwin nodded. "Yes," he said. "On purpose."

"But why?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"Why? Cress wouldn't do such a thing, I know—without some cause. Why?"

"Tell them why, Edwin," said his mother.

Edwin's head went even nearer the floor—as if the spot he was watching had diminished or retreated.

"For fun," he said.

It was impossible not to believe the boy as he sat there hunched, head bent, one eyelid visibly twitching. "But Cress would never do such a thing," said Mrs. Delahanty.

Mrs. Kibbler disregarded this. "It would not have been so bad, Mr. Delahanty, except that Edwin was standing by one of those ollas. When your daughter shoved Edwin over she shoved the olla over, too. That's probably what broke his teeth. Heavy as cement and falling down on top of him and breaking up in a thousand pieces. To say nothing of his being doused with water on a cold day. And Providence alone can explain why his glasses weren't broken."

"What had you done, Edwin?" asked Mrs. Delahanty again.

"Nothing," whispered Edwin.

"All we want," said Mrs. Kibbler, "is what's perfectly fair. Pay the dentist's bill. And have that girl of yours apologise to Edwin."

Mrs. Delahanty got up suddenly and walked over to Edwin. She put one hand on his thin shoulder and felt him twitch under her touch like a frightened colt.

"Go on, Edwin," she said. "Tell me the truth. Tell me why."

Edwin slowly lifted his head. "Go on, Edwin," Mrs. Delahanty encouraged him.

"He told you once," said Mrs. Kibbler. "Fun. That girl of yours is a big, boisterous thing from all I hear. She owes my boy an apology."

Edwin's face continued to lift until he was looking directly at Mrs. Delahanty.

HE started to speak—but had said only three words, "Nobody ever wants," when Cress walked in from the hall. She had evidently been there for some time, for she went directly to Edwin.

"I apologise for hurting you, Edwin," she said.

Then she turned to Mrs. Kibbler. "I've got twelve dollars saved for a bicycle. That can go to help pay for his teeth."

After the Kibblers left, the three Delahantys sat for some time without saying a word. The fire had about died down, and outside an owl, hunting finished, flew back towards the hills, softly hooting.

"I guess if we hurried we could just about catch the second show," Mr. Delahanty said.

"I won't be going to shows for a while," said Cress.

The room was very quiet. Mrs. Delahanty traced the outline of one of the bricks in the fireplace.

"I can save twenty-five cents a week that way. Towards his teeth," Cress explained.

Mr. Delahanty, in Mr. Kibbler's dark corner, was almost invisible. Mrs. Delahanty stood by the fireplace. Cress sat where Edwin had sat, looking downward, perhaps at the same spot at which he had looked.

"One day at school," she said, "Edwin went out in the fields at noon and gathered wildflower bouquets for everyone. A lupin, a poppy, two barley heads, four yellow violets. He tied them together with blades of grass. They were sweet little bouquets. He went without his lunch to get them fixed, and when we came back from eating there was a bouquet on every desk in the study hall. It looked like a flower field when we came in, and Edwin did it to surprise us."

After a while Mr. Delahanty asked, "Did the kids like that?"

"Yes, they liked it. They tore their bouquets apart," said Cress, "and used the barley heads to tickle each other. Miss Ingols made Edwin gather up every single flower and throw it in the waste-paper basket."

After a while Cress said, "Edwin has a collection of bird feathers. The biggest is from a buzzard, the littiest from a hummingbird. They're all different colors. The brightest is from a woodpecker."

"Does he kill birds," Mr. Delahanty asked, "just to get a feather?"

"Oh, no!" said Cress. "He just keeps his eyes open to where a bird might drop a feather. It would spoil his collection to get a feather he didn't find that way."

MR. DELAHANTY sighed and stirred in his wooden chair so that it creaked a little.

"Edwin would like to be a missionary to China," said Cress. Some particle in the fireplace as yet unburned blazed up in a sudden spurt of blue flame. "Not a preaching missionary," she explained.

"A medical missionary?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"Oh, no! Edwin says he's had to take too much medicine to ever be willing to make other people take it."

There was another long silence in the room before Cress went on.

"He would like to teach them how to play baseball."

Mr. Delahanty's voice was matter-of-fact. "Edwin doesn't look to me like he would be much of a baseball player."

"Oh, he isn't," Cress agreed. "He isn't even any of a baseball player. But he could be a baseball authority. Know everything and teach by diagram. That's what he'd have to do. And learn from them how they paint. He says some of their pictures look like they had been painted with one kind of bird feather and some with another. He knows they don't really paint with bird feathers," she explained. "That's just a fancy of his."

The night wind moving in off the Pacific began to stir the eucalyptus trees in the windbreak. Whether the wind blew off sea or desert didn't matter, the long eucalyptus leaves always lifted and fell with the same watery, surflike sound.

"I'm sorry Edwin happened to be standing by that olla," said Mr. Delahanty. "That's what did the damage, I suppose."

"Oh, he had to stand there," said Cress. "He didn't have any choice. That's the mush pot."

"Mush pot?" repeated Mr. Delahanty.

"It's a circle round the box the olla stands on," said Cress. "Edwin spends about his whole time there."

"Cresscent," asked Mr. Delahanty, "what is this mush pot?"

"It's prison," said Cress, surprise in her voice. "It's where the prisoners are kept. Only at school we always call it the mush pot."

"Is this a game?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"It's dare base," said Cresscent. "Didn't you ever play it? You choose up sides. You draw two lines and one side stands in the middle and tries to catch the other side as they run by. Nobody ever chooses Edwin. The last captain to choose just gets him. Because he can't help himself. They call him the handicap. He gets caught first thing and spends the whole game in the mush pot because nobody will waste any time trying to rescue him. He'd just get caught again, they say, and the whole game would be nothing but rescue Edwin."

HOW do you rescue anyone, Cress?" asked her father.

"Run from home base to the mush pot without being caught. Then take the prisoner's hand. Then he goes free."

"Were you trying to rescue Edwin, Cress?"

Cress didn't answer her father, at once. Finally she said, "It was my duty. I chose him for our side. I chose him first of all and didn't wait just to get him. So it was my duty to rescue him. Only I ran too hard and couldn't stop. And the olla fell down on top of him and knocked his teeth out. And humiliated him. But he was free," she said. "I got there without being caught."

Mrs. Delahanty spoke with a great surge of warmth and anger. "Humiliated him! When you were only trying to help him. Trying to rescue him. And you were black and blue for days yourself! What gratitude!"

Cress said, "But he didn't want to be rescued. Mother. Not by me, anyway. He said he liked being in the mush pot. He said... he got there on purpose... to observe. He gave me back the feathers I'd found for him. One was a road-runner feather. The only one he had."

"Well, you can start a feather collection of your own," said Mrs. Delahanty with energy. "I often see feathers when I'm walking through the orchard. After this I'll save them for you."

"I'm not interested in feathers," said Cress. And she added, "I can get two bits an hour any time suckering trees for Mr. Hudson or cleaning blackboards at school. That would be two fifty a week at least. Plus the twelve dollars. How much do you suppose his teeth will be?"

"Cress," said her father, "you surely aren't going to let the Kibblers go on thinking you knocked their son down on purpose, are you? Do you want Edwin to think that?"

"Edwin doesn't really think that," Cress said. "He knows I was rescuing him. But now I've apologised and if we pay for the new teeth and everything, maybe after a while he'll believe it."

She stood up and walked to the hall doorway. "I'm awfully tired," she said. "I guess I'll go to bed."

"But Cress," asked Mrs. Delahanty, "why do you want him to believe it? When it isn't true?"

Cress was already through the door, but she turned back to explain. "You don't knock people down you are sorry for," she said.

After Cress had gone upstairs Mrs. Delahanty said, "Well, John, you were right, of course."

"Right?" asked Mr. Delahanty.

"About Cress' being interested in the boys."

"Yes," said Mr. Delahanty. "Yes, I'm afraid I was."

● Next week: Cress invents a crazy trademark.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Ban on boys

"I AM nearly 15 and recently a very nice boy asked me to the pictures. My father says he won't allow me to go with him or any boy until I am at least 17. Do you think I am too young to go out occasionally with a boy? Could you please give me some advice to convince my father I could go out occasionally?"

"Hopeful," N.S.W.

I'm sorry, I wouldn't even try, because I agree with your father. At your age, parties or school dances are all I would allow, certainly not outings by yourself with a boy.

To be quite honest about it, I have some advice for you. If you obey your father now without putting on a turn about it, he is much more likely to let you go out occasionally with a boy later on.

Christmas gift

"I AM 14 and go to work at an office.

A young boy of 17 delivers certain things to the office three times a week. Would it be proper for me to present

Wants boy back

"RECENTLY I broke up with my steady, and it was all my fault. I realise my mistake now and know how much I really love him. I can't look at another boy. I have dated others and I didn't enjoy their company one bit. A big dance is coming up soon and I'm frightened he might ask another girl who will make a fool of him. I really want to go with him. We still talk (say 'hullo'). What shall I do?"

"Susie," N.S.W.

I can't see anything against your asking him to the dance. You want him back, and this will give you a chance to find out whether he wants you.

But if you get a second chance with this boy, be honest with him. Don't try to kid him like you try to kid me when you say:

"I'm frightened he might ask another girl who will make a fool of him." You're not frightened that another girl will make a fool of him. You're frightened he'll ask another girl—that's the plain fact.

And talking of plain facts, you must be prepared for some straight talking, and perhaps a refusal from this boy. If he does—and he might, as you broke off with him—don't be nasty about it. Say as little as you can before you bow out of the picture and he'll get a nice impression of you that might bring him back some time.

him with a small Christmas gift? He is quite friendly towards me. If it is the right thing to do, could you suggest what I could possibly give him?"

"Uncertain," Qld.

Don't give him a present, it would probably embarrass him. An extra good smile and your best Christmas wishes would be the right gift for him.

"Like sister"

"I AM madly in love with a boy nine years older than me. He goes out with another girl and I think he likes her, but he treats me like a little sister. I have been in love with him for just over a year, and the other day I told him. He just looked at me and said that it was just a silly crush, and I would get over it, but I'm sure I won't. Please can you tell me what to do?"

R.P., N.S.W.

I can't think of anything you can do. Just wait around and you'll soon forget it.

Not serious

"I AM a 14-year-old girl and I have been going with a boy who is 15 for the past five months. My mother approves of this boy and I like and respect him. He has taken me to the pictures a few times, and when in the theatre he puts his arm around me. The last time I went out with him he kissed me good-night. This puzzles me, as he says he is not serious, and I know that I am not. Do you think he is serious? We ride home together, as we both live in the same direction. Some days he leaves me at a certain point, and when I have gone my own way I know he rides the rest of the way with a different girl each time. He does not hide this from me and often asks me if I am jealous. Usually I just laugh this off and try to keep off this subject. Although I do not show it, I think I am jealous of these girls. Do you think I should tell him that I am jealous? Or should I ask him if he wants me to be jealous?"

"Not Serious," N.S.W.

A kiss is not a sign of a serious romance, it is just a sign that someone likes you in a kissing way, instead of in, say, a purely friendly way. I don't think your boy is serious with you because he kissed you, he is just curious and wanting to find out what it is like to kiss you.

It may not even be curiosity, it may be that he feels you expect him to. Boys often put their arm around girls and kiss them because they know other boys do, and they feel that if they don't, or don't want to, there is something different about them.

So they are the same as the rest of the crowd, they kiss the girls good-night and put their arms around them in the flicks. Don't misunderstand

me. Once they start they generally find it is a pleasurable custom. But it is not a sign of a this-is-for-keeps romance.

Your boy-friend's routine of sitting with other girls in the bus after you leave could mean that he just likes company. It could also be a ruse to make you jealous—more curiosity on his part to see how jealous girls behave. I think he's very silly indeed. It's obvious he is more advanced romantically than you are, which is quite a dangerous situation for a girl to cope with.

I think you are far too young to have a kissing boy-friend who takes you on solo dates to the pictures, even if you have parental approval. School should be occupying your whole mind now, because success at school now will affect your whole life. And success does not come to a girl who has a mind full of boys and dates at 14.

All girls think about boys from the time they are very young, and it is a normal way to think, but stick to thoughts for a while, not actions.

Teased about shape

"I AM a girl of 11½ years of age, and my figure has started to mature. The boys in my class at school laugh and make fun of me all the time, and also at some of the girls who have not yet started growing. I try to hide my shape by wearing thick jumpers, but I cannot keep it up all the time. Could you please tell me what I should do in this matter?"

"Hiding," Vic.

Hurrah for the Christmas holidays. You can shed those thick sweaters and forget those rude boys, and make up your mind about how you're going to act when you start school again.

There's only one way to act, take no notice of them. What they want is results and they get them from you when you wear those thick sweaters. You'll just have to wear ordinary clothes and take no notice of them at all. They'll soon stop then.

I know you don't believe me, but by the time school starts again you'll be more used to your new shape, won't be so conscious of it, and it'll be much easier to take no notice of those childish boys.

Adult escort

"I AM 15 and have recently been given permission to go out with boys. Our school has an end-of-term dance and I am going with a 17-year-old boy. Although we are just two of a large party going, my father insists that I introduce the boy to him and Mum first, and then that an adult should both drive us and pick us up after the dance and deposit me on my front doorstep. Is this fair? My friends are allowed to come and go as they please with boys."

"Uncertain," N.S.W.

Your father is absolutely right. If you want to have a happy life romantically in your teens, obey him about this. You'll be much happier later on if you do.

Card for shy boy

"COULD you please tell me if it would be right for me to send a Christmas card to a boy I know? I like this boy very much and I am sure he likes me. I see him about once a week. He is a very shy boy,

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

CHRISTMAS is coming, the geese are getting fat, please put a penny in the old man's hat. Dum da, dum da. You know how it goes.

There aren't many old men waiting for a penny any more, are there? But "giving" is still the best part of Christmas. And you can get more fun out of it than receiving 29 Presley records encrusted with diamonds. Truly.

This Christmas give pleasure if you can't give a present.

Go visit the old-age pensioner down the road. Chat for a while, tell all the mad things you've been doing. Take her a bunch of flowers from your garden, offer to change his library books.

Mow the lawn without being prodded, fix junior's toy jet without harping about kids' carelessness, and smile.

If you have any friends or know any people from foreign countries who won't be home for Christmas, ask the family if they'd be welcome on THE day.

If Mum faints dead away at the thought of another one for midday dinner, suggest a drink and a piece of cake in the morning or afternoon.

And talking of Mum, you could give her a lot of pleasure by lending a hand when she's slaving over the hot stove. Sweep the kitchen without being asked, send her off to put her feet up for ten minutes.

Then, when you're all sitting round the table tucking into the traditional hot or cold plum pud — give the whole family a slice of your Christmas spirit and tell them, "Gee, this is beaut. I love having Christmas with my family."

and I was wondering could you please help me to get him out of his shyness a bit. Some of my friends say not to bother with him because of his shyness, but I still like him. I only wish I could help him out of his shyness and make a friend of him."

F.D., Q.

Send him the card as the first step in your anti-shyness campaign. Shy people often need reassuring about people's feelings towards them, and this card will tell him loud and clear that you really do like him.

Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

50m. FRENCH MEN(TIONS) CAN BE WRONG!

● This week I'm truly down to earth—I'm attacking lasses' reluctance to call a spade a spade!

YES, take any item that could have a simple English tag and a girl will attach to it a high-sounding, foreign-language label.

Gallic gimmicks are by so far the most frequent offences that I reckon girls must be really having a ball (-point) with that old Pen of My Aunt!

You don't believe me about the names that are shames? Well, *regardez*—sorry, I mean cop!—these thrusts against your *Parecs* . . .

High-flown, high-fashion handles have me in high dudgeon. (So what if we don't see eye-to-high? You must admit my prose is of a "lofty" standard!)

Take, for instance, as a classic example, my phrase "high fashion." For females, apparently, that's not classy enough—*haute couture* is the thing to say.

Then, a dress is never smart, it's *chic*. What a cheek!

I feel a *serge* of pity and repugnance for the name-droppers' other *tulles* of trade. Take a peck at *pique*. Why not call it simply stiff cotton?

And I'm also griping at *guipure*, sniffin' at *chiffon*, and angry at the extravaganza of *organza*.

Then, to make "South Pacific" go west, I'm dreaming of one night spending "Some Un-shantung Evening!"

Hens' hats have hair-raising names, too. For one thing, of course, they're not hats—according to girls. They're *chapeaux*, chaps.

Then there's that funny little bit of foolery that's called a *cloche*—perhaps because it's a bit *cloche* to the bone(head)!

And why not call *lingerie* underwear? That's yet another slip!

Well, there's my translation of the clothes-sense nonsense of verbal burble. I could sum up by saying that a dress can be an eye-ful without Eiffel towering in the background.

After all, men's fashions don't need ridiculous names. No, sir! Trousers stand on their own two legs!

But we started off talking about spades, so let's finish the way we began. For my last piece of advice I cannot do better than repeat the wise words of the famous French gardener, who once said: "Ouvrez la porte, la plume de ma tante avec *pate de fois gras*, parlez-vous Français . . ."

Which, translated, means: "An onion can be French without tears, but not top-dressing!"

He's right. We just don't dig it!

—Robin Adair

NEW HAIRDOS . . . for holiday time

● If you want to look really smashing at all the Christmas and New Year parties, just wear one of these pretty new hairdos. They're widely different in design and appeal — one sleekly simple, the other frankly casual — but equally pretty. Your choice depends on your hair and its length, and your face.

—Carolyn Earle

The Vamp

WHEN mother was a girl—a littler girl than you are now—the young lady who won all the raves was known as The Vamp. Originally she made her bow on the silent screen and girls all over the world began to copy a few of her apparent wiles, like her seemingly artless, smooth hairdo.

Artless indeed! It was carefully designed to be a surefire traffic-stopper, and often was. At its best it formed a soft frame for the forehead, dipped slightly, and 'oh so cutely, at the eyebrow edge. Its soft turns were hardly enough to be called curls; they just seemed to have happened by happy chance.

Of course, the effect was just what The Vamp wanted it to be—a bit raffish, appealing. Anything wrong with that? Or with the up-to-date version of the style that's pictured below?

We think it's just about tops for a girl—soft, miles prettier than the original, but with enough shingle about it to be interesting. This new-style Vamp hairdo is easy to achieve and has the happy knack of looking equally right for gala evening appearances and everyday wear.

If you do your own hair at home, here are the how-to-set instructions: Separate hair into a top panel and two side sections. Seven large rollers are placed backward on top and right down the back of the head; three rollers turn under over each ear; two rollers turn under between the back and side settings. Remaining hair-ends are pin-curved under.

When brushed out, hair will fall into a rounded shape and deep curves.



Baby Doll

IF your face is oval or pointed of chin and your hair fairly long and thick, why not try a Baby Doll look for your new hairdo? It's an endearing young fashion (see picture above), especially if you have a pretty, natural hairline, and about as quietly lethal as the original apple in the Garden of Eden.

A very soft permanent at the sides and back will give any hair this length the right amount of body to hold the Doll style except, perhaps, very fine hair which refuses to "bounce" at any price.

Those puffy sides are created simply by the curve of the hair that has been set under on big rollers and then brushed out over the back of the hand when bone dry.

There is no part in this hairdo. Hair moves gently back from the front hairline in light, undefined curves, and a colorful scarf or ribbon anchors the back demurely into place, so that even a session of vigorous dancing will not disturb things.

Apart from its being a very pretty way to frame the face, the Baby Doll is a convenient style for any girl who doesn't want to spend half her waking hours setting it. It will last well, too, with care, and that's a big consideration unless you enjoy the idea of recombining and fussing with your hair every 15 minutes or so.

For the set, use your biggest rollers, placing four in a row across the top of your head and turned away from the face. Next make two large pin-curls at the temples, away from the face. Set sides down on four large rollers. Roll back on medium rollers, winding towards the neck.

Brush hair well before attempting to style it and make sure the hair-ends flip under neatly.

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

● Attractive Geelong-born Gaynor Bunning makes a neat entry into the girl recording-star stakes with an English-lyric version of the Continental hit "Milord" for W. and G.

SHE'S the vivacious little blonde you've probably seen on TV in "The Bobby Limb Show," and has been performing before the public since she was four.

Now, at the ripe old age of 19, she's got a recording contract as well. "Milord" is her first disc, and on the flip she can be heard in a strictly 1960 treatment of the 1919 favorite "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate."

British singer Frankie Vaughan, the one who doesn't get Marilyn Monroe in "Let's Make Love," has also just recorded a similar English-lyric version of the Continental tune.

Local talent: Those who have fallen for the dark and dreamy looks of youthful dee jay Rhett Walker since he's been on TV are likely to go further overboard when they hear his Rex single, "Cincinnati Fireball." Rhett certainly makes her sound some girl. Flip is "Take Another Step."

THE Ned Kelly myth gets a musical shot in the arm with "Little Kangaroo," sung by its Tasmanian-born composer, Kevin Shegog, on a W. and G. 45. On

DON'T DELAY

THERE'S only a fortnight to go if you want to accept the Popular Record Club's offer of any four LP discs in its catalogue for only £5. This offer, which means a saving of £1 on the normal price, closes at the end of this month — so write today to the Popular Record Club, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.

WORTH HEARING

STRAVINSKY: The Firebird

IGOR STRAVINSKY is probably the most famous of all living composers. The work that first brought him to public notice, **The Firebird** ballet, appeared just over 50 years ago, when Stravinsky was in his late twenties.

The famous Russian ballet impresario Diaghilev commissioned **The Firebird** in 1909, and presented it at the Paris Opera in June, 1910. A year later Diaghilev gave Paris Stravinsky's second and best-known ballet, **Petrouchka**.

The Firebird is based on a Russian fairytale about a supernatural creature—the firebird—who helps the hero to overcome a wicked ogre. The music is brilliant and fantastic, but not revolutionary in the way that **Petrouchka** and Stravinsky's later works have been.

Stravinsky arranged a suite of six pieces from the score for concert performances, which is recorded by conductor Lorin Maazel with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. On the reverse side of this disc there is a later, more "modernist" Stravinsky work, **The Song of the Nightingale** (D.G.G.).

—Martin Long

the flip of this nice little piece of Australian folklore he sings his own rhythm and blues number "My Blues and Me." Kevin and The Gold Toppers, who you hear with him on the disc, are popular entertainers in Victoria and southern N.S.W.

Pops: As a follow-up to "Please Don't Tease," English boy **Cliff Richard** is out with "Nine Times Out of Ten" — maybe not quite so good, but with something of the same appeal. "Thinking of Our Love" puts him in a thoughtful frame of mind on the flip. (Columbia 45.)

DETERMINED not to let himself be typed, **Bobby Darin** always comes up with something quite different from his last release. His newest London 45, "Child of God," is closer to a spiritual than to anything else, with "Christmas Auld Lang Syne," the flip, a fairly straight account of the old tune with new seasonal lyrics.

IF "The Twist" made **Chubby Checker** a friend of yours, you'll certainly want to renew acquaintance with this cheerful character through the equally lively "Hucklebuck" (H.M.V. 45). And Chubby's just the boy to put the shake into "Whole Lotta Shakin' Goin' On," on the other side.

Novelties: Several groups have come across with a pretty close imitation of the **Hollywood Argyles** since "Alley Oop." But the Argyles are still the Argyles and you can enjoy them again in a Western send-up, "Gun-Totin' Critter Called Jack," and the eerie "Bug-Eye" (one eye green, one blue) on a Top Rank 45.

ANOTHER little disc that's good for a ghoulish holiday laugh is "The Face From Outer Space"

(R.C.A. 45). **Jeff Barry**'s the man who tells you all about this critter. He reverts to a comforting country style on the flip, with "Lonely Lips," a more than usually attractive ballad offering.

Movie music: It's not every day there's a chance to pick up a **Ray Conniff** 45, but **Coronet** has a two-part single of Conniff and orchestra with the seductive theme music from "Midnight Lace," the movie starring Doris Day and Rex Harrison.

Show tunes: "Lilac Time," the operetta based on the life of the great Franz Schubert and using some of his loveliest tunes, is a World Record Club LP that should be assured of a warm welcome in most homes. The role of the tragically short-lived Schubert, who died at 32, is sung by **John Larsten**, with **Jacqueline Delman** as his love, Lili. The Sinfonia of London is conducted by John Hollinsworth.

AUSTRALIA'S first TV musical, "Pardon Miss Westcott" (Radiola LP), is another that could appeal to those who like to hear shows on disc. **Peggy Morfitt** plays the indomitable convict lass; **Neil Williams** the young army officer who loves her, and **Queenie Ashton** has the comedy role of the governor's wife. The show was written by the youthful "Lola Montez" team of Stannard-Benjamin-Burke.

Jazz: Behind the confusing title of "Bernstein Plays Brubeck Plays Bernstein" (Coronet LP) lies the enticing recording collaboration of the New York Philharmonic, the **Dave Brubeck** Quartet, and colorful musical man of all trades **Leonard Bernstein**.

On side one Bernstein conducts the Philharmonic and the Quartet in "Dialogues for Jazz Combo and Orchestra," a composition by Dave's brother, Howard, a repeat performance of its Carnegie Hall premiere last year. The Quartet return the compliment on side two by taking music from Bernstein's "West Side Story," and giving it back with the full Brubeck treatment.

Classical: Many music lovers never miss an opportunity of hearing **Otto Klemperer** conduct Beethoven. The German maestro guides the Philharmonia Orchestra through a masterful performance of Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, one of his less weighty works. Fill is the same composer's "Consecration of the House" overture, the last work he wrote for theatre performance.



GAYNOR BUNNING, ready for an appearance on "The Bobby Limb Show," has just cut her first disc — "Milord."

It's 4711. Tosca

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PATSY ANN NOBLE

Supplement 1 to The Australian Women's Weekly - December 21, 1960

Photograph by Robert Walker

HARDY



grown by
Friday,
S.W.

MARQUITA, grown by
Mrs. B. L. Rumsey,
Dundas, N.S.W.



**IRIS REGELIO-
CYCLUS VULCANUS**
(left) exhibited at
Sydney Iris Show by
Dr. G. B. Loveridge,
of Young, N.S.W.

KALIFA BALTIS seed-
ling (below). Judges
considered it the best
Oncobred raised in
Australia. Dr. G. B.
Loveridge exhibited it.
(An *Oncobred* is an
Oncocyclus — desert
iris from Israel —
crossed with a tall,
bearded iris.)

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Aus-

tralia, New South Wales, and in Tasmania. Victoria, where all kinds of irises have been grown for years, was the first State to hold an annual iris show. This year the ninth show was held. For beginners in iris culture the following advice is useful: Look around your district, see who grows the best irises, and note their varieties; go to iris and horticultural shows where irises are exhibited; remember the Australian Iris Society will always help you.

Details for growing on page 34.

LOUISIANA HYBRID variety *Renard*. The group was discovered in 1945. It was raised by Mr. E. Genat, Victoria, and shown at Sydney Iris Show.



MOTHER... is your
daughter growing up?



Be sure she has a happy, carefree holiday... with the correct
protection her rapidly developing figure needs, with a

KAYSER TEENAGER BRA

She'll feel **right** and have the poise and confidence she needs
wearing a Kayser Teenager Bra, made specially to give her the
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four strong suspenders. 21" - 27"

Two more Kayser suggestions for happy teenage holidays:—

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Briefs . . . 13/11**

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holiday wear. Stretch nylon
to fit all figures snugly;
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White, black and high
fashion colours. 13/11.



**Kayser Cotton
Pixie Pants 7/11**

Comfortable cotton inter-
lock with ribbed leg bands.
Tea Rose and Winter
White. SSW-OS. 7/11.

(Prices vary slightly in some States)

KAYSER for Teenage Underthings

IRISES: continued from page 33

PLANT IRISES FROM NOW UNTIL APRIL

● The new and modern form of iris is becoming
better known and more widely grown.

DECEMBER to April
is the best time to
plant the tall bearded iris.

So, during the next few
weeks, move your plants if
they need it. Break up clumps,
or study your iris catalogue
and order for this year's
planting.

Do not buy unnamed iris
seedlings. Buy from a reput-
able iris firm or dealer who
puts out a descriptive list.

Remember when choosing
irises that color alone is not
all. You must have substance
as well as good branching
and a free flowering habit.

Treat your irises as any
other good perennial.

The cultural requirements
of the tall bearded iris are
simple. They need full sun-
light, good drainage, and a
reasonably good humus soil.

A slightly acid soil is pre-
ferable to a heavily alkaline
one. The old theory of
heavily limed ground for
irises is completely out.

It is advisable to use some
dolomite (the best lime for
irises) in coastal areas, where
the soil is inclined to be light
and sandy. Use dolomite some
time before planting.

It is also necessary to build
up poor soil by use of or-
ganic or green manures well
before planting time. Garden
compost is best of all.

Use plenty of coarse bone
meal (not blood and bone)
under the iris rhizomes when
planting. Give them a good
soaking at planting time.

Do not water frequently
after this, but do not let the
newly planted irises become
dry—remember they have to
make their fresh roots before
the winter.

How to plant

Young plants should be
planted about a foot apart.
When lifting irises, cut back
the fans of leaves and the new
growth will come quickly.

Plant rhizomes firmly, with
the fleshy rhizome level with
the surface of the soil. Never
plant deeply.

In hot districts it is essen-
tial to cover the rhizomes
with half an inch of soil to
avoid sun scorch.

Clumps should be lifted and
divided every third or fourth
year, depending on their
growth. If irises don't flower
well it often means that they
are overcrowded.

Transplant only the best
and strongest rhizomes, which
come from the outside, with
fresh root growth.

Irises resent anything but
the shallowest of cultivation,
as their feeding roots are near
the surface.

A light mulch, not over the
rhizomes, before the irises

form their flowering stems is
of great benefit and helps to
keep the weeds down.

The flowering season is
approximately from early Oc-
tober to mid-November, de-
pending on the varieties and
climatic conditions.

It is also inadvisable to feed
them until midwinter or
early spring. Earlier feeding
often promotes lush fan
growth at the expense of a
good root system. This might
affect flowering stems for the
next flowering season, or even
induce rhizome rot.

Dead leaves should always
be stripped (not cut) from the
plants and burnt.

Tall bearded irises do well
in most climates — except a
really tropical one. But the
majority of browns, blacks,
and pinks, and some of the
blends, do not do so well in
very hot districts, and are apt
to fade.

GARDENING

It is an advantage to plant
these in the shade of nearby
small deciduous trees, or
shrubs, to shelter them from
the hot afternoon sun.

The tall bearded irises illus-
trated on pages 32 and 33 are
only a few of the colors.

There are approximately
200 species of iris and in-
numerable hybrids.

Most of them are charming.
They are most versatile, for
some grow in full sunshine;
others like shady spots in the
garden. It is possible by
using the tall bearded and
the iris species to have irises
flowering all the year round
in moderate climates.

Non-bulbous irises include
the Germanica, onocycus,
and regalia group of bearded
iris.

Non-bulbous rhizomatous
species are bearded, beardless,
and crested varieties.

Among the bearded irises
are the so-called Germanica
group, from which are de-
rived the tall bearded irises
of today. In this non-bulbous
group are also included on-
cycus and regalia group of
bearded iris.

Bulbous irises include the
Reticulata, the Juno, the
Xiphoides (English iris), and
the Xiphium (Dutch and
Spanish). The Dutch are
available here, but the Span-
ish are not always available.

Both do better in a cool
climate.

The English iris is generally
not suited to Australian con-
ditions, but will grow well in
Tasmania.

Of the Reticulatas, cantab
is available, and is the easiest
to grow.

Californias are charming
and easy to grow. Of the
California group the innomin-
ata and douglasiana are easy
to grow from seed.

The beardless ones are the
Spuria, Sibirica, California,
Longipetala, Hexadon, Laevi-
gata (water-loving), and Un-
guicularis (stylous) groups.

Of these the Spuria and
Sibirica are very hardy and
should be in every iris lover's
garden.

The crested group is known
as Evansia. These include
Tectorum (roof iris of Japan)
and Japonica and others. The
two mentioned are obtainable.

Recommended

Here is a list of 24 good
tall bearded garden irises sug-
gested by a member of the
Australian Iris Society.

They range in price from
3/6 to £1. They are all good
growers, and increase well.

STARSHINE: Cream stan-
dards, white falls, faint blue
centre. Won championship
at the N.S.W. Region's 1960
Iris Show.

ARABI PASHA: Corn-
flower-blue, blue-tipped beard.

BLUE SAPPHIRE: Lovely
silvery light blue.

PIERRE MENARD: Deep
medium blue.

CHIVALRY: Medium blue,
free flowering.

DAME CAROLINE: White,
classic form, heavy substance.

CLIFFS OF DOVER:
White, good substance, ruffled
flowers.

DESERT SONG: Good
cream, excellent form and
substance.

PINK FORMAL: Pale pink,
tangerine beard.

PINK PLUME: Lovely or-
chid-pink.

CHERRY FLIP: Bright
pink, free flowering.

THOTNES III.—Golden
brown, excellent.

PRETTY QUADROON:
Coppery-brown, excellent.

ORELIO: Good red, large.

QUECHEE: Garnet-red,
good form and substance.

BLACK HILLS: Good
blue-black.

PINNACLE: Lovely yellow-
and-white bi-color.

BLUE SHIMMER: Good
blue-and-white plicata.

CALOOLA (Australian-
raised): Early blue-and-white
plicata.

ORIENTAL GLORY: Ma-
hogany-red blend, blue blaze.

GOLD SOVEREIGN:
Orange-yellow, good.

GOLDEN VANITE: Clear
yellow, good.

ELMOHR: Reddish mul-
berry.

STATEN ISLAND: Bright
gold standards, red falls.

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and the young-in-heart

GAY, SUNNY COLOURS WITH MAGIC NAMES LIKE **JELLY BEAN**

CASHEW

IRISH MIST.....



39/11

Style No. CW010 in hide.
Bone, Mountie Red, Springtime,
Capri Olive, Gabardine,
Cashew, White, Black.



38/11

Style No. CC065 in hide.
White, Mist, Celadon,
Scarlet, Bone, Bikini,
Spindrift, Gingham, Black.



39/11

Style No. CW013 in sueded hide.
Tamaris, Nectar, Jelly Bean,
Irish Mist, Bone, Black.



39/11

Style No. CW004 in hide.
Bone, Mountie Red, Springtime,
Capri Olive, Gabardine,
Cashew, White, Black.



37/11

Style No. CW009 in hide.
White, Spindrift, Bikini,
Mist, Bone, Scarlet,
Celadon, Gingham.



Junior Demoiselle
Style No. CK015 in
Black or Red patent.
Also in Bone, Gingham,
Scarlet, White or Celadon hide.
Sizes: 11-1, 29/11, 2-5, 33/11.

PRICED FROM

29/11

TO EASE THE STRAIN ON
CHRISTMAS BUDGETS



Junior Demoiselle
Style No. CK013
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Also in Bone, Gingham,
White, Scarlet or Celadon hide.
Sizes: 11-1, 32/11, 2-5, 34/11.

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W.A. 22

A.R. TABS



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Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4 10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

...for people who think—

The Observer



Australia's first fortnightly review

1/6 from your newsagent

AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● Christmas cake, an almond tree, a daughter's last speech day, and marble-sized onions all have been a part of the life of Margaret Sydney, a typical housewife, this week. She writes:

FOR the past few weeks every neighbor I've visited has been up to her elbows either in Christmas cake or Christmas pudding mixture.

I've never been brave enough to make my own Christmas cake. The fact that it's the cake of the year frightens me. I'd be sure to burn the bottom or let it sink in the middle.

So every year I buy a cake, ice it lavishly, and then say apologetically, "I didn't make it," as I offer each slice.

This is self-defence. I get in first with the news that my cake's "store-bought" because few women can eat a piece of Christmas cake without asking the hostess whether it's home-made.

Even so, I manage to put on weight each year while I'm preparing the Christmas cake.

All the Sydneys are mad about almond icing. They don't care very much what's underneath it, and they don't care at all about what's on top, but the almond icing itself has to be really thick.

So when I buy the cake I buy two packets of almond meal, go home and eat one, a square inch at a time, in the next 48 hours. I order two more from the grocer, start nibbling again, because then I've more than I need, and, if I'm lucky enough to keep it hidden from everybody else, end up with just enough to cover the cake.

On top of everything—the almond icing and the white frosting that goes over it—goes the "celestial elephant." He's a purple glass elephant about 2in. high, and time has deprived him of the end of his trunk and half of one hind leg.

He's the most unsuitable cake decoration I've ever seen, but Katherine contributed him (with a lot of small fingermarks) to the first Christmas cake she ever helped decorate 14 years ago, and we've never had the heart to pension him off.

Being three-legged, he has to be pressed into the icing while it's soft, and he usually manages to fall forward and bury the stump of his trunk.

By popular vote it has been decided that he's to be given to Katherine as a wedding present.

Kernels and forfeits

I WAS surprised the other day to see an almond tree bearing heavily in a Sydney garden. I've always understood they wouldn't grow in Sydney because there aren't enough frosts. Now I'm determined to grow one if I can.

As a child I was taken sometimes to stay with relatives in Adelaide in the Christmas holidays. We used to be bribed to pick the almond crop, which was fun, then to crack them, which was very dull.

But at least the crackers got all the philapenas (fillapenas? phillapenas? I've never seen it written).

They're the shells that have twin kernels in them. You play a game of forfeits by eating one kernel yourself and giving the other to someone else to eat. The one who first remembers to shout "philapena" at the other next morning is the winner.

Forfeits used to range from a penny to exemption from the unpopular jobs—"If I win I don't have to help dry up after breakfast."

There was a ban on waking people to shout "philapena," but it was regarded as perfectly fair to watch them through a window until they opened one reluctant eye, and then shout.

In all recorded history no adult was ever known to win a philapena.

Sentimental speech day

I FOUND myself with a very large lump in my throat at Katherine's last speech day. It's so hard not to be sentimental about beginnings and endings.

It seems such a short while ago that, with a similar lump in my throat, I took her by the hand and delivered her to strangers on her first day at kindergarten.

I remember laughing at myself then because I felt so near to tears, and Kat, with her hair tied in skimpy bunches and her face wreathed in excited smiles, ran off without a backward glance or wave.

Now she has "broken-up," finished with school, and is about to rush out into the world of a job or the University (we've still got our fingers crossed for that scholarship) with just as few backward glances as on that first kindergarten day.

Looking round the hall at the other mothers of girls who were leaving school, I had a bet with myself that every one of them, just for the moment, was wishing she had a bottle of that magic potion labelled "Drink Me," which shrank Alice down to wonderland size.

The girls amused me. Those who were leaving school. There they were, in rather darned, rather faded uniforms that had only just been made to last the distance to speech day, grinning and sniffing, and rather encouraging each other to make a properly tearful exit from the place they say they've been longing to leave.

Then at night I had to drive Katherine to a party given by one of the parents to mark the break-up.

There were the same girls—six years older at least than they'd been in the afternoon—with nylons and high-heeled shoes and make-up and that unforgettable feeling that comes when you leave school. It's the feeling that the world is absolutely your oyster, and that the most magnificent and exciting happenings are just about to begin.

Vegetable in

French manner

THIS week I cooked about three dozen button-sized onions for the five of us.

You put them in a casserole with a couple of dozen blanched almonds, add butter (at least a tablespoon, a little more if you can spare it), a tablespoon of brown sugar, and a sprinkling of nutmeg and cloves.

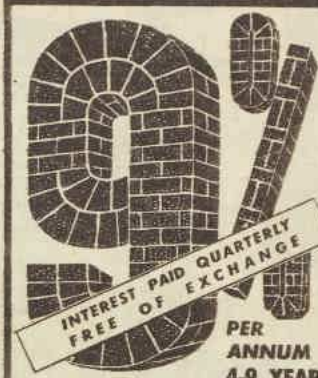
Toss the onions well in the butter as soon as it begins to melt, then lid tightly and cook for about an hour in a moderate oven.

While they're cooking, give the dish a good shake three or four times, so that none of the onions gets dry.

We had the onions with chops and a green salad, but anyone who is brave enough to serve a vegetable dish on its own—in the French manner—might well try this one.

The almonds make it, of course. If Hugh wants to give me a Christmas tree, he can make mine an almond.

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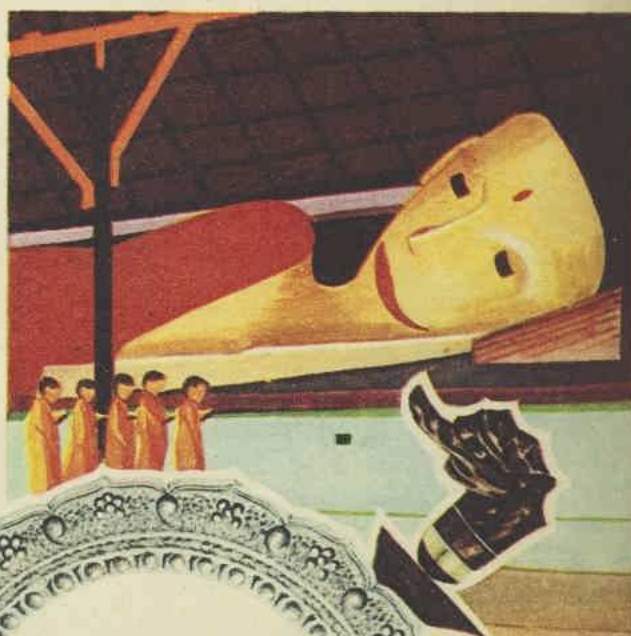
Sunrise from the Hill, left. Morning comes with a change of mood in sea and sky.



Kuala Lumpur's changing skyline—new buildings contrasting with the moorish-style architecture of the Secretariat along Kuala Lumpur's famous Jalan Raja.



Makyong, oldest form of Malay drama, may be seen at festival times in the West Coast States of Malaya.



The huge Reclining Buddha of the 'Meh Prasit Sumati' Siamese Temple at Ipoh—half-way town between picturesque Penang and Malaya's Capital city, Kuala Lumpur.

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MARZIPAN NOVELTIES

● Give your Christmas party table a new look with the fascinating, amusing, and edible creatures shown in this five-page cookery feature. They are easily made from marzipan.

THE children will love these animal caricatures in marzipan. With a little practice, they could make the animals themselves. Start them off with a simple figure, such as the rabbit or snail shown on this page.

All the creatures in this feature were moulded by a visiting English expert, Mr. Paul Gough. The step-by-step photographs show how he made them.

Marzipan is easily moulded by hand, and extra pieces for the heads, necks, and features are attached while it is in a pliable state. When the moulded figure is finished, it will set hard, but will remain edible for a long time.

The only equipment needed to make the animals and birds is a sharp-pointed knife or scissors to cut out features. A piping-tube is used to make the nose and eyes.

Silver cachous can be substituted for the eyes.

After moulding, the animals' feet can be dipped in melted chocolate. This is the ordinary cooking chocolate, which should be melted over hot water.

Colored marzipan is obtained by working a little food coloring into it before rolling.

To make the overall pattern on the surface of the cakes shown in color overleaf, a novelty rolling-pin was used. It also made the feather markings on the owl at right.

The rolling-pin is made by claspung plastic Alice hair-bands round an ordinary kitchen rolling-pin. The hair-bands should be put into hot water to make them pliable and easy to fix round the pin.

English marzipan is sold by the pound from bulk quantity at health food stores. There is a recipe below for a simple home-made marzipan, which, although not as pliable as the English marzipan, could be used to mould these animals and birds.

There are also recipes for basic cakes which could be used as foundations for the decorated cakes shown on the color pages of this feature.

Level spoon measurements are used in these recipes, which were supplied by Leila C. Howard, our food and cookery expert.

MARZIPAN FOR MOULDING

One pound icing-sugar, 8oz. ground almonds, 1 rounded tablespoon glucose, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 egg-white, vanilla.

Sift icing-sugar into bowl, mix in ground almonds. Make well in centre and drop in unbeaten egg-white, cover with little of the icing-sugar and almond mixture; add melted glucose, lemon juice, and few drops vanilla essence. Gradually work in dry ingredients, mix to firm mass. Turn on to board dusted with sifted icing-sugar, knead until sufficient icing-sugar has been absorbed for the mixture to hold its shape.

BASIC BUTTER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar and vanilla, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk, turn into greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 55 minutes. Stand in tin few minutes before turning out. Cool on cake-cooler.

BASIC CHOCOLATE CAKE

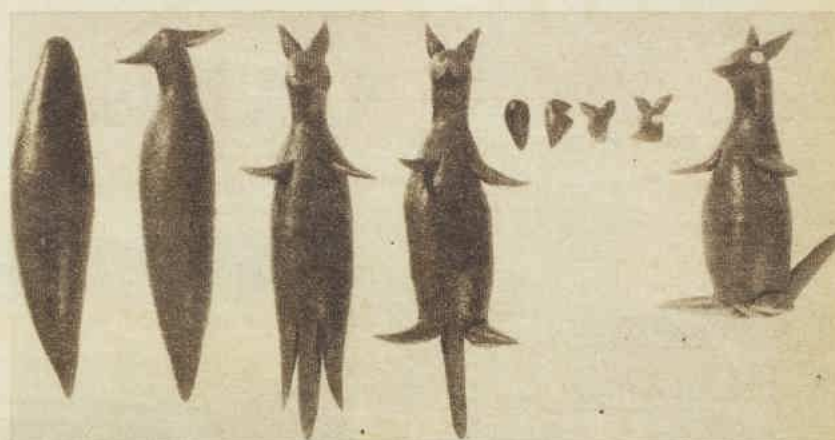
Four ounces butter or substitute, scant $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, 1 tablespoon boiling water, 2 eggs, 1 dessertspoon orange juice, 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda, pinch salt, 5 tablespoons drinking chocolate, good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Cream butter with sugar and boiling water until fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beat well, then add orange juice. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Place mixture into well-greased 7in. or 8in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes.

Continued overleaf



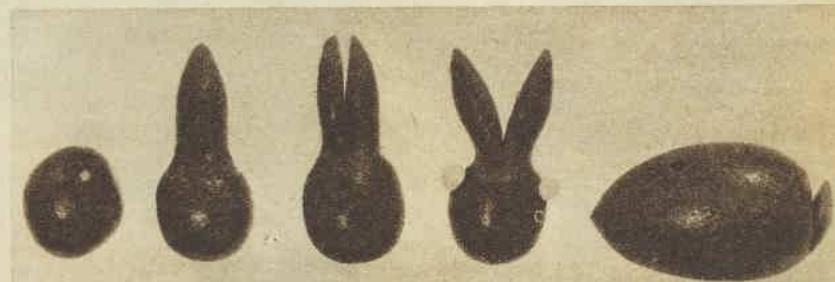
KANGAROO with baby is one to make after some practice.



● From torpedo-shaped marzipan cut ears, paws, and hind legs as above. Shape and bend out slightly, mould front face section to form nose. Mould baby's head, dip paws and hind section in chocolate. Place baby in pouch, pipe eyes and nose.



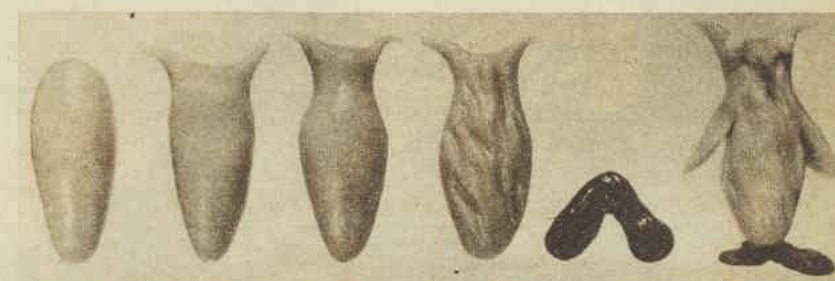
RABBIT in plain or colored marzipan is children's favorite.



● For rabbit's headpiece mould up ears from round ball. Cut through with scissors and reshape to points. Larger egg-shaped marzipan piece has nicked section for tail. Attach head, pipe on eyes. Glaze with egg-white and coconut for white rabbit.



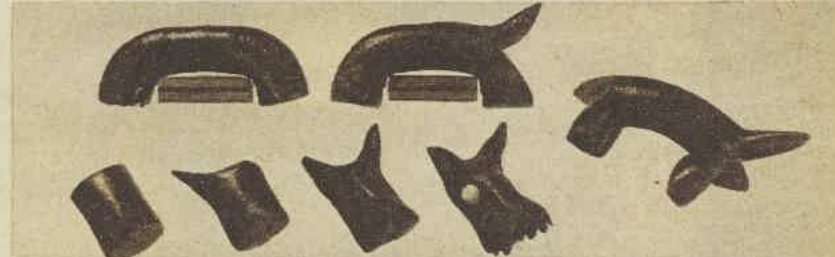
OWL achieves wide-eyed look with white circles, chocolate dots.



● Mould ears and indent neck section from sausage shape to form owl's head. Markings on body are made by rolling lightly with novelty roller. Separate wings by nicking sides of body with scissors. Mould extra marzipan for feet, coat with chocolate.



SCOTTIE dog, made from chocolate-brown colored marzipan.



● Roll marzipan into long shape, bend over piece of wood. Cut dog's tail with scissors, slit legs and spread out slightly. For head use roll 1in. long, shape ears, nose. Cut whiskers with scissors, mould ears, and attach eyes. Set on body.



SNAIL is one of the easiest to make.



● Cigar-shaped body has two pointed pieces moulded at thick end for snail's head. For snail shell fold two colored strips of marzipan thinly, place one on top of other, roll up. Cut into sections to show whirled effect, place on body.

DECORATIVE, AMUSING CAKES AND SWEETS

Marzipan

Novelties

... continued



FANCY PATTERN on marzipan-covered cakes (above and right) are put on with rolling-pin covered with Alice hairbands of plastic. The bands are softened in hot water first before being clasped round roller.



ANIMALS AND BIRDS in caricature, shown on these two pages, are easy to mould in marzipan. They make gay and amusing table decorations, and are good to eat, too.



- Use your favorite recipe, or one given in this cookery feature, to make a cake as a base for your marzipan decorations. Cake coverings are thinly rolled sheets of marzipan, attached to top and sides of cake with a thin glaze of lightly beaten egg-white or sieved apricot jam.

Continued overleaf

MUST YOU LOOK 10 YEARS OLDER 10 years from now?

THIS IS THE SECRET

OF TRUE, LASTING BEAUTY!

We all know of the many small irritations and worries that can make us age . . . write their story on our faces. But how do some women manage to look far younger than we know they actually are?

Doctors know! Doctors and dieticians know that the secret of maintaining good health and attractiveness depends largely on whether we work with Nature or against her in the important, basic function of daily regularity.

Natural regularity is best.

Possibly, you have occasional times when you aren't quite as regular as you would wish to be. So, to get quick relief, you "take something for it."

As time passes, these little doses tend to get bigger and more frequent, until your system just can't do without them. If you do this, you must eventually pay for it with the loss of a clear skin and bright eyes.

A timely warning!

"Family Doctor," the journal of the British Medical Association, issued this warning:

"The constant use of purgatives does more harm than good. Remedies of this type, by irritating and paralyzing the bowels, may actually cause constipation.

"This fact was known in A.D. 100, and has been repeatedly confirmed ever since.

NOW! MORE ESSENTIAL VITAMINS B₁ AND D THAN BEFORE . . . PLUS THESE VITAMINS AND MINERALS

All-Bran contains at least twice as much Vitamin B₁ (essential to a healthy body) as in Bran itself and Vitamin D (for teeth and bones), not found in Bran.



K717 REACH FOR NEW HEALTH WITH ALL-BRAN

"If you have got into the purgative habit, get out of it at once. Regular habits, adequate bulk—like cereals, fruit and vegetables—in your diet, sufficient fluid and regular exercise will keep most people fit in this respect. If these prove ineffective in your case, do not resort to purging—see your doctor."

Stop now! Help nature! Discover the most pleasant, enjoyable way to achieve natural regularity and assure your continued attractiveness. This way is through the enjoyment of All-Bran at breakfast each morning! All-Bran is a delicious nut-sweet laxative cereal made by Kellogg's.

All-Bran gives you safe, lasting relief. All-Bran's gentle bulk stimulates healthful, natural regularity.

Make this simple 10-day test! At each breakfast for ten days, enjoy a cupful of All-Bran, either on its own with milk and sugar, or sprinkled over your present breakfast cereal. Drink plenty of water. If at the end of ten days you haven't experienced the benefit of natural regularity, return the packet to Kellogg's, who will gladly refund your money.



Because All-Bran is a food, it builds you up and provides a large part of your daily food requirements.



**Kellogg's
MANY MORE
VITAMINS
THAN BRAN
ITSELF**

In addition All-Bran supplies:
Vitamin B₁—for steady nerves and normal appetite.
Vitamin B Complex—for clear skin.
Iron—to maintain correct level of red corpuscles in the blood.
Calcium—the most important of the body's minerals.
Phosphorus—essential to the complete operation of the calcium intake.
Protein—for energy.
Plus "Bulk" for safe, natural regularity.

More animals to make



REINDEER is given expression with large eyes and nose. Feet are chocolate-coated, saddle and neckband added.



• For reindeer, shape marzipan like a rolling-pin. Split ends for legs and tail and mould as above. An extra piece stuck on head makes ears, antlers. Cut out with scissors.



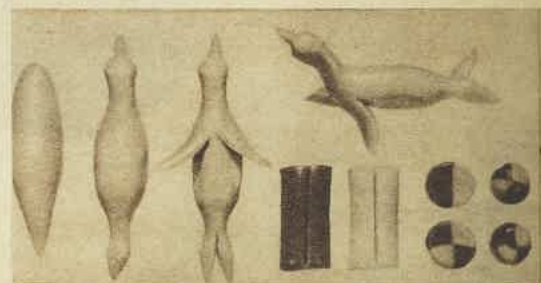
• Cow's polka-dot cigar-shape is split and shaped as shown. Use extra marzipan to mould head with squared nose, ears, horns. Pipe on eyes and button nose.



SPOTTED COW with upturned tail and chocolate-coated feet is amusing. Spots are of chocolate marzipan.



SEAL, chocolate-coated, is a simple figure to make. Extra colored piece forms ball, attached to point of nose.



• For seal, mould ends of carrot-shaped marzipan as above. With scissors, nick sections for flippers, spread out to balance.



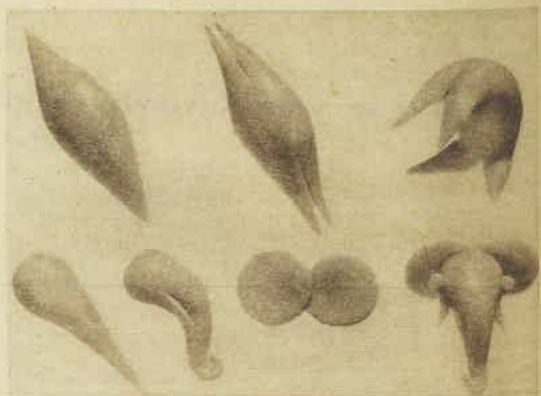
• Egg-shaped marzipan is base for simple cat figure. Cut tail section from one side, mould separate head section, and attach. Eyes, nose, and collar are chocolate.



CAT design is one for beginners to practise before attempting more complicated figures.

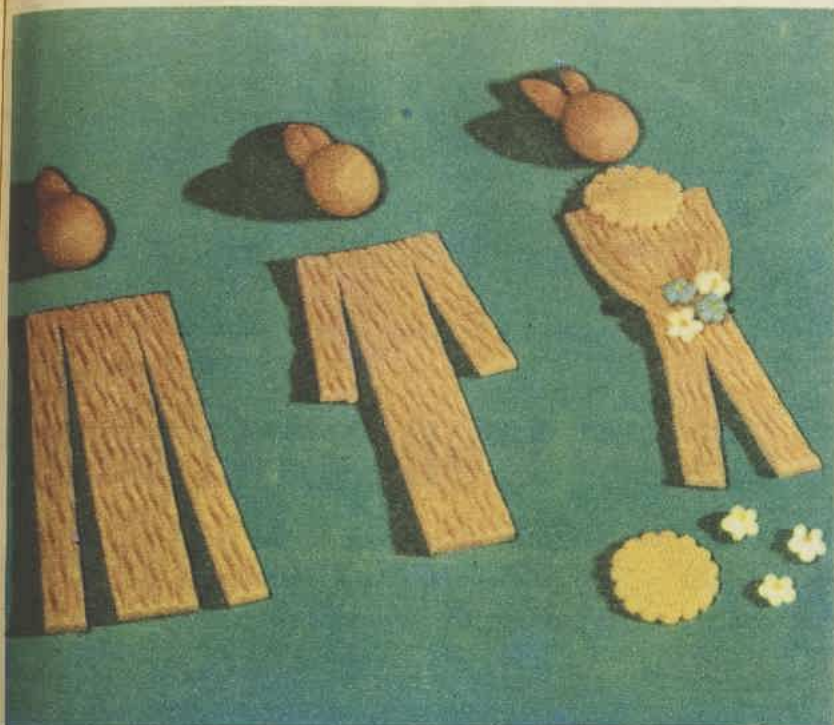


ELEPHANT, in pink and brown colors, has simple sections yet makes a good novelty design to sit on cakes.



• Three sections of elephant shown above are torpedo-shaped body section split at ends for legs; carrot-shaped trunk with splits for tusks; two circles for ears.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960



RABBIT CAKE

● Mould oval or egg-shape in marzipan for rabbit's head and pointed pieces for ears. Cut an oblong of rolled marzipan and mark off legs and arms as shown above. The collar frill is shaped by a fluted cutter. Flowers for the bouquet can be made of fondant or piped. The feet are cherries. Assemble pieces, as shown below, on the cake, which has previously been covered with marzipan decorated with a rolling-pin bound with plastic Alice hair-band, and the sides covered in chocolate nonpareils.



Christmas isn't Christmas
without a **Mayfair** HAM



In handy cans from 1½ lbs., 2 lbs., 4 lbs., up to 14 lbs.

Now is the time...



Now is the time for a fabulous fling. To dance and sing and really swing. But now is the time that perspiration odour takes over—even though you've just had a bath or shower. Now is the time for you to use a modern deodorant... Mum. Mum Deodorants are the safe, gentle deodorants—the deodorants you can trust. The special ingredient in Mum Deodorants, hexachlorophene, kills the bacteria causing perspiration odour and keeps you protected 24 hours a day. Mum Deodorants are the most convenient, most effective deodorants you can buy. They're absolutely safe for normal skins and cannot damage the finest fabrics.



Stay up-to-date dainty, with Mum

Choose from Mum Cream, 1/9.5/1, Mum Stick, 6/5, and Mum Roll-on, 7/6, at all chemists and quality stores

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

How young do you feel and look

Do you feel years younger than you really are? Are you fit and alive when you wake and sparkling with energy all through the day?

In Bile Beans you have the ideal family laxative for constipation and biliousness, indigestion, liverishness, sick headache, and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination.

Be youthful and gay all thro' the day—take Bile Beans, the laxative plus.

BILE BEANS

2/- and 4/- from chemists everywhere BB1



ALLY
IMPORTED
SALMON
"Best Value for Money"



920

* PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of plan No. 920 shows the attractive exterior with covered carport.

Carport forms front entrance

● In this house, plan No. 920 in our series, the roof has been extended to form a carport, which doubles as the main entrance to the house.

THE front door, off this carport, opens on to a spacious living-dining area, 20ft. by 17ft. A secluded sun-trap opens off the living-room through double glass doors.

This home has been designed for the small site, and is only 8.9 squares in timber and 9.5 squares in brick.

To save space, the bathroom and laundry have been brought together in the one room, 10ft. by 9ft. A kitchen, exactly the same size, has been designed next to the bathroom-laundry to save plumbing costs.

There are two large bedrooms, each with built-in wardrobes.

This house has a particularly attractive exterior.

The extended roof over the carport gives a long ranch-like appearance, and flower-boxes built around the sun-trap and beside the carport give added interest.

Plan No. 920 will cost £2950-£3350 built in timber and £3150-£3450 in brick.

These prices are approximate and do not include the price of your land. For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

Color consultants, interior decorators, lighting specialists, and other skilled advisers on the staff of the store where the Centre is located will assist you in furnishing and decorating your home.

If you have any trouble with plans, tenders, finance authorities, or your local council, return the plans or specifications, and the Centres will deal with your problems and return the plans as quickly as possible.

Carports and garages are not always shown on plans, but they can be incorporated in the design. Add approximately £175 to £250 for a carport and £235 to £400 for a single brick garage.

For a small fee the Centre will arrange for an expert to inspect the proposed site for you and advise about the house most suited to the land, your family's requirements, and your budget.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

ADELAIDE: John Martin's (Tel. W0200).

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's (Tel. J2311).

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd. (Tel. 50121).

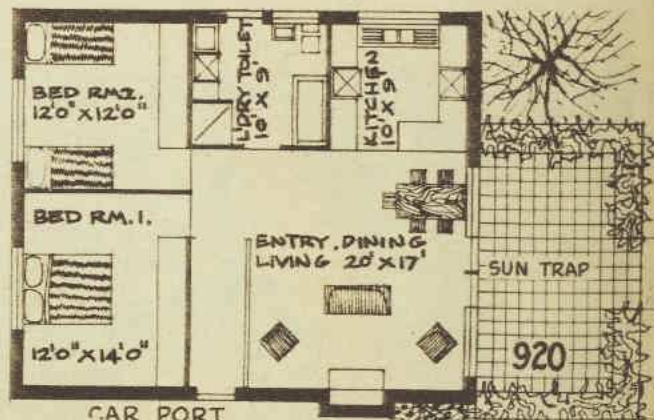
GEELONG: The Myer Emporium (X6111).

HOBART: Fitzgerald's, Collins St. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this centre).

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium (Tel. 32044).

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's (Tel. B0951, ext. 220). Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's (Tel. 7733).



CAR PORT

● FLOOR PLAN of design No. 920 shows the compact planning of the house, with bathroom and laundry combined to save space.

TWO READERS WIN CASH PRIZES FOR RECIPES

● This week the main £5 prize and £1 consolation prize for recipes have both been won by Queensland readers.

THE main prize is awarded for unusual kidney and rice patties served on pineapple rings, and the consolation prize for cherry liqueur cakes, which would be ideal to serve to Christmas and New Year callers.

All spoon measurements are level.

MEXICAN OVEN GRILL

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 finely chopped onion, 2 rashers bacon (finely chopped), 1 tablespoon chopped

red pepper, 1/2 ox kidney (which has been trimmed and soaked in cold salted water for 1/2 hour), 2 cups cooked rice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper to taste, 1 beaten egg, pinch cayenne pepper, 6 tinned or fresh pineapple slices, little extra butter, parsley, grilled tomato.

Melt butter in saucepan, add onion and cook until soft but not brown, stir in bacon and red pepper and the kidney, which has been chopped very finely. Fry until kidney is lightly browned. Transfer to basin, add the cooked rice, sauce, seasonings, and beaten egg. Blend all well together, form into six patties with

floured hands. Brush the pineapple slices with little butter, place in ovenproof dish, top each with patty. Bake in moderate oven 40 to 45 minutes. Serve hot garnished with parsley and grilled tomato.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Fredericks, 1 Rosewood Rd., Amberley, Qld.

CHERRY LIQUEUR CAKES

One and a half cups cake-crumbs, 1/2 cup finely chopped walnuts, 1/2 cup finely chopped glace cherries, 1/2 cup coconut, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup cas-

tor sugar, 2 tablespoons apricot jam, 2 tablespoons grated chocolate, 1 tablespoon sherry or rum, extra coconut or chocolate sprinkles.

Mix cake-crumbs, walnuts, coconut, and chopped cherries together. Place water, sugar, jam, and chocolate into top half of double saucepan, stir over gently boiling water until hot. Cook 5 minutes. Remove from heat, add sherry or rum and gradually work in cake-crumbs mixture. Form into small balls, roll in extra coconut or chocolate sprinkles. Chill until ready to serve.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Stirling, Church St., Beenleigh, Qld.

NEXT WEEK: In color, Easy Holiday Cooking

SUMMER COTTON KNIT

● This cool, attractive summer pullover is knitted in white cotton, and pink roses are embroidered on it after making up. The directions are given below.

Materials: Six ounces white, 1oz. pink (shade 6) Strutt's Milford Knitting Cotton No. 8; small quantity pale green for leaves; pair No. 11 knitting needles, pair No. 14.

Measurements: Bust 32, 34in. Tension: 7 sts. lin.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch (1 row knit, 1 row purl); inc., increase; dec., decrease; tog., together; m., make (by wrapping cotton once round needle); beg., begin; rep., repeat.

FRONT

*** With No. 11 needles cast on 96 sts. loosely in white and work 10 rows st-st., beg. with a p row.

Join pink and p 1 row. Next Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * along row.

Next Row: P, cut pink. Pick up white and work 10 rows st-st.

Turn up hem by picking up 1 st. from cast-on edge and k it tog. with corresponding st. on needle.

Work 23 rows in st-st., dec. 1 st. at beg. and end of 5th, 11th, and 17th rows.

Change to No. 14 needles and work 10 rows for waistline.

Change back to No. 11 needles. Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 6th row until there are 108 sts. on needles. Then continue straight until 90 rows

have been worked from waistline.

Shape For Sleeves: Inc. 1 st. at beg. and end of each k row 3 times, then cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows ***.

Work 8 rows straight. Divide For Neck: K 50, cast off 20, k 50.

Working on 1 set of sts. only, dec. 1 st. at neck edge of each k row until there are 36 sts. left.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 6 sts. at sleeve edge on each alternate row until all sts. have been cast off.

Join cotton at neck edge and work opposite side to correspond.

BACK

Work from *** to *** as for front.

Divide for back opening. K 60, turn, work on these 60 sts. until piece measures same as front.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of each alt. row (sleeve edge) until 18 sts. remain. Cast off.

Work other side to match. Sew up shoulder seams.

Using white and with right side of work facing, pick up and k 140 sts. round neck.

** Work 3 more rows in st-st., drop white. Join pink and k 1 row.

Next Row: K 1, * m 1, k 2 tog., rep. from * along row. Next Row: K. Cut pink, pick



COOL for summer, this hand-knitted and embroidered cotton pullover would look fresh and pretty for any outdoor occasion.

up white and work 4 rows st-st., cast off **.

Sleeve Edges: With white pick up and k 90 sts. along sleeve edge and work from ** to ** of neck edging.

Make up jumper by sewing side seams and press well.

ROSEBUDS

Work rosebuds in pink as desired all over the jumper. These are worked in chain-stitch, forming a small spot. The leaves are green lazy-daisy stitches.



SECRET OF THE SLIM SILHOUETTE

Want to slim safely? Then join the Vita-Weat Slim-O-Rama and take off unwanted inches the modern, sensible way. Vita-Weat Crispbreads are wonderfully satisfying... and you can serve them in dozens of different appetising ways. Send now for your free diet chart.



★ FREE DIET CHART

Peck Frean (Australia) Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 113, Ashfield, N.S.W.

Please send me a copy of your Vita-Weat Diet Chart.

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

Build a barbecue for holiday meals

● This easy-to-make barbecue or garden grill is ideal for informal entertaining, so now is the time to build it.

WE first published the directions for the barbecue in our issue of March 7, 1956, and ever since then have been receiving inquiries about it. We republish the directions at the request of many readers.

Materials required: About 97 common bricks for the semicircular grill; 60 common bricks for the bench walls; 4 concrete slabs for the bench top; 2 bags each of cement and sand; at least 3 iron bars to support a circular frame of

fine mesh-wire; trowel, hammer, level; bucket of water in which to soak the bricks before laying them.

Mesh or bars

If iron bars are preferred to a mesh-wire grill, reinforcing rod can be bought, cut in the necessary lengths, and set lin. to 1½ in. apart on the 7th layer of bricks, or as desired.

Set the barbecue against a wall or hedge in a fairly well protected spot on a site where the prevailing winds will not

blow smoke on the chef and the guests.

If the barbecue is set in a corner of a paved courtyard there is no need to lay a foundation. Otherwise you require a brick, stone, concrete, or concrete-slab base. To build a concrete base, a small quantity of gravel is also required.

To make this type of foundation dig a 3in. deep circle about 3ft. 8in. in diameter. Make a wet but not sloppy concrete mixture of 3 parts gravel, 2 parts sand, and one part cement, pour into a circu-

lar frame and level off. Cover with a wet bag and allow to dry off thoroughly before laying the bricks.

For the barbecue, lay the first row of 12 bricks flat to form a complete circle, using a mortar made of 2 parts sand and 1 part cement. On top of this row set another row of bricks in a complete circle.

Now build the semicircular wall by adding 9 layers of bricks in semicircular form as illustrated in the sketch. Each layer consists of 8 bricks.

After the 5th layer is laid (7th from the ground level), insert rods to support wire-mesh frame.

To make a grill from reinforcing rods, measure and cut rods in graduating sizes with a hacksaw and lay across the row of bricks at intervals of lin. or 1½ in.

Set in mortar

When you have placed rods in position, spread a layer of mortar before proceeding with the next layer of bricks.

The benches are built at right angles to the barbecue. They can be made any width, depending on the type of top used. Benches in the sketch have walls 3 bricks in length and 5 high.

Substitute flat stone or brick for bench tops if inexpensive ready-made concrete slabs are not available.

To give a neat finish to the brickwork, mark joints lightly with the trowel while the mortar is still wet.

When the job is finished, allow barbecue and benches to dry out for one or two weeks before using.



SEMICIRCULAR WALL of this barbecue need be of the thickness of only one brick, because a structure of this shape is capable of standing without extra support. Useful bench tops are concrete slabs.



Discover the secret of lovely legs...

discover Silkymit. So easy to use... so easy to ask for. Silkymit... the feminine way to smooth, hair-free legs.

Silkymit Single pack, 1/3 Triple pack, 3/-

Start the weekend well with **WEEKEND** 1/- from your newsagent

Now... much more nutritious
than corn itself...

*Far richer in essential Vitamins B1, B2,
Niacin and Food Iron Plus essential
Vitamin D not found in the grain itself.*

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES



Kellogg's
MANY MORE VITAMINS
than the whole grain itself

MANY TIMES MORE...

- VITAMIN B1**—for healthy appetite, nervous system and digestive organs.
- VITAMIN B2**—for healthy appetite, nerves, brain vigour and skin.
- VITAMIN D**—for strong teeth and bones (not found in the whole grain itself).
- NIACIN**—for clear, healthy skin.
- FOOD IRON**—to enrich the blood.

What's this? Kellogg's Corn Flakes even more sustaining than before! Hardly seems possible...but it's true! Those big, crisp sun-soaked flakes of corn are now crammed with vitamins, food iron and niacin to give you the added nourishment you need. And that special flavour! Every one agrees there ought to be a better word than—"Delicious"—just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes!

Serve the best-tasting, most nutritious cereals of all—**Kellogg's**

Trade mark registered. K617

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
MANY MORE VITAMINS
RICHEST TASTING MOST SUSTAINING

By two a.m., he had the train platform assembled, the tracks laid out, and the trains ready to run. Only he couldn't find the other transformer. He had found one, but he needed two. He had twice traced the course he had taken looking for the extension cord, but with little luck. He closed his eyes tightly and thought. Had he taken the extension transformer to the electrical store to be repaired last January, when he had disassembled the train platform?

Marian was appraising the manner in which she had packed the gifts under the tree. "You just undertake too much at Christmastime," she declared. Instead of blowing up, which she felt like doing, George got a very thoughtful look. He put the pliers down. His shoulders straightened. "Marian," he said, "you're right. I do undertake too much. But never again. I've just decided. Next Christmas is going to be the most efficient Christmas we've ever seen."

"Next year, long before this hour, the tree is going to be trimmed. The trains will be running. If I can't find a second transformer, it will be long before all the stores are closed. Next year, by this time, all our gifts will not only be bought but delivered. We will have a card index showing clearly who gets Christmas cards and from whom we receive them."

"By the time Christmas Eve arrives, we will most certainly not be in a frenzy like this. We will have eaten. We will quite possibly be sitting by the fire, sipping coffee or watching Christmas come in on Times Square over TV."

"That's New Year's Eve," said Marian.

BUT George didn't hear her. "We'll listen to Christmas carols," he was saying, "over the radio. We may even sing a few. But of one thing I assure you—we won't drive ourselves to distraction with all this last-minute stuff." Unlike the bulbs on the Christmas tree, his eyes were practically lighted. "I'm through with it," he vowed. "I'm finished. I've had it. No more—ever, ever, ever!" He looked at her. "What time is it?" he asked.

"It's three o'clock in the morning," Marian said, "from the song of the same name."

He squeezed his eyes shut, shook his head, as if hoping to shake out of it all memory of the past. Then he walked over to her, took her in his arms, and kissed her. "Merry Christmas," he said with great effort, and staggered out of the room, and climbed up the front stairs to bed.

Two days after Christmas, George came bounding into the house waving the evening paper. He kissed Marian, and, with his overcoat and hat still on, said, "Look! Clearance sale! Clearance sale! Clearance sale! Do you know why?" He stopped shaking the paper and just held it in his upraised arm.

"To get people into the stores," said Marian.

"Precisely," said George triumphantly. "The stores are empty. There are more salespeople in them than customers. You can shoot moose in Macy's and have your voice echo in Gimbels. Now is the time to Christmas-shop. Not last week. Not four days ago. Today."

"Darling," said Marian, patting the left lapel of his overcoat, "how do you shop for Christmas after Christmas? Remember? Christmas was two days ago."

George looked at her with a maniacal gleam in his eye. "You don't shop for Christmas after Christmas," he said. "Or right on top of Christmas. You shop before Christmas. Long before Christmas. You shop now for next Christmas."

George spent the following week setting up a schedule: ap-

proximately how much should be spent monthly for Christmas gifts, based on the previous year's spending. He checked newspapers at the public library, to determine just when the department stores were most likely to have sales. He used a red crayon to make circles around particular dates on his calendar, so he could remind Marian just when to go into town to shop.

He worked out with her a list of what to give to whom—with alternate choices. He set up a card index so that by December their Christmas cards—which, according to schedule, would be printed in August, addressed by Marian in September, and stamped in October—could be mailed.

He used blue crayon to circle dates that affected him. When to take pictures of the family for the Christmas cards. When to start the train platform. When to look for the transformers. When to check the number of extension cords in the house and where they might be found.

He set up so many checks that, actually, he kept way ahead of schedule. He took pictures of the family in June. The cards were printed in the middle of July. They were addressed before the end of August and ready for mailing by the first of September.

He saw to it that Marian wrapped each Christmas gift as it was delivered. It pleased him that their Christmas shopping, which had driven both of them to distraction for so many years, would—this year—be completely over and done with by the time Christmas arrived.

Early in December, the Christmas cards—stored now for three months—were mailed. Every gift required had been bought and wrapped. Those intended for friends on the West Coast had already been sent. The others were ready to be taken to the post office. This year, so far as George could determine, there would be no last-minute crisis.

He had even bought Marian's gift—and, so far as he knew, she had bought his. At long last, they could r-e-l-a-x as Christmas approached. It pleased him very much, and he derived additional satisfaction from realising that January would not bring an enormous spate of bills—all it would bring would be the need to make out the following year's schedule.

The week before Christmas, George had the train platform assembled and the trains running. He had the tree trimmed and lighted.

Since he could isolate no section of the house, the children were already playing with the trains and had broken an even dozen Christmas tree balls. In fact, they were beginning to tire of the trains.

The third day before Christmas, with nothing left to do, George suggested to Marian that they go out and visit some of their friends. Marian suggested they phone first. "Who," asked George, "should we call?"

"Whom," Marian corrected.

They decided to phone the Massingers. George dialled the number. Frances Massinger answered the phone. "Frances?" asked George.

"Yes?" She sounded impatient.

"This is George Enders. Marian and I wondered what you and Harry were doing tonight."

"What's anybody doing at this time of year?" Frances snapped. "Harry's out doing some last-minute Christmas shopping for me, and I'm

Continuing . . . THE MOST EFFICIENT CHRISTMAS

from page 17

wrapping gifts and addressing Christmas cards. Is there anything you need?"

"No," said George. "Marian and I just thought we'd drop by."

There was a noticeable pause on the other end of the phone. Then Frances' voice came back. "George, you and Marian haven't been drinking, have you?"

"Drinking?" George asked. "Why would we be drinking? We just thought we'd drop by and pay a sociable call."

"Forgive me for speaking plainly," said Frances, "but if you drop by tonight, it won't be very sociable. Harry and I are at each other's throats. We have so much still to do."

George decided to try the Morris. He heard the phone ring. Then somebody definitely took it off the hook. He called back and got a busy signal. "Let's just go out and drop in on some people," he suggested.

The Richmonds were civil but not warm. Clayton was trying to straighten the tree with wires.

FROM THE BIBLE

• "For I know that my redeemer liveth." Job 19:25.

Job is renowned for his patience during suffering. Here he announces his belief in a living Christ and in a life after death, when his troubles will be over.

Joan was in the dining-room, feverishly wrapping gifts. Aside from the fact that nothing was smouldering except Joan, the room looked like a transported section of the city dump. Clayton kept muttering about the tree. He would stand off from it, study it, and decide it was not yet vertical. Then he would return to the stepladder he was using and stomp on it as if he were trying to break each step. Joan, who was normally a chatterbox, was replying in monosyllables. Feeling that they were decidedly not wanted, George and Marian left after about ten minutes.

"I've never felt so unwelcome," said Marian as they drove away. "What do you suppose has happened to them? We used to have so much fun together."

"Let's try the Schneiders," George suggested. "Bill and Nell are usually always glad to see us."

SO, they drove to the Schneiders', walked up to the door, and banged the knocker. They banged it several times before the door opened and Bill Schneider looked cautiously out.

"Hi, Bill," George said enthusiastically.

Bill's expression never changed. "Hi," he said, as if he loathed the very institution of courtesy.

"Marian and I thought," said George, "that you and Nell—"

"I guess you might as well come in," said Bill, "but don't expect Nell and me to be civil. We're in the midst of wrapping Christmas gifts, trying to find out if we sent Christmas cards to certain people we got cards from, and just hoping against hope that by the time Christmas Day arrives, all we've got to get done will, by some miracle, be done. If you want a

drink, you know where the stuff is. Tonight's do-it-yourself night!"

Nell Schneider was on all fours in the living-room. There were rolls of paper everywhere, reels of ribbon, little gift cards, with string attached, saying "To" and "From," unopened boxes containing gifts still to be wrapped, cord, Christmas seals. Nell looked up briefly. "Hello," she said mechanically. "Merry Christmas."

"Nell!" Bill called from another room. "Did the Matthews send us a card last year?"

"How should I know if the Matthews sent us a Christmas card last year?" Nell yelled back. "That was three hundred and sixty-five days ago." She looked forlornly at Marian for a moment. "I—hate—Christmas!" she said vehemently.

Bill walked into the living-room. "By the way," he said, "have you people just decided to forget Christmas this year? I mean, just treat it like any other day in the year? After all, here it is just a couple of days before Christmas, and—"

"By December first," George announced proudly, "Marian and I not only finished all our shopping, all our wrapping, and all our Christmas card addressing, but we had everything paid for. We started last January."

Nell started rising slowly from the floor. "You don't mean it?" she said slowly.

"I mean every word of it," George retorted. "I made a vow last Christmas. I vowed that this Christmas would be the most efficient Christmas Marian and I ever spent. I—"

"George!" Marian cautioned.

Nell Schneider had risen about three-quarters of the way from the floor. She was standing ape-fashion, her arms hanging, her hair standing out crazily from her head. She lifted an arm and pointed at George and Marian. "You horrible, loathsome, impossible people," she shrieked.

George and Marian backed slowly out of the room. When they got to the hallway, George pulled Marian hurriedly after him to the door. Outside, they ran to their car, got in it, and drove away.

They visited no one else that night and, the following night, decided to stay home. George fell asleep reading the evening paper.

Marian called to him from across the room. "George! Wake up! Keep me company!"

"Hm?" asked George, waking. "What? What's the matter?"

"I said, please try to keep me company."

"Sure," said George. "Sorry I dozed off."

They sat and looked at each other silently for a while.

Finally Marian said, "This is perfectly awful." "What's awful?" George asked.

"I feel like a visitor from another planet. I don't feel part of this world. Everywhere Christmas is happening. But not here. There must be something we can do to get that Christmasy feeling."

"You mean," asked George, "that hopeless feeling? That feeling you'll never get everything done in time? That feeling you'll burst an artery? Or just blow up? That feeling you hate all humanity for sending you gifts and making you feel you have to send them gifts in return?"

"No," said Marian. "I mean that wonderful feeling that you're doing just a little more than is expected of you, more than you'd do under ordinary circumstances. That wonderful feeling of putting yourself out for other people. That warm, glowing, lovely, delicious feel-

ing of being part of Christmas. "George, you can't Christmas-shop in April or May or June—you can only shop then. There isn't the same excitement in the department stores. Or in the air. You're running counter to human nature. There aren't enough people around. There are no decorations. No music. You don't have that gorgeous feeling of forgetting about money and budgets and paying for things and buying what you do because you want to make someone happy, as if you were a drunken millionaire."

She walked over and sat down on the carpet at George's feet. "I miss it," she said. "I miss it terribly, George. What can we do to recapture it? I can't go through another day like this!"

GEORGE slid down on the carpet, too. He put his hands on Marian's shoulders. "I've got an idea," he announced.

"Not like the last one, I hope," said Marian.

"Not like the last one," said George. "Look. Tomorrow's the day before Christmas. We have all our Christmas shopping done. But that's for this Christmas. Between now and tomorrow night, let's get all our shopping done for next Christmas! That way, we'll always be a year ahead, yet never be out of things, never fail to share in the fun of doing everything at the last minute!"

Marian's face brightened. "George," she exclaimed, "that's wonderful! It accomplishes everything we want to accomplish and yet loses us nothing—except the opportunity to shop at bargain sales."

He took her in his arms. "I think that bargain-sale idea was the chief thing wrong with my plan. I'm still sold on keeping a year ahead; but when you give, you should really go all out—and the devil take the mortgage!"

They got to their feet and embraced each other. Marian was smiling at the same time as her eyes were welling with tears.

"Okay," said George. "Wipe the tears. Some of the stores are still open. Let's go!"

"And what about tomorrow?"

"I'll take the day off," said George. "You go into town with me in the morning."

"But how do we get everything wrapped?"

"We'll work right through Christmas Eve," said George.

"We'll turn on the radio and listen to carols. Suppose we don't get everything finished? We don't have to deliver our gifts till next Christmas, anyway!"

"But then we'll be so busy preparing for the following Christmas!" said Marian.

"So what?" George laughed. "Christmas is going to be around for a long time. This way, we'll be able to enjoy two Christmases in one! Can you imagine how particularly lucky we are?"

He was already in his hat and coat. He held Marian's coat for her. As she slipped into it, he put his arms around her and kissed her gently on the neck. He loved the warm fragrance of her skin and hair. "Merry Christmas, my darling," he whispered.

She turned and put her hands on his shoulders and looked at him with tinsel in her eyes. She started to return the greeting; but George lifted her in his arms, and the two of them said Merry Christmas in a way so much more meaningful and expressive than words could ever be.

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He continued thoughtfully, "Since the slain woman was a bank teller, it might be reasonable to assume that the subject was trying to force her to work with him in a crime similar to the one he is attempting to perpetrate here, and, when she refused, he murdered her."

Before the conference ended they discussed briefly the possibility that the subject might be working with an inside man in the bank. The S.A.C. thought that they were not pursuing this lead fully enough. Rip reported that they had made some inquiries into the backgrounds of the man whom Penny Townsend, the teller next to Kelly Sherwood, was dating; Miss Townsend herself; Peter Morrow, the escrow officer; and Frank Welk, the teller.

After the conference broke up, Rip assigned leads. Agents would cover golf courses, amusement parks, nightclubs, libraries and book stores, Mexican restaurants, and the principal movie houses and race-tracks.

In addition, the field office would send out "wanted" notices to all physicians, on the possibility that the subject might call on one for treatment for asthma, and to opticians and optometrists, on the possibility that he might need new glasses.

Rip kept for himself and for Branley, with whom he would be working, the lead suggested by the Bureau teletype, to determine if the subject were dating any girls of Oriental descent.

Before they left for the Chinese and Japanese areas, Rip placed two phone calls. One was to Kelly Sherwood at the bank. He had sent over the subject's picture with one of the agents on the bank surveillance.

She said now, "I see so many people. I may have seen him somewhere, but I don't remember him."

He arranged to meet her at four. "He thought to ask, 'How's Toby?'"

The lift came back in her voice. "She's in love with you, did you know that?"

He laughed. "I am with her, too."

He let her chat a little as her old self revived. It was miraculous what a laugh could do.

His second call was to Captain Moreno, who reported no developments in the death of Nancy Ashton. Moreno said, "I'm going to get my face slapped because of you. I've been looking at women's skirts, and they do zip up the left side, like you said."

By noon Rip and Branley had covered Chinatown, and after lunch they moved into Little Tokyo on East First Street.

They stopped at a judo school, the Nisei Trading Company, the Bank of Tokio, at the Fuji Drugstore, and the Kinema Theatre, where Japanese movies were shown with English subtitles for Japanese-American teenagers who knew only English. They went into fish markets, and bath-and-massage places.

It was gruelling and monotonous work. They were looking for a needle in a haystack. Rip remembered an instructor at the Academy saying, "But if a man tears a haystack down straw by straw, he finds the needle."

Eventually they found the needle. They turned into a side street that led to an American-Japanese Christian church, which in its architecture looked more like a Buddhist shrine. The pastor was effusively polite. "So nice to meet you," he said. "So nice."

He took one look at the photo. "You want this man? Yes, sir, I see him. Twice. I came out of church, and he was standing across the street, and waiting for one of my members. She got in the car with him. You want her name, of course, and her address. The name, it is Sheri Kimura, and the address, I will find it for you."

As he looked it up he continued: "I thought nothing of it, except that she didn't want her friends to know she was keeping company with a European."

He copied the address on a scratch pad. "Here it is, 4517 Harker Street. She lives alone in an apartment there."

She could be trusted implicitly, he said, if they wished to take her into their confidence. She worked as a cashier at a chain drugstore in downtown Los Angeles.

He added, "She is a Eurasian. Her father was Japanese, and her mother, she told me, was Spanish. They're both dead. I thought I should mention the fact. I find Eurasians sensitive people usually. They didn't use to be accepted by either the white or the yellow races, but that feeling has passed, thank the good Lord."

At the drugstore they learned from the manager that Sheri Kimura had been employed there for five years, starting as a salesgirl, and had an excellent record. She had



left the store an hour before.

At 4517 Harker Street they drove slowly past a boxlike, two-story apartment building, fronted with a manicured, postage-stamp lawn. Everything about it, as well as the neighborhood, had a neat, just-right Japanese touch, from a sheared hedge that led up a winding walk to cascading red bougainvillea over the entrance.

They located the postal substation, and talked with Sheri Kimura's mailman. He knew her, slightly, knew nothing against her. "If I've a registered letter, and the weather's cold, she always asks if I'd like a cup of tea."

He suggested that they talk with a neighborhood bank, where she had an account. One of the officers knew her quite well, but he had never seen her with the subject. "She's a swell kid," he said. "She was married for two, three years, but it didn't work out."

Next they stopped in a neighborhood drugstore. From a booth Rip called his office and a contact at the police department for a run of the indices on her name. Both checks proved negative.

Branley asked, "What d'you think?"

The only thing was to take Sheri Kimura into their confidence, in the hope she could and would inform them of Red Dillon's whereabouts. Rip reviewed the situation. "We've checked her out thoroughly—and not one negative report. And, except for the postman, they all know her well—her pastor, employer, the friend at

the bank. And she has no criminal record."

"But if she gets word to him

"I don't think it'd hurt too much. We'd get hurt some, sure, but it's not likely he's going to skip the city as long as there's a chance of picking up a hundred thousand. So what do you say we give it a try?"

Sheri Kimura's mailbox indicated she lived in Apartment 4, which was on the second floor. The building contained only four apartments.

One moment Rip was knocking, and the next Sheri Kimura stood at the door, breathtaking and exquisite. It was as though a flashing-eyed senorita from Andalusia had stepped before him, and also a demure, migrating creature from old Japan, and they had fused into one. Her white earrings bobbed against her tawny skin; her black hair was stacked in the latest fashion; her kimono was banded tightly in the midriff.

Rip identified himself and Branley, and instantly the curtain was pulled. She asked them in politely, but they felt hostility. It was in nothing she said, nor in a look. It was a cat tensing at a footstep.

"Please sit down," she said. The furniture was mostly American, and the room smart. The prints on the walls were Japanese.

"We must ask you to hold this in confidence," Rip began.

"All right," she said, sitting down.

"We're told that you know a man named Red Dillon."

"No," she whispered.

"Maybe you know him as Gar Dillon—Jim Montebello—Jim Cato?" He handed her the photo.

"No."

Rip continued, "We're looking for him on a murder charge. He killed a woman about your age, who had a year-old baby."

She smoothed out the kimono, not looking up. "I want to talk to my lawyer."

Rip felt the wind knocked out of him. "Of course," he answered quietly.

"I'll phone him."

"We'll wait, if you don't mind."

"Please do."

She passed them, gliding softly to a phone on a nest of carved teakwood tables in one corner. She sat on a matching chair, scarcely big enough for a kitten. "Sam," she said, "this is Sheri."

Rip and Branley exchanged glances. They listened intently, but the voice was too soft and low to carry distinctly.

She watched them as she talked. "I'm fine, thank you . . . Sam, two men from the F.B.I. are here asking me questions, and I think I'd better see you . . . Could you? . . . All right . . . All right. She hung up and turned. "He'll be here in about ten minutes." She started for the door to the kitchen. "I'll prepare tea—if I may leave the room."

Rip suppressed his mounting irritation. "This is your home, Miss Kimura. We're the guests."

Once she was gone, they both moved at the same moment, seating themselves so they had a view of both the kitchen and front doors.

She served the tea in silence. "Thank you," Rip said, and Branley echoed him. "What's the attorney's name?" Rip asked.

"Sam Sumoto."

They heard then a man's steps on the stairway outside. They were slow, contemplative steps, and as soft as a man's weight would allow. His knock was the same.

"Hello, Sheri," he said. As

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opened the door, they rose behind her. A shrewd-looking, smiling Japanese-American of about thirty entered.

Seeing them, he dropped the smile, and assumed a professional mien, though he was not cordial.

"Mr. Ripley, Mr. Branley. You're the first F.B.I. men I've met."

Rip and Branley stepped into the hall outside while he talked with his client.

"I think we just got our tail caught in a wringer," Branley said. "What do you suppose it's all about?"

Rip shook his head, worried. She's a mighty smart number.

"Everyone said she was a spy," Branley continued desperately.

Rip was analysing the situation. "The second I said F.I. . . . He trailed off.

A few minutes later Sam Sumoto joined them. "Okay, he knows the guy you're asking about. She swears she has never been involved with him in any crime, and I believe her."

told her to co-operate with me."

The way he said it prompted Rip to ask, "Will she?"

Sam Sumoto rubbed his back. "Her reason tells her to, but I don't know about her emotions. She has got a strong attachment for this guy, I can tell. But she says it isn't anything romantic. It's something with her. But you ask her herself. I'd like to sit in, if you don't mind."

They went back in. She smiled from the window and said humbly, "I'm sorry. I was terribly frightened."

RIP nodded in understanding. "If you'll tell me where we can find Mr. Dillon."

She answered tightly, "I don't know where he is."

Sam Sumoto broke in. "Listen to me, Sheri. You're a woman now, but if you do know and don't tell these gentlemen."

"I don't know, Sam. Honestly."

"Would you tell us if you did?" Branley asked.

"I can't believe he did what you say."

"That isn't what I asked," Branley came back.

"I said I didn't know where he is."

Rip asked, "When did you last see him, Miss Kimura?"

"A week ago Saturday. He picked me up when I got off work. We had dinner and went to a movie and then dancing, and he brought me home about two in the morning."

"You haven't heard from him since?"

"No."

"Are you expecting to hear from him?"

She nodded. "Sometimes he doesn't call for a month or two. He's out of town a great deal."

"Tell us when you met him, where, how long you've known him—all of that?"

She waited a moment before answering, her face a placid mask. "He came into the drugstore often and we would talk some. You know how it is. He seemed all right, and I went out to dinner with him one night about two years ago."

"What'd you think he did?"

"He said he was in finance, but I didn't ask him any questions. You ask what a man does and he bores you the rest of the evening telling you."

Rip smiled, and she relaxed a little. He talked along quietly, asking myriad questions, seeking to draw out details. She continued, courteous but skilfully evasive.

AT last Rip said, "I'll be frank, Miss Kimura. I've a feeling you're hostile to us, and I don't know why. You say your relationship with this man was very casual, that you saw him only once or twice a month, and surely you wouldn't hold any brief for him. Your pastor says—"

"I've told you everything I know."

Rip changed tack. "How many bedrooms do you have here, Miss Kimura?"

She was puzzled. "Two."

"We'd like your permission for two agents to stay in one—day and night—and we'll put a woman in with you. You can refuse, of course," Rip said.

"As a law-enforcement agency, we ask for the co-operation of citizens in helping us apprehend parties charged with crimes, but we never insist upon such co-operation. I want you to know that you have every legal right to refuse my request. This is your home."

He hurried on, "I'm hoping you won't, though. This man assaulted a girl who's now in a mental hospital. He has killed three people—a prison guard and a bank teller besides the woman I mentioned. He'll go on raping and killing, Miss Kimura, until we find him."

She nodded.

They left with Sam Sumoto, parting from him at the corner.

"If there's anything I can do, give me a ring," he said. Rip instinctively liked him. He had learned that Sumoto was a University of California gradu-

ate in law, married, the father of three children, and had the usual snapshots of them in his wallet.

From a drugstore phone booth, Rip called the General desk supervisor, filled him in with the skeleton facts, and asked for two agents to take up the vigil. He obtained the supervisor's approval, too, to request the police department to assign a policewoman to Miss Kimura's apartment.

For the agents who drew the duty, it would be a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. Once inside, they would have to remain until the stake-out was ended. If they came and went, they would attract attention.

SOME time later Rip and Branley met a block away from the apartment with the two agents. The four of them worked out the moves the two would make if the subject showed up—moves that would not endanger either Miss Kimura or the policewoman. With this kind of close stake-out, they could apprehend Red Dillon more completely by surprise than they could outside the apartment building. He would have little space to operate in, and there would be no small children running into the line of fire, and no pedestrians sauntering by.

An hour later, Policewoman Lily Taguchi arrived. She was a Japanese-American herself, twenty-four, and attractive. Once again, they held their conference in a Bureau car a block away.

"Thanks for coming," Rip said.

"I wouldn't have missed it for anything," she answered, smiling at him. "I've never worked with the F.B.I. before."

"You may get pretty bored. We just want you to stay in the apartment when Miss Kimura is there. We don't want you to ask her any questions or try to learn anything. We thought if you acted like you actually were a girl-friend who had come to spend a few nights—"

"That should be easy."

Rip continued, "We've worked it out, so I don't believe you'll be in any danger. But you never know in these situations."

"Don't worry about me. I understand. My father was a night watchman. He died walking down an alley one night. Just walking down an alley."

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talk about something else besides me."

She had to get control of herself. She couldn't go around blowing up.

They had planned to see a film, but she pleaded a headache. She couldn't imagine herself sitting for three hours and forty minutes in a dark theatre alone with her grinding thoughts. She realised she had ruined the night for both of them.

Before her house he turned off the motor and took her hand. She was conscious that the agents would be watching, perhaps the neighbors, perhaps even the killer.

Pete said, "I'm not good at talking, but I'm crazy about you."

His arms slipped about her, and he was holding her tightly, and his warm lips were on her cold ones. She went spinning into space, but the moment spent itself quickly. She pleaded that she must take a headache tablet, and he let her go. He was confused. He had felt the first response of a woman in love with a man, and then the limpness.

Inside the front door she looked for a note or a telegram. As she telephoned Toby, she experienced a flutter of hope. He had given up the plan. Something had happened to him. Surely he would have contacted her before this.

When Rip came through the door that evening Peg said, "You had eight characters in to see you this afternoon—and I mean characters."

"Yeah."

"They found their dog. Somebody saw the story in the newspapers."

"Well, what d'you know?" Suddenly he felt immensely good. "I don't know how one dog can stand up under eight boys."

"Don't you know?" Peg said. "They put extra stuffing in them when they make them."

He took a weary breath. "Guess that's what I need."

She bobbed her green earrings in the direction of the S.A.C.'s office. "They're waiting for you. Oh," she added, "I almost forgot. The boys are naming the hound after you. Meatball Ripley. Has a nice sound, hasn't it?"

He grinned, and passed quickly by her. Before the S.A.C.'s door he took a deep breath again, like someone wanting to pretend it was the start of a day. He walked into a room of low murmur. The S.A.C. glanced up from dictating to a secretary, nodded, and quickly wound up.

"Everybody here?" he asked, looking about at the agents seated informally around the desk. "All right, Rip."

Rip led off the discussion. Most of the leads set forth that morning—to cover golf courses, race tracks, libraries, and the like—had proven negative.

"I think he has changed his habits and interests," Rip said. "We've got a report here from the Oklahoma City field division stating that he considers himself a student of police methods. He has given up golf and libraries because he knows we'll be checking those places."

The S.A.C. commented, "He may have given up golf, but I doubt if such an active man would become a hermit."

Rip agreed. "No—he'd probably turn to some other sport." They decided they would cover bowling alleys and other sport centres the next day.

Briefly, then, Rip reviewed Dillon's career, as gleaned from almost one hundred reports written by numerous field offices.

Soon after the conference broke up, Moreno came by. "I had a talk with Popcorn,

and I've got a feeling—just a feeling, mind you—that he's holding out on us. My mama-cita always says, 'Trust your feelings, don't trust your head.'"

"She may be right."

Moreno nodded. "I think Popcorn knows where we could look for Red Dillon, but he figures it's a big story, and maybe he'll peddle it for good money to a newspaper."

"We can put a tail on him."

Moreno shook his head. "He'll spot it, Rip. He's expecting one, and he'll lead us on a walking marathon all over this city."

"Let's think about it. Must be some way."

Moreno rose. "That's not

her way. When she was convinced they actually were investigating Nancy Ashton's death, she relaxed her long taut body until it no longer pressed against the dress.

They too were cautious, remembering Nancy Ashton's visit to the field office, and her statement that she had come to obtain information for a close friend who had been involved in some kind of criminal activity.

"You knew her well?" Moreno asked.

She nodded. They had met at the University of California at Los Angeles. Since their graduation, they had got together at least once a week for a movie or dinner. "She was the only friend I had, and since my parents died, I'd looked to her when I needed

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why I dropped by. We've located a woman we believe was Nancy Ashton's closest friend. I'm on my way now to talk with her. Thought you might like to come along."

Her name was Deborah Samuelson. She was thirty-three, blond, tall, and poised, and wore a simple black sheath dress that gave her an illusion of glamor. She lived alone in the Hollywood hills in a two-hundred-dollar-a-month apartment.

She had a good, intelligent face. She would have looked right as an airline stewardess or a buyer for a department store. She talked slowly, feeling

to talk something through.

"What about other friends?" Rip asked.

"None close." She added carefully, "We were both in a type of work where it was difficult to make close friends."

Rip said, "A few days before her death she came to our office, presumably on behalf of a close friend who had taken part in a crime involuntarily. Miss Ashton wanted to know if this friend would be subject to prosecution if she came forward."

Her face was very white. "I think you're making this up." Moreno said, "We're not accusing you."

"But you're thinking it." "No," Rip said. "What about it—was she talking about herself?" Moreno asked.

"No. No, she couldn't have been. Nancy may not have had the respect of society, but she never would have raved on society." She continued, "I knew nothing about her affairs, really, because we had an unspoken agreement that we would never pry into each other's lives."

Rip drew the photograph of Red Dillon from his inner pocket, placed it before her. "Do you know this man?"

"Yes, of course." She looked at him inquiringly.

"Where did you know him?"

"He was her brother. I met him only once, about a month ago. He was leaving her apartment—it was about eleven—when I was coming in."

"I said to Nancy later, 'I didn't know you had a brother,' and she remarked she hadn't seen him in a good many years. She said it like she didn't care for him. You can tell, especially between brother and sister." She hesitated. "May I ask what you want him for?"

Moreno nodded. "He murdered a woman back in Oklahoma."

Rip went on, "What name did she give you when she introduced you?"

"Dill. She just said, 'I want you to meet my brother Dill.' She didn't give me his last name." She hurried on, "Look, I've levelled with you and I think you should with me. I'm not the close friend she talked about and I don't know who it could be. If you suspect me—"

Moreno repeated, "We're not accusing you of anything."

Rip turned towards the door. "Thanks, Miss Samuelson. You've been very helpful."

She said, "If I can help . . ."

She trailed off as they closed the door behind them. In the lobby they sat and talked. They agreed that the facts seemed to support this hypothetical reconstruction: Red Dillon had persuaded Nancy Ashton, or forced her under threat of death, to work with him in his scheme to obtain money from the First National Bank through Kelly Sherwood. Thoroughly frightened, Nancy Ashton had gone to the field office with the story about a "close friend."

Apparently she had committed a criminal act with her brother at some time in the past, since she feared prosecution.

Then he had become aware that she was about to expose him. Perhaps he had accused her, and when Rip and Branley called, she had remained silent in the apartment, either because he was there, or perhaps because she had changed her mind, or was confused and wanted time to consider.

Dillon had brooded, though, and perhaps entered her apartment while she was showering. When she emerged he had slugged her with a heavy instrument, then put a skirt and blouse on her and pushed her out of the window.

It was only a theory. The police would continue to work the case until all leads were exhausted. They might uncover a fact that would shatter the reconstruction.

Rip remained at the office until midnight, receiving reports and plotting leads. A few minutes before he left, the switchboard girl rang him. "I've a man on the line. Says he has info about the Sherwood case."

Rip straightened in the swivel. Only the Sherwoods and Popcorn, besides the F.B.I. and the police, knew about the case. "Put him through," he said.

When the man came on he began in a low, almost indistinct voice, "I've got some hot

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information to give you about one of your cases."

"May I have your name, please?"

The voice was curt. "It doesn't concern me."

"What was it about?"

"It's the Sherwood matter."

Rip pretended he wasn't acquainted with the name. "Sherwood. Sherwood. What kind of a case is it?"

"She's being threatened. You do have a case on her, don't you?"

"I don't know. I'd have to look it up. Why don't you come in and talk to us about the matter?"

"Maybe you don't have a case?"

"I'd have to check. But if you want to give me something over the phone . . ."

The man considered, breathing heavily. "Guess I'd better come in. What'd you say your name was?"

"Ripley. John Ripley. What time'll you be in?"

The voice squirmed. "Nine o'clock in the morning, be okay?"

"That's fine."

Rip tried to prolong the conversation without seeming to do so, but the other party hung up abruptly. The call had been too short to trace through the city's complex telephone dialling system.

Rip had heard the twisted "l" shaped like a "w." He had heard the asthmatic breathing.

At the same hour, the two agents posted in Sheri Kimura's apartment sat in the dark in the back bedroom, facing a door opening into a long, narrow corridor. Down this corridor they could see through the living-room to the front door, barely discernible in a shaft of faint moonlight.

They had agreed to sleep in four-hour shifts, but neither was sleeping, both being too keyed up by the possibility that Red Dillon would step through that door.

If he did, agents on surveillance outside the apartment building would follow him into the living-room, and he would be trapped. He could enter by no other route, unless he wanted to slip in a second-storey window from a ladder. They doubted if he would choose such a conspicuous means, but they didn't discount it. The doubtful, the impossible, even the ridiculous could never be discounted.

The evening had gone with a minimum of irritation. Miss Kimura had been coldly polite. Immediately on arriving, they had gone straight to the back bedroom, where they would remain virtual prisoners, out of sight in case any of her friends dropped in unexpectedly.

She had taken an immediate liking to the policewoman, Lily Taguchi. They had exchanged talk about their backgrounds. They both had gone to Uni High School in Los Angeles, although not at the same time, since Sheri was considerably older.

Sheri asked about the training Lily had undergone to become a policewoman, and how much she earned, and did she carry a gun at all times. The latter question, Lily realised, might be a pointed one. Conscious of the heavy purse, she parried it.

In the midst of cooking, the phone rang, and Sheri hurried to answer it. Lily Taguchi overheard her saying, "No, operator, there's no Mr. John at this number . . . No, the party has an old number. Mr.

John had this number before I did."

She returned to the kitchen, saying, "Long distance from Chicago for a man who had this number before me. I get a call for him about once a month."

Shortly after seven, Sheri slipped into a skirt and blouse, and left, saying only, "Don't wait up for me. I don't know when I'll be back. Will you be all right?" She indicated the back bedroom.

Lily smiled. "They're nice guys."

The remark was a firebrand. "I hate them—the whole lot of them. The whole damn F.B.I."

She was gone the same instant, leaving Lily taken aback. She watched below as Sheri turned to the right on leaving the apartment house, and walked with quick, short steps to the corner, where she disappeared. A car's headlights coming down the street in her wake would be the surveillance agents.

Lily Taguchi talked with the agents in the back bedroom for an hour, in whispers. They had a problem, that of silence. A man's voice or a man's movements might attract the attention of the people in the apartment below, if they had seen Sheri Kimura leave. The agents removed their shoes, and began cataloguing in their memories boards that creaked or groaned, and fur-

Culture is receptiveness to beauty and humane feeling. Scraps of information have nothing to do with it. A merely well-informed man is the most useless bore on God's earth.

— Alfred North Whitehead

niture which might prove a trap in the dark.

Sheri returned sometime after nine. Lily said, "I thought you were going to be up till all hours."

Sheri shrugged, and said little as she undressed. Her thoughts were grinding elsewhere. She bathed, laid out her clothes for the next day, and was asleep by a little after ten.

By midnight, Lily Taguchi was still awake. She slipped noiselessly from bed and into a robe. She crossed the corridor to the bathroom, took an aspirin, then returned to bed. Sheri Kimura never stirred.

The agents in the back bedroom listened then to the night noises. They listened to isolate an alien one. A dozen times they tensed at the groan of the steps outside. A dozen times they were mistaken.

Not fifty feet away from the Sherwood home, two agents sat in the neighbor's garage, in the tiny photographic dark room.

At eleven, Kelly's voice had come over the radio sending device. She and Toby were going to bed. The agents duly noted the fact on the log. After that, they reported each half hour to the "control" car parked up on Valley Vista. Everything quiet. They asked how it was up there, and a voice said, "Even the dogs've gone to bed."

They read the evening newspapers. They worked the crossword puzzles. They talked about their wives, their kids, their cases.

In Hollywood, another agent sat alone in the dark in a shoe-repair shop. He could look down an alley towards the

First National Bank's back door, protected by a steel mesh covering pulled across it.

Pete asked Kelly about her headache as she passed Escrow next morning, and her hesitancy was telltale. She never could remember a lie.

"It's gone," she said, and added, "Thanks, Pete, for last night. You're the greatest, honestly."

She could still feel where he had held her, his lips on hers. She pictured him about the house, fixing things; mowing the lawn; across from her at dinner. There had been many other fellows, but none she could ever fit into her life, which she knew was growing more circumscribed with the years. None she could share with the children she must have.

She was late to the vault by a minute. When she took her cash drawer, Mr. Welk put a seal about it. Once a month the bank ran its own check, always without notice. At window 5, she waited for Mr. Welk, who passed from one window to the next, breaking the seals, counting the money, and checking to see that the amount tallied with the sum reported on the batch run the night before.

When he had finished counting hers, he asked, "Are you all right, Miss Sherwood?"

"Of course. Why?" He offered no answer.

"What was that all about?" Penny asked later. "Next thing, he's going to make us stick out our tongues every morning."

The routine began. The checks from the clearing house were processed, the armored car arrived, and the guards with the money, the coffee break was taken, and the doors opened. Her first customer submitted a personal check for six hundred and fifty dollars.

She took it to Mr. Burkhardt for approval. All cheques for five hundred dollars and over required his initials.

He whispered, "Anything new, Miss Sherwood?"

"Nothing. I haven't heard a thing."

"Be sure to let me know if you do."

At 11.15 she left with Penny for lunch. The restaurant was crowded with pushing elbows and hips. In the far back they found a seat. After ordering, Kelly excused herself. As she rose she glanced backwards. She never had seen her shadows, and was curious to know what they looked like. She wondered what they thought of her, if she were a woman to them, or a name that walked and talked, or just a long, straight, slender back.

The rest-room was almost deserted. She went to the long wall mirror above the wash-basin and dabbed at her make-up. She was vaguely conscious of someone leaving a cubicle, a door opening, closing, opening.

In the mirror she saw a woman enter, a large person wearing dark glasses. The woman stopped quite still, looking about, and Kelly later remembered wondering why some people insisted on wearing dark glasses indoors. Kelly, her back to the woman, continued combing her hair. Then suddenly the comb clattered to the floor.

"Hello, Kelly." It was the voice in the garage. Except for his lips, which were thick and set tightly, he made an attractive woman. He continued, "Stand where you are, and don't try anything. I've got a gun on you, and I'll use it if you make me. Do you

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

understand?" He held a purse in an odd manner.

She dropped her hands to her sides, and turned slowly around.

Rip's voice came over. Don't cross him. Play along. "I haven't much time," he was saying, "so I'll give it to you right off. You take in a wad of money Friday afternoons. You must take in a quarter of a million sometimes. But I'm not hoggish."

She was certain he was studying her intently from behind the dark glasses. He was watching for a swallow, an expression in her eyes, any little evidence that she intended to betray him.

"You shove the take into your purse—and it'd better be a hundred thousand. And don't tell me you park your purse some place else because I happen to know you keep it on a shelf under the cash drawer. You walk out with it like any other time. Go straight home and then I'll get in touch with you—tell you where we'll meet for the split."

KELLY heard steps approaching the door, the knob rattling, the lock holding.

She said quietly, "But what happens when the customers start writing cheques next week and they bounce?"

"I've got it all worked out. You got nothing to worry about."

Nothing to worry about? Because I'll be dead by then?

He stepped close to her. By reflex she jerked her head away. Then caution reminded her and she stood perfectly still. She noted that his lips scarcely moved when he talked.

"I've got to frisk you. I've got to be sure."

He ran his hands slowly and carefully over her, every place where a gun or a transistor might be concealed. Her whole body hardened to hold itself unflinchingly in place. But eventually she could not keep the tremble from her legs, and she knew he felt the fear in them.

He rose slowly, bringing his eyes a foot from hers. The strong odor of tobacco and his heavy, difficult breathing took her back to the garage that night.

He kissed her lips hard and long. When he let her go she found that revulsion had momentarily supplanted fear, and she was surprised at the strength of her own voice. "If you ever do that again the deal's off. I'm in this for my percentage—my twenty thousand. That's all." She added, her voice tight, "And you're not going to kiss it out of me."

He studied her, a faint smile on his lips, his face a blank behind the dark glasses. "You're a beautiful dish—but I don't trust you as far as I could throw you. You just get ready to take delivery, you bring it. Remember that. Because I'll know if you get any fancy ideas about sending a decoy—you'll regret it. You'll sure regret it, Kelly."

He backed to the window, checked the alley, and climbed out. She walked unsteadily to the door, which was locked with a press-button in the centre of the knob.

Once again Rip and Kelly sat in the lonely, pretentious conference room, at the long, glistening mahogany table, the sun brilliant outside. He listened intently, but asked few questions.

She said, "If anyone had told me a week ago that I could have stood there and let a man like him search me..." She shook her head, trembling. Her voice, rattle, sounded

like someone else's. "And after you warned me never to go to a rest-room alone. I forgot. I don't know how I could have."

"I'm only sorry you had to go through it."

"I'd thought he'd phone." "Sometimes they do, and sometimes not, in these threat-of-bodily-harm cases. He wanted you to feel his hands actually on you—because that's a physical threat a hundred times more racking than a telephone call. Phone calls—well, they shock your nervous system, but the mind has a way of adjusting in time and easing the blow. But when he put his hands on you and kissed you, he figured that was the kind of final shock that would break you."

Rip did not tell her that Dillon, the egomaniac that he was, also had wanted to show the police or the F.B.I., if they were following her, that he could operate in their midst. This, the women's rest-room, was a weak spot in any surveillance. And yet, while it was a daring act, it was a foolish one, too, and he had taken a chance far beyond what he might gain. The act indicated that while he could give up golf and change his other habits, he could not forgo his compulsive flair for the theatrical.

"He had on a long, loose coat," she said, in answer to his query, "the kind that flares out. It was brown. And a brown cloche hat. A coat like that can disguise practically any figure. I didn't notice what was under it—maybe it was buttoned all the way up."

"It doesn't really matter," Rip said. "He probably ditched it at the first service station. Now tell me about Friday afternoons, the big deposits, everything."

"Well, you know we stay open until six on Fridays, and about four o'clock our large commercial customers start coming in with their cash and cheques for deposit, so they won't have to hold large amounts of cash over the weekend."

She continued, "Sometimes we get a heavy deposit in from sports events—fights, baseball, football."

"Could you get a hundred thousand into your purse?"

She smiled. "With the kind of purse I carry, yes."

"The bank never examines purses?"

"There'd be no point. If anyone wanted to embezzle, he could carry it out on his person."

Burkhardt joined them then, apologetic that he was late. His usual blithe manner was gone. "The bank wants to protect Miss Sherwood in every way," he said. "She mustn't take any chances for us." He turned to her. "I talked with the home office, and they instructed me to inform you that they appreciate to the fullest your co-operation in this matter, and when it's concluded they will entertain an application from you for a promotion."

"Thank you."

He turned to Rip. "Now what do we do?"

"It's possible we may apprehend him before the bank closes tomorrow. We've got twenty-eight hours."

"What about the money?" Burkhardt asked. "I'd let her have it if I were handling the matter. But I'm not, and I don't think the home office... A hundred thousand is a considerable sum if it got away from us."

"I wouldn't want the responsibility," she put in quickly.

Burkhardt said, "Could you make up a dummy package..." He trailed off, thinking, as they all were, that if Dillon made contact with her, and found the package of money a fake, she wouldn't have a chance. But, then, because he was a wanton killer, he would in all probability kill her even if the money were all there. And if she

didn't go through with it, he would hunt her down and kill her—and Toby—and go on to another victim. Any way you looked at it, Kelly Sherwood didn't have a chance.

Rip said, "Let's meet the situation when we come to it."

Burkhardt rose. "I must be going, if that's all. Let me know if there's anything the bank can do."

After he was gone, she said, "You know, I think I'm going to pieces. Now that he has set the time—I don't think I'm going to make it."

"Sure you are. There's always a letdown after a shock like you've just had."

She shook her head. "I don't know."

"I do—because I see a great many people in times of crisis, when their lives have been bombed out by a criminal disaster, and sometimes what I see, it isn't pretty. Many don't have the strength of character to hold up; others do. You get so you can tell."

"You'll have to 'clue me in' about tomorrow night, as Toby would say," Kelly said.

"Let's wait until tomorrow."

"You think there's a chance..."

"I want you to do something for me."

She didn't hear him. "Then you don't think there's a chance you'll get him before tomorrow night?"

"I don't know. We're going to move heaven and earth—and if we get a break..." He started over, "I've got an idea in mind. It's a little wild..."

"I just don't think I can go through with it—meeting him again. I mean."

"You went to meet him on Angel's Flight?"

"But that was an eternity ago. Two nights."

He raised his voice slightly. "I want you to do something for me. It sounds crazy, and I can't explain."

"You don't have to."

"I want you and your sister to go swimming when you get off work tonight, at that park in Sherman Oaks. If Jack wants to go along, it's okay."

She looked up in surprise. He went on, "I know the water will be cold at 5.30, but you needn't go in. Just sit around. You don't have to stay long. Say a half-hour."

A FEW minutes before five Rip walked slowly down Main Street and approached Popcorn, leaning back in his beach chair against a lamp-post. He was holding court, as was his usual custom at this hour. He advised his friends about their problems; he helped them when he could; and he picked up news tips.

A girl in her teens was talking with him. A negro man waited. He was pushing a large, old-fashioned baby-carriage containing a sack of groceries. An old sot steadied himself against a waste receptacle. Popcorn himself looked freshly bathed and dressed, his soft blue eyes sparkling.

Rip passed him. Popcorn never glanced his way.

Rip rounded the next corner, got into his car, and sat five minutes, timing it to the second. Then he drove a few blocks, and, at a crowded Broadway corner, eased up to the kerb. Popcorn slid in beside him.

As they pulled away, Popcorn settled himself comfortably and looked curiously about the car. He said, "I recollect when these rigs first came out. I told the wife they never would catch on."

"Never can tell," Rip put in, and wondered what catastrophe had dropped him on

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Skid Row, or had it been merely a long, slow disintegration? No one ever asked such a question on Skid Row. A man's past was one of his few personal possessions. He cleared away the throat hush.

"I may have a big story to-night, sir. Page one, maybe."

"That's what Pancho tells me." Pancho had set up the date with Popcorn, informing Popcorn only that Rip wanted to talk with him. Rip continued, "He tells me you may not sell it to us."

Popcorn slid Rip a devious glance. His old eyes crinkled with the zest of haggling. "You do have a little competition. I've got a standing offer from one newspaper. Twenty-five dollars for a top story like this, sir."

"Anybody else bidding?"

"I'd rather not say."

They crawled past Hollywood, which, from the freeway's elevation, spread out before them on the left. The Capitol Records Building spiralled into the air, round, like a stack of giant records, thirteen stories tall, with a huge needle on top.

Popcorn continued, "May I ask where we're going, sir?"

"Sherman Oaks."

Popcorn rolled the name around, trying to fit it in with the story. They took the Van Nuys Boulevard off-ramp, turned right on Huston Street, and pulled into the kerb near the Sherman Oaks Park. Rip said, "I've got something to show you."

Popcorn left the car slowly, puzzled. They followed a sidewalk, then crossed over the grass, coming to the pool.

Rip talked along easily. "You're in the newspaper business, and I know reporters. They're so busy getting the facts together and writing the stories that they don't get time to think what the stories mean to the people in them."

There was a coolness in the air, the first of the autumn, and the park was quiet because of it. They walked along the opposite side of the pool from Kelly, Toby, and Jack. Toby and Jack were in swimming.

Kelly sat at the pool's edge, dangling her feet in the water, facing into the slanting sun. She had unusual maturity and depth, Rip thought as he watched her. And she stood up to life. He doubted whether any easier alternative had ever occurred to her. Peg measured up, too, he thought, give her Kelly's added years. Circumstances hadn't exacted an early maturity as they had in Kelly's case, but Peg had her head screwed on, as his mother so often pointed out.

He said, "Those are the Sherwoods over there. That's Kelly, the older one. And that's Toby's boy-friend, Jack."

They stood a few minutes, watching as Toby shrieked when Jack ducked her head under water. She streaked then for her sister, and plopped herself up, dripping wet, beside Kelly.

Rip said, "I thought you'd like to see the principals in the story. The older one there will be dead by this time Saturday if Red Dillon pulls off what he has got in mind. Maybe he'll be dead sooner if the story hits the papers and he thinks she double-crossed him."

He paused. As for the younger one, Red Dillon got to one like her—she's in a mental hospital... He turned back toward the car. I just wanted you to know what they looked like," he repeated.

As they retraced their steps, Popcorn offered no comment. The man possessed a basic goodness, Rip thought. Yet the goodness might have been strangled long ago by the hunger and desperation that dogged each man on Skid Row.

WHEN they got into the car, Popcorn said, "You're asking me to suppress a news story, and I couldn't do that, Mr. Ripley."

Peg was leaving when Rip returned to the office.

"How's it going?" she asked with deep concern. Suddenly, he wanted to take her home, to sit and talk with her.

"Not so good. We can't seem to get a break."

She took his hand, squeezed it. "You will. What was it you told me once?—that every big case has a point of discouragement when it seems nothing will crack it, and then it happens."

She sent him a smile from the door, her eyes dancing. It was a smile to carry with him. As a boy, his mother had taught him to remember and cherish smiles and the happy words that people said, as he would a toy given him.

He sat at the old familiar desk, which was as much a part of his life as his clothes. By now most of the agents were gone, only a few lingering behind, engrossed in cleaning up details.

He scanned the log turned

in by the men who had run the surveillance the evening before on Sheri Kimura.

7.32—Subject leaves apartment building, proceeds north to Viking Street. Stops to talk with unidentified Japanese woman, about 50, weight, 120, height 5ft. 7in., dark brown hair, wearing dark print dress.

7.42—Subject proceeds to Little Tokio Tavern, joins man later identified as Sam Sumoto, attorney, drinks one Manhattan.

8.03—Subject leaves tavern, takes bus, sits by herself, third seat back of driver.

8.18—Subject leaves bus at Cheyenne Street, proceeds south one block, enters Dayton Hospital. Inquiries made of receptionist, who refuses to advise on whereabouts of subject in hospital.

9.05—Subject leaves hospital, proceeds north one block, boards bus.

9.18—Subject leaves bus at Harker, proceeds to her apartment...

He read other logs then. Starting at 8 a.m., four agents had instituted a surveillance at the downtown drugstore where Sheri Kimura worked. Two arranged with the management to take over a cubicle on a balcony. Through a peephole, set up by a detective agency to watch for shoplifters, they could see over the entire store.

These two agents were in radio communication with two other agents seated in a car a short distance down the street. The plan was this: If Red Dillon entered the drugstore the men on surveillance in the balcony would inform the agents in the car. They, in turn, would apprehend him as he left the store.

Rip rose wearily. He thought he would go to the hospital. Sheri Kimura might have been visiting a sick friend. Again, she might not have.

At the hospital he inquired for the night superintendent. The receptionist asked curiously what he wanted. He said he would tell that to the night superintendent.

"She can't be disturbed," said the girl, dismissing him.

"Thank you," Rip answered. He strode past her down the hall, and stopped a nurse. The receptionist came hurrying after him. "I told you—" she said.

"And I heard you."

The nurse showed him to the office of the night superintendent, who proved to be a businesslike woman in her forties with a dramatic white streak through her dark hair.

He identified himself, showing her the flat, black, wallet-like credential. "I must ask you to hold this call in confidence. A young woman by the name of Sheri Kimura came

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YOUR BOOKSHELF with Joyce Halstead

"Gone Away"

Dom Moraes (Heinemann, 22/6).

A poet—he won the Oxford University Hawthornden Prize for the year's best imaginative work in 1958—writes of the India he returned to after a few years in England. Dom Moraes is the son of the editor of the "Times of India," highly intelligent, Westernised, much travelled. He sees India again with the critical eyes of a sophisticated but with the sensitivity of a poet.

He visits Pakistan, Nepal, and the Tibet border. He and his friend Ved seek out the major poets, talk with students, writers, and philosophers. In New Delhi there is an interview with Nehru and with the Dalai Lama. Youthful whimsy mixed with man-of-the-worldliness gives tremendous appeal, and though he criticises—the abused liquor laws, the muddled political thinking, the starving, begging chil-

dren, the poverty and despair—he does so with affection and understanding. This is a remarkable travel book.

"A Woman's Love"

Jessamyn West (Hodder and Stoughton, 13/-).

A well-known American writer with an unusually expressive style discusses a woman's love for a man. In this beautifully written essay she says that loving is not the same as being "in love." Love comes from a thousand things, of daily expression and knowledge. In everything she does a woman expresses her love for her man; he can isolate himself from it, free himself to write a masterpiece or make a scientific discovery.

When a woman loses love it is as a death. Not only has she lost the dear physical presence but her whole life has lost all meaning. Many women will identify themselves with this perceptive study.

here last night. I hasten to add that Miss Kimura is not the subject of any investigation by our office, and I don't want any call to cast suspicion on her."

"You want to know why she was here?"

"You know her, then?"

"Just stay here a minute, please."

The superintendent disappeared, closing the door behind her. Rip rose and stood in a far corner, out of range of the door. He took a book from the shelf, discovered it was titled *Obstetrics*, replaced it, and found another. He pretended to read, but picked up every sound in the corridor outside: nurses scuffling by in their flat oxfords, a tray table being wheeled, voices low and muffled, a bell ringing in a far hall. As the minutes droned on, he was mystified and uneasy.

The door opened slowly and a six-year-old's face peered in, taking stock, as if he were on enemy ground.

The superintendent's voice came over. "Go on in. He won't bite you."

He had large, bright, almond eyes and dark hair neatly combed and pressed down. He walked with excruciating effort, one step at a time. He seemed about to fall, and Rip started towards him. The superintendent said sharply, "He can manage." She continued, "He was born without a hip socket on his left side. But we gave you one, didn't we, Joey? A nice plastic one. Other boys have to get along with old-fashioned hip sockets, but not Joey. Sit over there, boy."

Joey smiled up at her as he eased himself into her swivel. He looked at the wonders on her desk.

She said, "This is Sheri Kimura's son."

Rip took a chair across the desk from him. "Hello, Joey." This was a surprise business, but he was careful to suppress his reaction.

"And this is Mr. Ripley, Joey." She turned at the door. "I'll leave you two men alone."

Joey asked, "Are you a doctor?"

Rip shook his head. "I'm from the F.B.I." He took a gold-plated badge from his trousers pocket. He never showed it except to people who might not understand the meaning of the credential.

Joey examined it with widening eyes. "You don't look like Jimmy Stewart." He continued soberly, "He had a couple little boys in the movie."

"Yes—they were good kids."

"Are you here to kill a bad man?"

"I hope not. Maybe just arrest one."

Rip hesitated. He disliked questioning children. "How long have you been here, Joey?"

"Years and years. I guess ten years." He brightened. "The doctor said I could go home for Christmas." He added quickly, "But I like it here. My mother comes every night."

"How about your father?"

"Didn't you know? He's dead. He died when I was born."

"I'm sorry."

"That's all right. You can't know everything."

"What about relatives?"

He saddened. "I don't have any relatives. Except Uncle Dill. Only he's not my real uncle. Do you know Uncle Dill?"

"In a way. Does he come to visit you?"

"Sometimes."

Rip turned then as the door catch clicked. Sheri Kimura stood there, trembling.

"Mamma!" Joey yelled in delight, sliding out of the swivel.

She could scarcely control her voice. "Go back to your room, Joey."

"Mamma, this man—"

"I know who he is. Go on, Joey. Do as I tell you. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Painfully he made his way to her. She bent low to kiss him, hugging him tightly. Closing the door behind him, she leaned against it, her face ashen. She said through tight lips, her voice strident, "You cheap, two-bit copper, sneaking around hounding my boy."

Isn't there anything you won't stop at? Don't you have any decency in you at all?"

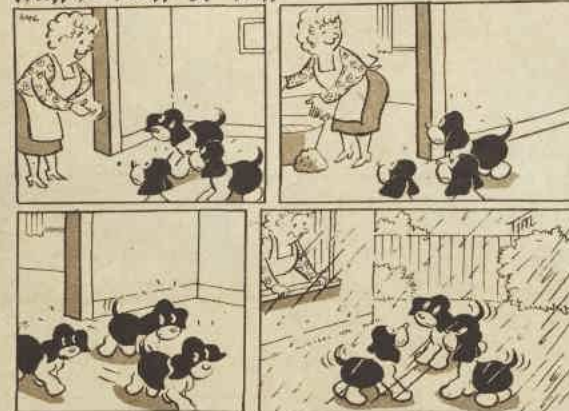
He waited, letting her fury run its course. He said evenly, "I've got a job to do, and the job's to keep alive someone who's going to get shot if I don't do it. I'll interview a three-year-old or a ninety-year-old, or somebody on his deathbed, if I think it will lead to a rapist and killer."

"If you ever again talk with Joey—"

"I'll talk with the boy when—"

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



ever I need to, Miss Kimura."

She didn't hear him. "He paid the bills for him, do you know that, copper? Yes, Red Dillon, the guy you're trying to tell me is a rapist and killer. If it weren't for him, Joey wouldn't be walking. It has cost thousands. And he paid because he loves the boy and sends him toys and clothes. He picks out the clothes himself. What Joey had on tonight—he picked it out. And you're trying to tell me Red's a killer."

She bit her lip to steady herself. Rip said softly, "Look,

Miss Kimura, I understand how you feel. He's one man to you, and another to us. But what he is to you doesn't keep him from killing anyone who crosses him. Everybody's got some kindness in him, especially when it comes to kids or a mother or a woman. But we can't let a murderer go around killing people just because he's kind at times."

"You're lying."

me up with all the love in his heart. We were close—very close."

She swallowed, fighting emotion, and Rip waited. After a second she continued: "That day my world crashed. We were given a few days to get ready. The Government was packing us off to a concentration camp. My Government, the flag I'd loved. Packing us off because of the color of our skin. We were Americans, Mister, but we didn't have the right kind of skin. A yellow skin might be a spy, a traitor."

All the resentment harbored for years spilled out. "My Dad lost everything. He sold palm trees for ten bucks that had cost him a hundred, and shrubs for a quarter that he'd paid a dollar for. Because you don't go off and leave a nursery for three years."

"So they put us under guard in a place in Arizona, behind barbed wire and with rifles ready to shoot us down if we tried to get out. They didn't have any gas chambers where they could put us to death, but he died anyway, broken-hearted, still loving the only land, the only country he'd ever known. But I swore when they put him in the ground—I swore—"

Reliving the scene, she broke. Rip looked away.

Rip knew that most Japanese-Americans had returned to their homes after World War II bearing no grudges. They were perhaps the only people in all history who had been so treated and who forgave their oppressors so readily. They decided that what was past was past and they must fit themselves to a new era.

All except a few.

Rip said, "That was eighteen years ago, Miss Kimura, and Red Dillon's today, and there's absolutely no connection." He continued, "What's more, if I remember rightly, it was a military order, and an action

which the Department of Justice opposed from the time it was suggested. The F.B.I. never made any request for such re-location."

He paused a moment. "Believe me, I understand how you feel, but your thinking's all wrong. Please give this some study—and talk with your attorney about it."

"I told you I don't know where Mr. Dillon is."

Rip said quietly, "At 7.12 last night you took a telephone call. Afterwards you told Miss Taguchi that some party in Chicago was calling for a Mr. John—that you had Mr. John's old telephone number." He waited, seeing her color. "There's no record that any Chicago operator put a call through to you—and the party who had your number before you never heard of a Mr. John."

She flared. "You're calling me a liar."

He continued, "I think Red Dillon called, you, and you two had a prearranged signal. If you said there was no party by the name of Mr. John at your number, that meant there was trouble, and he was to stay away."

She dropped into a chair, head sagging.

Rip said, "Don't get up some morning and read in the newspaper that this man's killed again, and have to live with it the rest of your life. Because, Miss Kimura, somewhere, some time a woman like you is going to die because of you, if you know where this man is, and don't tell us." At the door he turned. "You've got a swell boy in Joey. You've got a future to live for, if you can forget the past."

He was sweating as he walked down the hall. The receptionist's hateful stare followed him.

Outside he stood a long time, listening to what she had said, what he had said. He could have told her she would be an accessory, that she could go to prison. But he doubted if fear alone would be sufficient.

He had so little time.

To be concluded

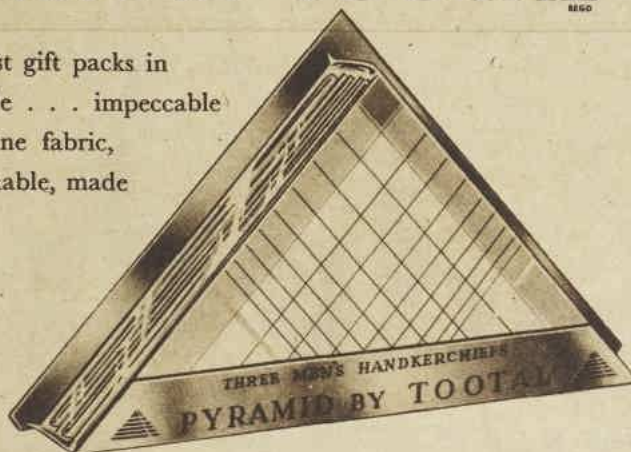
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GIFTS FOR THE WELL-DRESSED by

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Page 53

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Your Christmas party will really sparkle with Australia's most popular celebrating wine — Barossa Pearl. Look deep into this pale golden wine ... see the intriguing hint of sparkle ... tingling bubbles like tiny pearls rise in your glass to please your palate with a new stimulating freshness. From the first festive pop to the last bubbly drop, you and your guests will love it! The merriest Christmas party will be "more the merrier" with the gay sparkle of Barossa Pearl.

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WINES



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Barossa DRY Pearl

Barossa Dry Pearl is a little "less sweet" than Barossa Pearl—made for those who like a white, sparkling, table wine with a drier palate.

Barossa Rosé Pearl

Barossa Rosé Pearl is the red companion wine to famous Barossa Pearl and has the same natural pearl effervescence.



Continuing ... A VERY SPECIAL GIFT

from page 19

bitterness in her voice. Doug was a different kind of eager beaver. Success and money he had already won. Now the grail was something else. He called it simplicity, intellectual honesty, a chance to let his spirit breathe. He kept saying he wanted to get away from the rat-race and be free. Just how he hadn't decided. But Dorrit — real, unpretentious, warm Dorrit — was part of the picture. It sounded like another campaign: "Be real. Be poor. Be happy with Dorrit."

JUST as Mary left, the telephone rang. Dorrit answered it succinctly: "Edsen."

"Hi, Edsen," said Doug, in the warm tone that let her know he was alone in his office. "I caught a glimpse of you down the hall in your green dress and green hair ribbon. Very nice. Corny, but nice."

"Speaking of corn, did you like your present?" She'd shopped long and hard for something right, and when she finally had found it she'd been too impatient to wait until Christmas to give it to him.

It was a pair of cuff-links, so impersonal they might have come from a client; but they were clocks without hands, to remind him of a conversation they had had about time that counts (the time you feel alive, as they did when they were together) and the time that doesn't (the empty, leaden, unalive time).

"I am wearing them," he said, "and time has meaning because, my fine pretty Lady Greensleeves, I have a very special gift for us. Guess."

"I couldn't."

"Christmas!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean Christmas. At the last minute Evelyn and the girls decided to go to their relatives in Maryland, and I'm not due till Christmas night, thanks to a little skillful arranging. So we have Christmas. Bring your pink rose tree and pink champagne, and I'll bring me. Liz is away, isn't she?"

"Yes," Dorrit admitted. She turned and regarded the tree on her window-sill. It was so chic, so contrived. And so pretty.

"Look," he said. "Relax. It's going to be our last Christmas with basty preparations, and a gimmicky tree. Next year, a big green pine in our own place. And everything to go with it."

There it hung on the air, a declaration. She had dreamed of the many ways it might

come, and what it would mean to her, and how her heart would leap up. Now she was just stunned. And a little gnawing memory of something he had said a few seconds before pushed its way through her numbness—"thanks to a little skillful arranging."

It was another of her mixed triumphs. He had been able to give her Christmas. But what about the three children? However impervious they were, they had rights to a father on Christmas Day.

She forced a light tone. "You can't say something like that on the inter-office phone and expect an intelligent reply."

He laughed. "There's time later for intelligence," he said. "Let's synchronise our watches. I'll leave here at four-fifteen. You leave fifteen minutes earlier, at four. I'll meet you at your place."

And so the arrangements were left. In a daze, she gave out her other presents; stopped to visit a secretary who had lost her husband during the year; told the receptionist, who had been on a diet, that she never had looked better. And then, at three o'clock, a few minutes before the party, she faced the conflict boiling inside her.

If she were to go through with it, leave the party, meet him at the apartment, it would be the involvement beyond which there would be no retreat. The moment had come for her to make up her mind. And she was not ready. She needed time to consider.

Quite suddenly she found herself dialling her sister.

Marcia answered, surrounded by a confusion of noisy voices.

"It's me," Dorrit said. "No questions asked, please, but is there a train I can catch in the very near future, and is nobody sleeping on your sofa-bed tonight, I hope?"

"There's a three fifty-seven," Marcia said. "And of course you can stay." Then, because, after all, she was a woman, "The usual holiday blues, or something special?"

"Something special. And if I get any calls, you don't know where I am. Yes?" She was walking out on him, and he might be angry and worried. But that was better than going to him confused, as she was now.

"That's silly," Marcia was businesslike. "It invites the

possibility of the Bureau of Missing Persons. On the other hand, I happen to know you were invited at the last minute to a gay party in Majorca, or was it Brooklyn? You were called for in a Jaguar, or was it a jeep? ... Keep quiet, kids. ... Come on along. The bed-lam's fine."

Which is how it happened that Dorrit Edsen put on her coat and, without further ado, precipitately escaped from the office and walked three blocks south to Grand Central Station, from which the trains to Riverdale left.

Dorrit, in all the years she had lived in New York, had never got over a crush on Grand Central Station. She liked everything about it. There were its shop-lined passageways, a mixture of candy and frankfurter odors, a pageant of homy bakery goods, honky-tonk junk, wonderful book displays, and everything else imaginable, from brandy ice-cream to brassieres.

There was the impersonal hum of humanity, home-going, job-coming, train-catching. Even when Dorrit took the Lexington Avenue subway to work, she liked to walk through Grand Central and go up to the street by a back stairway few people knew about. (Maybe it's because it gives me a special feeling, she thought, a kind of inner-sanctum ownership. Which, she realised immediately, applied also to Doug.)

TODAY the station was filled with special excitement. Holiday crowds bound for the suburbs and for northern ski resorts were already gathering. On the balcony overlooking the main concourse, railroad employee choristers in red robes were carolling, and even the public-address system did not spoil the sweetness of their voices. Dorrit's mind went skittering back to the fancy that possessed her when she passed commuting trains.

There was a little house, not big enough to be pretentious, just right for the sculptors and the writers and the intellectuals Doug now liked to seek out. It would have no English setters. It would have small, dark-haired sons. It would have Doug.

Suddenly, she remembered Marcia's twins. Their big, official presents were in her apartment, and she'd better have something for them to-night. On the lower level was a small novelty shop that sold toys and tricks and miniatures. The shop was crowded, and she had to wait her turn. She was idly looking at miniature china salt and pepper shakers, absurdly shaped like a roasting oven and a turkey, when somebody tapped her shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" It was Bill Oberle, he of the golden sweepstakes, hatless, and seemingly a bit breathless. "I'm shopping, obviously. What are you doing here?"

He looked at her calculatingly, almost belligerently. Actually, except for a few chance meetings, it was their first conversation.

"Didn't you stay for the party?" she asked.

"No, I didn't. Didn't you?" What a pointless dialogue, she thought. Of course, he's meeting Anthea later, and they'll have dinner at some elegant, expensive restaurant, and he'll dance divinely, and he'll clinch the deal. And then they'll go to Oyster Bay for the weekend, where the old man holds court in his big Colonial house.

And there will be a large diamond, from some family vault, and Bill Oberle will have it made into a ring. Bill Oberle will have it made, period. Good work, she thought. And it couldn't happen to a more attractive young

man if you happen to like young men.

"I'm looking for small toys," he explained.

"For what age child?" she lashed out. "Twenty-one?"

His lips tightened and then broke into a grin. "Goodwill to men," he chided. "Actually, for my landlady's children. I stupidly forgot them, and I'd like to drop off something tonight, in case I decide to go home for the weekend."

She groped for remnants of memory. Where was his home? She'd heard once. Schenectady? No. Syracuse. He was rumored to have been a prize scholar at one of the smaller colleges and had originally planned to be an engineer. That was why he was in automotive at the agency.

"Well," she said, her chin and co-operative spirit rising at the same time, "those little china things are nice for girls, and the miniature cars and trucks make fine gifts for boys."

"Thanks. What are you looking for? A miniature blue marlin?"

Again the stab of exposed weakness, of shame and anger, of having to live with this sensitive, undefined status. She turned on him, her face burning. "I am buying some presents for my sister's children. And you can keep your clever remarks to yourself. The heir apparent ought to take a few lessons in diplomacy."

At that point the saleswoman approached them. "Are you people together?" she asked.

"No!" they shouted, so loudly the other customers stared.

The clerk showed them her wares together, anyway, and somehow their parcels were handed to them simultaneously and they reached the door at the same time.

"Say—" said Bill.

"Look—" said Dorrit. "I'm sorry. It is Christmas, and I'm behaving like a witch."

"I'm being on the gruesome side myself. Anyway, have a merry, as they put it."

"You, too."

They started to walk in opposite directions. Then, above the noise, she heard her name called formally, "Miss Edsen!"

She turned. He was loping towards her.

"Look," he said, "I'm sure you have a date later on. But how about a quick cup of Christmas cheer? Or a sandwich? Or something?"

"The public-relations department coming to the fore?" How nasty I am, she thought. I never used to be this way. It's just because I've tried so hard to keep up with Doug's easy, clever patter, his knowing appraisals of everything from restaurants to Russia, and the easiest way to sound clever is to be negative.

"Okay, if you're in that mood, forget it." He started to stride away.

Just in time she caught his sleeve. Oddly enough, even this small, accidental contact of fabric and her fingers moved her. Suddenly, this was not another character in an office gossip tale, but a flesh-and-blood man, an identity paralleling her own, a mysterious, masculine mixture of drives and problems and vulnerabilities. "No," she said, "I'd like very much to. Really. And the name is Dorrit."

"Give me your package, Dorrit," he said, smiling. He untied the red ribbon and tied their packages together. Then he led her to the stairway.

They went to the crowded, noisy cafe in the Hotel Commodore, where, against an uninspiring background of cold chromium and hard, shaded lights, commuters fortify themselves to return to their warm, cosy, wife-waiting homes.

"Look at everybody," Dorrit said. "Yuletide cheer, with a

vengeance. Most of it is about as hollow as a sipping straw."

"Oh, I don't know. An hour from now they'll all be home, trimming the tree, dandling the babes—"

"Dandling the babes is right."

"Stop it," Bill Oberle said.

"You sound like a girl-about-town. And you're not really, you know."

"Thank you. Or is it a compliment?"

He shrugged. "I should know. I've seen enough of them in the past few months."

SUDDENLY she thought of Doug. What was she doing here with a stranger, when Doug—the unattainable, the attainable—was waiting to take her in his arms and promise her the world? By now he would be wondering what had happened to her. He would be phoning her apartment, calling Marcia. Oops. The three fifty-seven to Riverdale. She herself had better call Marcia. "Would you excuse me a minute?" she asked. "I have to make a telephone call."

Bill nodded.

"I'm going to miss my train," she warned Marcia.

"The next is four twenty-five," Marcia said. "But don't change your mind. Even the kids and my in-laws are better than being a patsy for the rest of your life."

"Did you reach him?" Bill asked when Dorrit returned.

"It wasn't him. It was my sister in Riverdale, where I am going for the evening and undoubtedly for the weekend. Not that it's any concern of yours. I'm not prying into your affairs."

"Oh." There was a long, embarrassed pause. "You know," he finally said, "I have to check a lot of things with our famed, brilliant V.P. He's quite a guy, and I hear that it's the real thing with that girl in the copy department."

"Thanks," she answered laconically. "And who do you

To page 62

SOLVE-A-CRIME

By A. C. GORDON

• The "eternal triangle" figures in this week's mystery.

YOU and the distraught man, Charles Drexall, enter the darkened house, and as you go into the living-room you switch on the lights.

On the floor lie the bodies of Drexall's wife, Celia, and Austin Dalbey. A gun lies close to the fingers of the man. Drexall calls your attention to the note in the typewriter.

You pull it out and read it: "Celia would not give up her husband for me. I killed her, and now I'm going to kill myself. Austin Dalbey."

"I had learned that Celia and Dalbey had been seeing each other," explains Drexall, "and through the grapevine I learned they were meeting here in Dalbey's house tonight."

"I came here to confront them, but before entering the house I peered under the blind into the living-room here.

"I was horrified to see Dalbey suddenly snatch up his gun and shoot her. Then he rushed over to the typewriter, wrote something, then shot himself."

"What did you do then?"

"Nothing for a minute. I was too sick with the horror of it. I had to lean against the side of the house for a minute."

"Then I hurried down to the phone-box on the corner and phoned you."

"Did you know Dalbey well?"

"Not very well. I saw him at a number of parties we attended, but I had no idea he and Celia were seeing each other—until just a day or so ago. And now the note tells me she was true to me."

"You needn't go on," you interrupt. "I'm taking you on a charge of murder!"

What is your clue?

Solution on page 62

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Curlypet is good for underpet too. soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean healthy and fragrant.

— A week's treatment, 4/6

Curlypet

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SOCKS BY FITWEAR, HUMPHREY LAW, SUTEX BY JOHN HOPKINS, HOLEPROOF, JOHN BROWN.

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Page 56

You couldn't please a fellow more! Give him **BRI-NYLON** socks for Christmas and know that you're giving him style and comfort — and miles more wear from every pair. And if you're buying for someone on your own darning list, don't forget that **BRI-NYLON** socks rarely need the needle! Ease your shopping load this Christmas. Just write '**BRI-NYLON** socks' alongside the names of your menfolk — and the job's as good as done. **BRI-NYLON** socks by leading Australian manufacturers.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960

SHOW BUSINESS



• **PERRY COMO**, one of the most popular singers on Australian TV. Perry is known as "Mr. Nice Guy," and the quality that has given him this title is apparent and helps to make his show an enjoyable hour. Perry is an object lesson to singers. He ignores the kindergarten actions, the finger-clicking, and general "choreography" that singers these days seem to think essential. He just stands there and sings, which is what singers are supposed to do.

Flavour in a flash!

BREAKFAST

Keen's Mustard

A delicious addition to any breakfast dish



LUNCH

Keen's Mustard

Put it on frankfurts — put it in hamburgers before cooking, for that extra tangy taste.



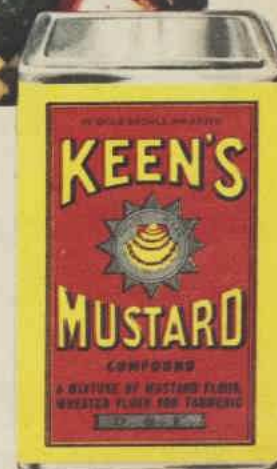
DINNER

Keen's Mustard

A "must" for dinner — either in food or on food. Mustard Sauce made with Keen's gives the gourmet's touch to either hot or cold meats.



MUSTARD FOR MAN APPEAL on food or in food, Keen's Mustard adds extra man appeal to meals . . . gives food that added tang men really go for. Keen's gives a fresher, more appetising flavour to sauces, dressings, savouries, relishes, pickles, canapes, hot or cold meats, soups, fish and all seafoods. Be a clever cook — use mustard in all your cooking and . . . **put mustard on the table for every meal!**



Everything's big about this party

By NAN MUSGROVE

- Channel 9 is arranging with the South Sydney Leagues' Club what surely must be Sydney's biggest-yet Christmas party.



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What finer gift than a Gilford Automatic Electric Jug! Here's the wonder jug that automatically boils water, switches itself off, saves electricity . . . and just can't boil over! Make this a Gilford Christmas!

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Don't let harsh summer sun and salt sea air make your hair dull, dry, brittle and limp. Use just a small amount of Vitapointe daily to dress and condition your hair—the cream vanishes . . . only the glow remains!

A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

Vitapointe
OF PARIS

The Perfect CREAM HAIRDRESS AND CONDITIONER

V.62.26

THE party will have 1000 guests of honor and an estimated 10,000 to 20,000 other guests.

The party is at Redfern Oval on Sunday, December 18, from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m., and will be telecast live between 3 p.m. and 4 p.m. All children are invited.

Santa Claus will arrive at the oval at 3 p.m. by helicopter, accompanied by Channel 9's popular Desmond Tester.

The guests of honor, 1000 strong, are children nominated by the Smith Family. These lucky tots will sit in the centre of the arena with unlimited amounts of soft drink, lollies, and sausages barbecued on the spot, for their pleasure.

They get a present, too, a lucky programme full of words and music of the Christmas carols and songs they will sing, and non-stop entertainment for two hours.

All the other children get the same entertainment and attention, but goodies are provided for only the lucky guests of honor in the centre of the arena.

Helicopter ride

Presents will be given to the first 3000 kids to arrive at the party, whoever they are, and every child also receives a programme.

The programme is important. Every one is numbered. The child, and his parent or guardian, who holds the programme with the lucky number gets a ride over and around Sydney in Santa's helicopter and comes back to the party later.

The kids with the programme one off the number of the winning programme get a consolation prize of a giant Christmas stocking. And it really is a giant. It stands 10 feet high.

"Giant is the word for the whole party. The biggest doll in the world will also be there presiding over the Christmas tree. The doll, which stands 22 feet high, is as tall as the tree.

The doll, made of plastic, blows up to her giant size. She is a copy of a French doll called Jacqueline, who was displayed in Paris to raise funds for World Refugee Year.

Sydney people will see Australia's Jacqueline for the first time at the party.

The entertainment is rich. Heading the list of TV personalities who'll be there doing their stuff are Bobby Limb and Buster Fiddess, Ken Howard, and Reg Grundy.

Smoky Dawson and his

horse Flash will be there, too, and there will be chariot races, clowns, tumblers, acrobats, drum majorettes, and the Keystone Cops flat out after a rabbit (South Sydney's mascot), and Desmond's own comic car.

Desmond bought the car for £7/10/- and is having it converted to a nonsense car specially for the party. It will squirt water, fall apart, explode, jump and buck about, and generally add to the fun.

Rolf Harris of "Tie Me Kangaroo Down," complete with wobble boards, will lead the community singing and later the carol singing.

It sounds as if it will be a colossal two hours for the 20,000 lucky enough to get in.

Last year I went to Channel 9's party for children, at which only 1000 kids were present and which was also arranged and compered by Desmond.

It seemed to me to be a nightmare to even think about the organisation necessary to make it the big success it was, but Desmond loved every minute of it.

When I heard that up to 20,000 were expected for this year's party, I quailed at the thought—but not Desmond. Once more he's enjoying every moment of it, madly enthusiastic about it all. I am sure everyone at the party will be the same.

A bouquet for June

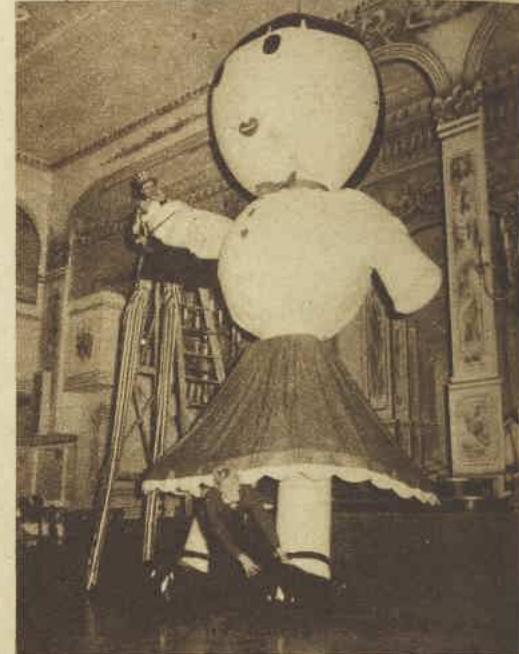
A BIG bouquet for June Dally-Watkins, whom I nominate as the woman with the prettiest face and manners on TV.

It's a rare combination. So many women look wonderful till they speak, when their nerves betray them into a lot of gaucheries, or sound wonderful and look ghastly.

Miss Dally-Watkins as a panel member on Channel 9's "Teenage Mailbag" is a pleasure to watch and to listen to. Her advice is ob-



June Dally-Watkins.



● Jacqueline, the biggest doll in the world (22ft. high), who will be at Channel 9's mammoth Christmas party for the Smith Family Appeal at Redfern Oval on December 18.

viously straight from the heart, sincerely given. She's got very definite opinions, too, and at times doesn't hesitate to disagree strongly with other panel members.

"Teenage Mailbag" is an entertaining programme all round. It gives teenagers a lot of sound advice and gives adults a keyhole glimpse into the worries and hopes of teenagers.

Phil fell flat

PHIL SILVERS to me is the funniest man on TV bar none, and it was with more than ordinary pleasure that I turned on to see the first of the A.B.C.-TV's Phil Silvers specials. I was disappointed. Silvers was good, but the show was too long.

It was a parody of every TV Western, done in the "High Noon" style, called "The Slowest Gun In The West."

The more I see of parodies—and we've seen plenty on TV—the shorter I think they should be. This one, even with Jack Benny appearing late in the piece, got up and died after about the first 20 minutes.

The good part was the casting. Every "heavy" ever in a TV Western made up the population of Primrose City, where Silvers, The Silver Dollar Kid, became the sheriff.

Silvers battled on, the

same old fast-talking con man of the Army camp, but a show that lasts an hour needs more than a star.

The good part about the show is that each of the four Silvers spectaculars is different, so there's more than a chance that the programme will come good.

Last Saturday night was the funnyman's night in a big way. Bob Hope was in wonderful form when he appeared on Channel 7 with guest stars Perry Como and Ginger Rogers.

Now there's a woman for you. Ginger, over whose age we'll draw a veil, really did look good except in those wicked TV close-ups. She is slim and pretty still, and danced divinely.

I'm sure there were sighs from many a living-room as her old pictures with Fred Astaire were recalled.

Adam Troy romance rumor

THE latest buzz from Hollywood is that Gorgeous Gardner McKay, "Adventure in Paradise's" dashing Adam Troy, is about to marry. The woman who has persuaded him to this drastic step is fashion model Dolores Hawkins, of New York. She's recently moved out to Hollywood to be near G.G., although the cats of the colony say it's to make sure his eyes don't roam.



KEVIN CORCORAN (centre), who plays the title role in "Toby Tyler," is entertained between scenes during the shooting of this circus comedy by a quartet of genuine clowns (from left) Duke Johnson, Abe "Korkey" Goldstein, Harry Johnson, Eddie Emerson.

Circus boy

A RUNAWAY boy joins the circus in this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer comedy, "Toby Tyler." Berated by his harsh uncle, orphaned Toby Tyler (Kevin Corcoran) disappears under the visiting big top. In this world of sawdust and glitter, Toby meets a variety of colorful circus folk, works for Harry Tupper (Bob Sweeny) — a fast-talking lemonade-and-peanut vendor — and teams up with "Mr. Stubbs," a personable chimpanzee.



IN this touching reunion, Toby Tyler finds it hard to forgive his mischievous pal "Mr. Stubbs." Toby's constant companion in the circus, "Mr. Stubbs," is played by the talented chimpanzee actor, Marquis, Junior.

THE FINISHING FESTIVE TOUCH . . .

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TOMMY STEELE as Tony Lumpkin

Tommy stoops to conquer

From BETTY BEST, in London

● The average age of the kids playing hopscotch outside the stage door in Waterloo Road was nine.

THE night was wet and windy, so the game was designed as much to keep them warm as for the sport.

They dropped it like a shot when they saw me coming, and I noticed each small fist clasped a piece of paper and a stub of pencil.

Before I could get through the heavy swing-door they were all around in full cry: "Are you Tommy's wife?" "Garn, she's too tall." "Well, yer never know. Are yer?"

"No, sorry." "Told yer she wasn't. C'mon, they're not 'ere yet." "We don't want 'er autograph. She's no one."

They were so right. There's only one person who goes through the massive stage door of the Old Vic who means anything to the kids who live in the tenements of Waterloo Road and its environs.

Not Sir Laurence Olivier, Sir John Gielgud, Robert Helpmann, or any one of the famous stars who have made it London's greatest theatre.

These kids had never heard of them, and couldn't care less if they did.

It's the local kid they're after. The Boy from Bermondsey, who probably had his own pavement hopscotch pitch only half a mile from here less than 20 years ago.

Triumph

Who, if anyone had told him he would one day star in a classic production in this sanctum of Shakespeare, would have either wondered what they were talking about or quipped: "Knock it, mate. That's for squares."

But recently, when Tommy Steele opened as Tony Lumpkin in Oliver Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," he brought the house down, took 14 curtain calls, and had an immediate offer from Old Vic Director Michael Benthall to play another season as soon as he could.

If Tommy had ever needed to prove he's an all-round performer with talents which far exceed rock-n-roll, he's done it for all time.

Not only his old fans from the Palladium days who fol-

lowed him over the river and packed the gallery to see a play they had never heard of, but the Old Vic regulars and the London critics, who had feared that this was a casting gimmick, have succumbed to the new Tommy.

The morning after the first night he had pictures and headlines in every newspaper.

London's conservative "Daily Telegraph" raved: "Tommy Steele turns a part that is usually just a country lout with a loutish sense of what is funny into a cocksparrow with quicksilver in his veins. And he will bring off more than this. For he can speak a line with point and intelligence as well as display exuberant high spirits."

"The Times" soberly praised: "Mr. Steele gives the impression that he is conscientiously learning his new art as a straight actor."

Even those of us who had always been fans were a little overawed by such unanimous acclaim. As I knocked on his dressing-room door three nights later, I had a moment of qualm that the old Tommy might have changed in such a rarefied atmosphere. I should have known better.

Certainly the white velvet breeches and the calf-length riding-boots were a bit of a shock, but above them beamed the toothy grin of the same old "mate," and, in spite of two minions standing by, Tommy himself opened the door and wrung my hand.

"C'mon in, Bet, and make yerself comfortable. Glad yer came in time to see me new make-up."

"I can do it meself now, but it was quite a caper at first. Peggy still comes in every night before we go on to see if I'm okay. She's marvellous."

I knew straight away that nothing had changed. For the past three years I have never met Tommy without his paying someone else a compliment in his first sentence.

This time it was for Peggy Mount, the stentorian North Country comedienne who plays Mrs. Harcastle in her first Old Vic season.

The telephone rang then, and Tommy made his excuses

not only to me but to his dresser, George, and went into the passage to take it.

From out in the corridor came a conversation such as Old Vic can never have heard before.

In quiet, businesslike tones, Mr. Steele was negotiating for the rights to a new rock-n-roll number he had just heard on an American record.

"Knew it was a hit soon as I heard it. Yes, that's what I mean, it really bounces. Thanks for letting me know, mate," and he was back, having made arrangements which will probably earn him more in the first week of selling the new disc than the whole Old Vic season will do.

SHOW BUSINESS

For, let's face it, Tommy's not taken to the classics for profit.

It is rumored that he turned down a £2000-a-week contract at the Palladium to earn £60 in Waterloo Road.

He wouldn't comment when I asked about this, because, he says, "You should never talk about the things you decide not to do, only the things you have done."

But he was prepared to appraise the relative value of each job when he said, "To work in a theatre like this under a good director is the

greatest experience any entertainer could have."

But Tommy nearly didn't have it. He was in Melbourne when Old Vic Director Michael Benthall had the inspiration of casting him as Tony Lumpkin.

"I got this cable, see, and I thought it was a gag," said Tommy.

"When I found out it was real I said to myself, why on earth me? Yer see, I thought it was a gimmick."

"But I'm never one to say

no to something I know nothing about, so I went and bought the play and read it. Course, for the first time. Never heard of it before."

"But I didn't think it was funny. No, really. I still don't think it is, when you read it. It all depends on the way it's put on."

"Anyhow, then I told my manager to cable back no, though by then I'd worked out that the Old Vic don't trade on gimmicks, so they must've been serious."

"Well, then, why do you think Mr. Benthall asked

you?" I interrupted. "Was he always a fan of yours?"

"Nah, he's the boss here," said Tommy, pitying my supposed ignorance.

I didn't get time to point out that being the "boss" of the Old Vic and a Steele fan didn't seem incongruous to me.

"He'd seen me in 'Cinderella' last year, and seemed to think it was all right."

What Michael Benthall had said to me after that viewing was: "He's one of the most professional performers I've ever seen. We must have him at the Vic one day."

Tommy came back to England and got married. Then he went to Blackpool for his madly successful summer show.

The Old Vic was forgotten in his usual concentration on the job in hand.

Second offer

But they hadn't forgotten him. And on the second offer he began to feel he should "have a try."

"The Friday before the first Monday's rehearsal I came in here for a meeting with the director and some others," Tommy said.

"They asked me how I intended to play the part. Imagine, they asked me."

"I said as a northerner, on account of the name Harcastle, which struck me as a North Country name. It had never been set in the north before."

"Well, Mr. Seale, the director, thought it was a marvellous idea, so I got working on my northern accent."

Just like that—no wonder Michael Benthall called him a pro. No wonder they want him back again.

There would be few well-established straight actors who would attack a brand-new kind of part with the concentration, enthusiasm, and conscientious attention to detail that Tommy has lavished on Tony Lumpkin.

"As soon as we went into rehearsal and Mr. Seale began to help me, I knew I could do it," said Tommy.

"Within the first week I really knew Tony Lumpkin. To me he is as alive now as I am."

"Puck" next?

"What about doing Puck next?" I asked.

(This is a part I've always wanted to see Tommy do.) "Dunno, really. Let's get this one finished first."

"After that I'll be pretty busy for a while, back in the music game. It's really my game, yer know. I love the music."

"But about Puck. Well, when I'm finished with this show I'll read the play. Don't laugh, I haven't had time yet. Then I'll see if I think I could do it."

"But I wouldn't like going into just any theatre. Anything else would be a bit secondhand after the Vic, now, wouldn't it?"

"Tommy, some critics have said that they think you should drop talking about liking sausages and mash and walking around the Old Kent Road and always reminding people you come from this part of the world. What do you think?"

"I think that's all rot," he said, looking really serious for the first time that evening.

"Anyone that's born in an area and isn't proud of it and doesn't want to show off a bit about it has no right to be born at all."

"I'll never stop talking about it. It's home."

"Maybe you couldn't stop," I said. "Maybe you've got a chip on your shoulder."

He threw back his head and roared.

"You've put yer finger right on it, Bet. I think I'm fighting for it all the time. That's why I did Tony Lumpkin."

And that's why those kids will always be at the stage door.



North Country comedienne Peggy Mount as Mrs. Harcastle and Tommy Steele as the bumptious country squire, Tony Lumpkin, in Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," at London's Old Vic Theatre.



The Queen Mother shares a joke with Tommy Steele backstage. Centre is Old Vic Director Michael Benthall, who first had the idea of casting Tommy for this role.

Sean Flynn has all Papa's charm

● "Sean could charm Satan out of the underworld," said an Irish movie make-up woman.

SEAN FLYNN — the late Errol Flynn's seldom-seen, handsome 19-year-old son by his first wife, former actress Lili Damita—was on the set of "Where The Boys Are," a romantic college comedy in which he recently made his screen debut.

Soon after his parents were divorced, when he was four, Sean's mother spirited him away from the "corrupting" atmosphere of Hollywood, and settled down in Palm Beach, Florida—the millionaire's retreat on the State's Gold Coast.

In Palm Beach, Sean was kept out of the limelight, attended an exclusive private school, and stayed as far away from Hollywood as his mother could manage, although he spent many a summer vacation with his father in Flynn's yacht Zacca.

"But acting is in my blood," Sean said, "and I guess Mother has resigned herself to the fact that I shall one day follow in Father's and her own footsteps."

The prospect of another Flynn in the movie world should thrill female audiences. But is Sean a chip off the old block?

When the late Errol Flynn was his son's age he had already sailed round the world several times, been involved in romances with older women, and was looking for new adventures.

Conventional

Sean, however, seems to be cut from more conventional material. He thoroughly enjoys the exclusive life he has led and has no desire to go tramping round the world.

"We just aren't living in a romantic age," he said. "Life is too serious, and although I've a mind of my own I don't intend to fight society unless there is a pretty good reason for it."

Although Sean knew that sooner or later he would have to come to terms with his plans to act, he made his screen debut in "Where The Boys Are" quite by accident.

Socialite-turned-actor George Hamilton, one of the film's stars, has been his friend since they were small boys. Both were at the same school.

When Hamilton went home for a vacation before beginning work on the film in Fort Lauderdale—150 miles northwest—he talked Sean into taking a featured role.

"I told him it would be a good idea—that we'd have fun," Hamilton said. "He thought it over for a few days, talked his mother into



THE late Errol Flynn and his first wife, Lili Damita.

giving her approval, then took me up on the offer."

Sean's friends claim he tried unsuccessfully to talk his mother into accompanying him to Fort Lauderdale. She consented to his plans, but she wouldn't become an active partner in them.

"History repeated itself on our first day on location," Hamilton said. "There were a lot of holidaying kids there and they were all after Sean. Why, I hardly signed a half dozen autographs during the two weeks' shooting."

Any location unit is bound to attract a contingent of reporters, and when the unit has an added attraction like

young Flynn, it becomes a journalists' mecca.

"Sean knew he was bound to be asked questions—maybe embarrassing ones—about his father," said one of the assistant-producers. "Flynn's death and the Beverly Hills scandal were still news. When I asked him if I should keep the reporters away, he said 'No. I've nothing to hide and I won't start running away from them now.'"

"Sean handled himself like a veteran. He didn't try to evade the issue. He admitted his father had a reputation for high living, but this wasn't the father he knew."

"My dad," he told them, "was a great guy—and a real friend to me. We had wonderful times together and it's not for me to judge his private life."

Although Sean is quite a man with the ladies, he is decorous and gentlemanly with them.

"Sean and I dated in Florida," said glamorous Dolores Hart, another star in the film. "He's the perfect gentleman—he does those little things, like opening doors and pulling out chairs, which make a girl feel feminine."

"He's quiet and reserved," said singing star Connie Francis, also working on "Where The Boys Are." "He's not a big bag of wind, but he's no wallflower, either."

Sean's role in the film was completed in a week, but he remained on location for the second week just for fun.

When the unit broke up and returned to Hollywood, Hamilton invited Sean to be his guest. Sean refused, not wanting to hurt his mother's feelings any more than necessary.

"She really dislikes that town," he told Connie Francis. "I guess she was hurt there."



SEAN FLYNN, the late actor's teenage son, had all the girls swooning over him when he went to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to make his film debut in "Where The Boys Are."

New Films

With Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above average
★ Average No star—poor

★★★ SPARTACUS

The ace cast triumphs in a jackpot-spectacular. Headed by an inspired Kirk Douglas as Spartacus—the Thracian slave goaded by Roman cruelty into leading his serf army in a desperate freedom struggle—and Sir Laurence Olivier, an impressive patrician, the seven top-billers lose their A.D. identities in B.C. characters.

What this 209-minute epic lacks in "Ben-Hur" highlight it more than compensates with sustained, gripping—if at times gory—excitement. The action is fast, camerawork tremendous, and the dialogue spiked with well-timed humor. —Forum, Sydney.

In a word . . . MASTERFUL.

★★★ EUGENE ONEGIN

This Russian operatic film haunts. While Tchaikovsky's music tears the soul, poignant voices, delicate color photography, and tormented, graceful action wring the heart. A wistful dreamer, Tatiana (Ariadne Shengelaya), offers undying love to Onegin (Vladimir

Medvedev), a dashing young dandy, who politely refuses it. As the wretched girl struggles with inner pain—her tumult emphasised by the happy-go-lucky nature of her sister Olga (Svetlana Nemolyaeva)—the film takes on an ethereal quality. The dubbing of Bolshoi

Studio gossip

MARLON BRANDO has accepted a role on a "guest star" basis in the film about the life and execution of Caryl Chessman. Brando's long-time friend, Montgomery Clift, stars as the convict who spent 12 years on San Quentin prison's death row. The most-in-demand actor today, Brando will do the film because he is against capital punishment.

JANE POWELL, known the world over as the singing girl next door from her score of merry musicals, is about to shock the public. For Jane is forming a film company to

Theatre soloists is excellent.—Gala, Sydney.
In a word . . . POIGNANT.

★ ANNA OF BROOKLYN

Not-so-funny comedy, with Gina Lollobrigida as a wealthy young widow who returns to her Italian hometown to find herself a husband. Word gets around, and bachelors come flocking. Finally, Gina, who has an incongruous vocabulary of schoolboy slang, gets the man she's after—the village blacksmith. Vittorio de Sica plays the blundering parish priest effectively. P.F.—Victory, Sydney.

In a word . . . MISSES.

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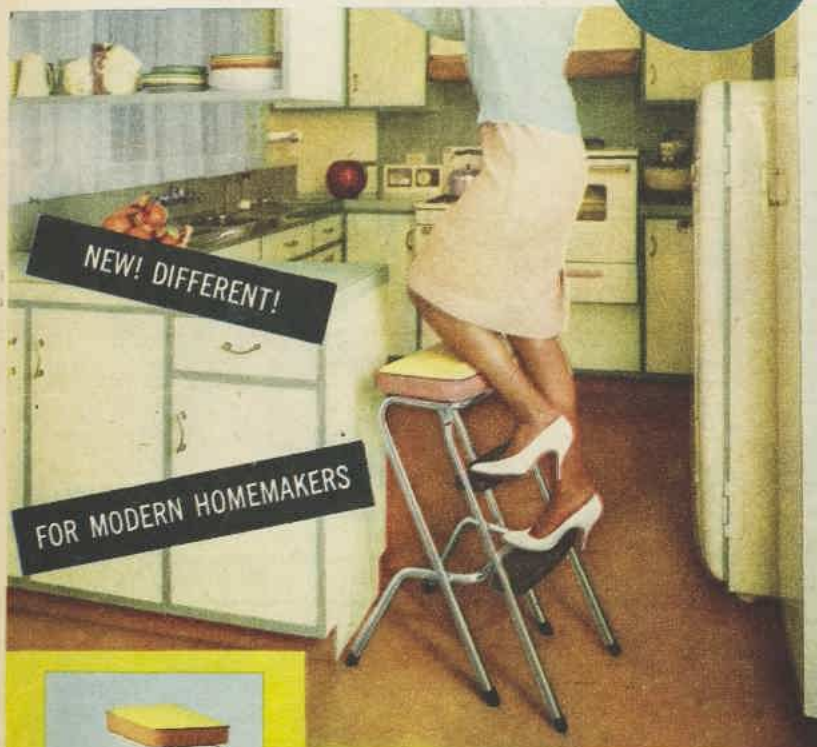
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Continuing...

A VERY SPECIAL GIFT

from page 55

think will win the World Series next year?"

"There you go again. Why should you sound so angry? As a matter of fact, I happened to be in his office this afternoon when a call came from his house, and I should imagine you'd be as happy as a clam."

She eyed him with resentment. There it was, rising up in her again—the helpless, unclean feeling. "As a matter of fact," she said slowly and with emphasis, "and I repeat it's no concern of yours, and you have no right listening to other people's telephone calls—as a matter of fact, I am as happy as a clam, and I am spending the weekend at my sister's in Riverdale, alone. While you undoubtedly will hit the gossip columns and end up at a big family Christmas party in Oyster Bay."

He took a deep breath, as if he were about to have a tooth pulled without anaesthetic. "Wrong," he stated. "I was invited to Oyster Bay. I had a date to go tonight with a gay group to the Persian Room, on somebody else's credit. I had pale green orchids ordered and a pretty speech all prepared."

"I had my life mapped out, and it looked very easy and very nice. And then something happened, and you know what I'm going to do? I'm going home to get my bag, give my landlady's kids their presents, and come back here and catch a train to Syracuse."

"But what happened?" And what happened to you, too, Dorrit Edsen? she asked herself. Cold feet? Cold heart? "Nothing you can really put into words well," he said, and there was a smoky look in his eyes. "I just made a decision. A decision that, if I have the courage to stick to it, may make a man out of me instead of a guy-trying to do it the prepackaged, fabricated way. I gave myself a Christmas present. A very special gift."

"What is it?" Odd; this was the second time she'd heard that phrase today.

"A gift that only I could give myself. It isn't very fancy, but it's going to come in handy as life gets thicker."

"What is it?" There is some-

thing about a young man, she considered. His pliancy is real. He can admit defeat without being defeated. There are so many places he hasn't even seen.

"My self-respect."

She looked at him. He looked like Doug, and then, again, he didn't have the slightest resemblance to him. It was one of those prodigious moments when out of the tangled threads of circumstances and emotions a clarity suddenly occurs. Sometimes it is a lightning bolt of wisdom in a book that, in an instant, can light a problem, illuminate a lifetime. Sometimes it happens between people.

SOLUTION TO SOLVE-A-CRIME

(From page 55)

When you entered the fateful room, you had to switch on the lights. If the room had been in darkness, Drexall could not have witnessed any crime through the window, nor could Dalbey have typed a note.

Your suspicions are that Drexall committed the actual crime, and in his nervousness was careless enough to switch off the lights when he left the room.

My self-respect? Wasn't that it? Her self-respect, too. The dignity that comes from facing and living up to the truth of what one is and what one really wants. Wasn't that the clue to her impetuous running away? Even if she had got what she had thought she wanted, it wouldn't have been what she really wanted.

Doug might have gone through with a divorce, but she would have been haunted by the knowledge that a man who walks out on one family can always do it again. And then, too, with Doug it would have been a second round, another instalment in his driving search for the wild blue yonder. Or, more likely, they would have gone on in the same shadowy fashion, and she — and the magic between them — would

inevitably have lost freshness and value.

Perhaps the real trouble was, she realised as she looked at the man across the table from her, that her love for Doug had been so much looking up. Real love is a give-and-take on an equal plane.

"You haven't said anything," Bill said.

DORRIT replied, "I'm sorry. I was thinking." She knew he sensed he had made a direct hit on her situation, too.

"Of course," he added, "it's going to be tough. I'll kick myself. I'll blame myself for hurting a girl who actually is a very nice girl, by the way. I probably will have to look for another job."

"You'll find one."

"And another girl."

"You'll find one."

How strange it is, and how wondrous, she reflected, that the gifts from heaven are never-ending in their variety and their multitude. Hope always hides there, ready to be born, and new entities in human relationships are always possible in a world full of remarkable people who suffer and learn and always come back for more.

"How would you like to come to my sister's for dinner?" she asked. "If you'd like to see what happens to a girl-about-town when she gets enclosed by playpens, you will have a living example."

"I would," he said gravely. "I may be better at playpens than at water skiing and chacha-chasing. And blue marlin, too."

Oh, Doug, said her heart, already I can joke a little about you, and not feel as if I am being totally disloyal.

"You are bringing who with you?" Marcia shouted on the telephone. "Never heard of him. But if he's free to spend Christmas with you, hang on to him. Christmas is for people to spend with each other."

It certainly is, Dorrit thought, hanging on to Bill's arm as they went down a secret stairway to the Riverdale platform. Grand Central, for example, never had seemed more exciting or more promising.

(Copyright)

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Aromatic root-stocks get the girl in strong winds (10).
- Nothing more to mix for a famous lover (5).
- Tape, square or cubic used by Shakespeare for the same (7).
- Rob a cat (Anagr., 7).
- Right to detain goods mostly a deliberate false statement (4).
- Duration which you can emit (4).
- On the 2nd of January, 1900, with the "Notebooks of a Spinster Lady" Queen Victoria was not (6).
- The god of love can be sore (4).
- A Titan for a collection of maps (5).
- A superior accessory (7).
- Prickly shrub with yellow flowers (5).
- I am sent to Europe to these wineshops (10).



Solution of last week's crossword.

- A red root (Anagr., 8).
- These weapons not only kill in great quantities, but can be used as mob tombs (4, 5).
- Name it resident (6).
- Portuguese colony (3).
- Overlapping boards across a window without you are for lovers (7).
- Widgeon or pochard (4).
- An Arab prince in the mire (4).
- A vessel with a wick which isn't heavy will chase away the darkness (9).
- A net herd (Anagr., 8).
- More TNT can cause extreme pain (7).
- Though an elderly married woman outwardly she is a man (6).
- This pain is caused by a rose (4).
- Part of the neck written with a pen (4).
- Man produced by an automaton (3).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- A red root (Anagr., 8).
- These weapons not only kill in great quantities, but can be used as mob tombs (4, 5).
- Name it resident (6).
- Portuguese colony (3).
- Overlapping boards across a window without you are for lovers (7).
- Widgeon or pochard (4).
- An Arab prince in the mire (4).
- A vessel with a wick which isn't heavy will chase away the darkness (9).
- A net herd (Anagr., 8).
- More TNT can cause extreme pain (7).
- Though an elderly married woman outwardly she is a man (6).
- This pain is caused by a rose (4).
- Part of the neck written with a pen (4).
- Man produced by an automaton (3).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 21, 1960

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney, Postal Box 4, G.P.O., Sydney. Address readers should forward orders to Box 66-D, Hobart, Tas., or to Box 444, Wellington, N.Z. C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

BARGAIN PATTERN
F5895.—Blouse has rows of tiny pleats and a round neck finished with a bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5889.—Frilly shortie nightgown has matching negligee. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 10yds. 36in. material and 8yds. ¾in. lace edging. Price 4/9.

F5891.—Attractive tennis frock has square neckline, box pleats. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6.

F5805.—Slender-line frock with button detail on bodice has matching hip-length jacket with huge collar. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9.



F5895



F5889



F5891



F5805



F5920

F5331.—Matron's frock has optional short or long sleeves, wide collar, and unusual front-pleated detail. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Short-sleeved style requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Three-quarter-sleeved design takes 3½yds. 54in. material. Both styles take ¾yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F5920.—Charming button-through frock for summer days. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, 1 2-3yds. 36in. contrast, and 2½yds. lace edging. Price 4/9.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 386.—BOY'S PLAYSUIT
Cute outfit for a little boy is available cut out in good quality head-cloth ready to sew. Colors are green, white, lemon, and blue. Sizes 2 and 4 years, 19/6; 6 and 8 years, 21/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 387.—LUNCHEON CLOTH
Unusual butterfly-design luncheon cloth is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on pink, blue, green, cream, and white Irish linen. Cloth measures 36in. by 36in. Price 21/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 388.—WILLOW-PATTERN LUNCHEON SET
Luncheon set with willow-pattern design is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on good quality cream and white Irish linen. Place mats are 2½ each, centre mats 3/3. Postage 3d. extra.

No. 389.—GIRL'S FROCK
Gay striped cotton frock in pink, blue, turquoise, and red, with white stripes and finished with white poplin, is available cut out ready to sew. Sizes 4 and 6 years, 39/11; 8 and 10 years, 41/6. Postage 4/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



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AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning December 19



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Luck in the morning.

★ Rise and shine; an early start will get through that long list of things to be done and leave the evenings for pleasure, entertainment. A little adventure, probably on a shopping trip, could have an enjoyable aftermath. A sudden invitation, an unexpected gift may lead the way to romance for the young and fancy-free, but you won't know it's love yet.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Saturday.
★ Luck where least expected.

★ You go to a dull party, as you supposed, and have a wonderful time. You discover that a member of the opposite sex you meet is a fascinating personality. You may receive a compliment over what you had regarded as a disadvantage. You may be asked to join a group you have long admired from a distance.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, silver.
★ Gambling colors, silver, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.
★ Luck in social life.

★ You will be meeting an extraordinary number of people, for your popularity quotient is high. You learn much, evolve attractive schemes through a series of conversations which will be important. Some of you successfully mix business with pleasure, saying the right things to the right people. If married, the family will take first place.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Tues., Wednesday.
★ Luck in serving others.

★ You'll put your loved ones first and yourself last, but that's the way you want it. As a homemaker you are in your element. You bring out your best silver and linen for an all-important occasion; you rejoice at the faces round the dinner table. You'll be tired when it's all over, but you'll add the memory to your list of big moments.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in a youthful spirit.

★ If quite young you'll naturally be bubbling over with gaiety, but those who are older blossom and astonish everybody by being the life of the party. You discover new talents for entertaining and amusing others. Should a child be left in your care, he or she will look to you as a delightful companion.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, brown.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck in a new chapter.

★ For many of you a burden is lifted or a problem solved. If there have been emotional upsets you put them behind you. Harmonious personal relationships decrease nervous tension. Beware of too great emphasis on details which do not really matter. The discussion of future plans helps towards a bright cheerful atmosphere.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, black.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Sunday.
★ Luck as a peacemaker.

★ The arrival or departure of someone close to you could be the cause of a friendly reunion. You may act as go-between with two people who have quarrelled, or you give sound advice to a girl whose love affair shows signs of storm. Informal entertaining keeps a group alive when it shows signs of dissolving.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.
★ Luck in opportunity.

★ On the right spot at the right moment, you see the chance to obtain a wish. You can increase your prestige by doing a small favor, which will later be returned with interest. You handle any situation with skill, and the man in your life will compliment you on your quick thinking. You can swing open the gate to a new world.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, blue.
★ Gambling colors, blue, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Sunday.
★ Luck in a new venture.

★ Probably still in the planning stage, but your venture, whether a side issue or the most important thing in your life, will influence your hopes and whims. You may be contemplating marriage, starting a business, taking a job, going on a land, sea, or air journey, building or buying a boat, or some other family project.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Lucky color for love, pastel.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday.
★ Luck in contentment.

★ Carrying out your ideas step by step is your favorite method; you'll enjoy the process with growing satisfaction. The festivities have a deeper meaning for you than mere pleasure. You are likely to be on the receiving end of a small windfall, a bit of velvet which contributes to your serenity and helps in a practical way towards a long-sought goal.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, red.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in co-operation.

★ Your sign believes in team work; this is the right moment for mutual help whether you are giving a party, going camping, or sharing in any project which brings people together. Pull your weight and, tactfully, make sure that others do the same. Some of you bestow a special joint present on one you love dearly.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, mauve.
★ Gambling colors, mauve, green.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in escape from routine.

★ New experiences, a holiday break, meeting different types of people bring a different outlook. They stimulate your imagination, produce new interests, color your skies with rainbows. Good news in regard to a practical matter is likely to add to your enjoyment. Such events as an office or staff party may lead to closer links.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]



*Over fifty years ago, the Editor of the "New York Sun" received
a letter from little Virginia O'Hanlon.*

"Dear Editor,

I am eight years old. Some of my little friends say
there is no Santa Claus, please tell me the truth..."

"Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's are little. In this great universe of ours, man is a mere insect in intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! How dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias.

There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence.

We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight.

The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished."

*Children, wherever "The Australian Women's Weekly"
goes, the makers of ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS,
wish you a Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New
Years.*

